

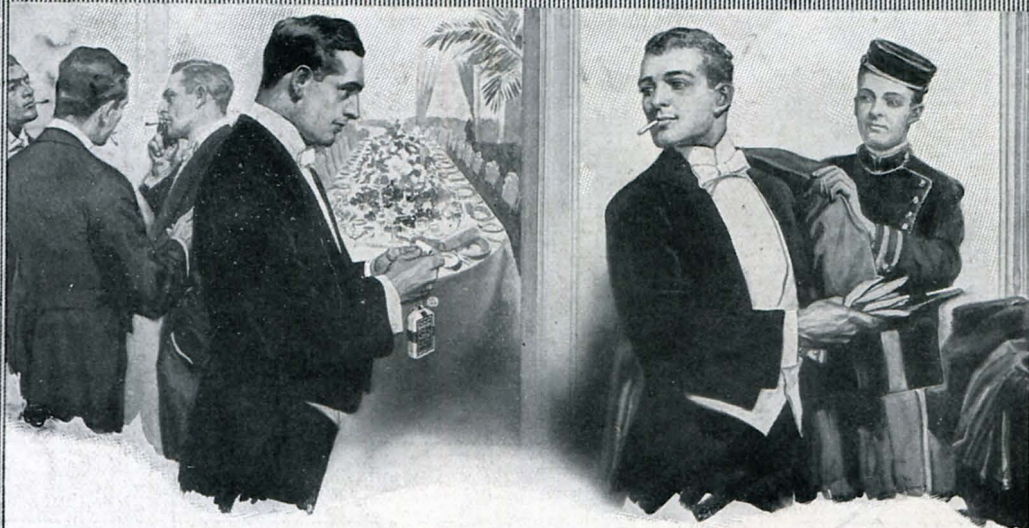
PHOTOPLAY

MAGAZINE

February
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"The National Movie Publication"

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VOL. IX

No. 3

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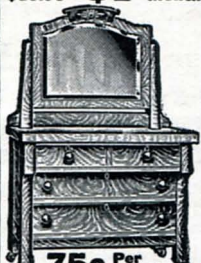
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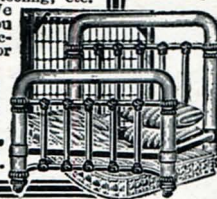
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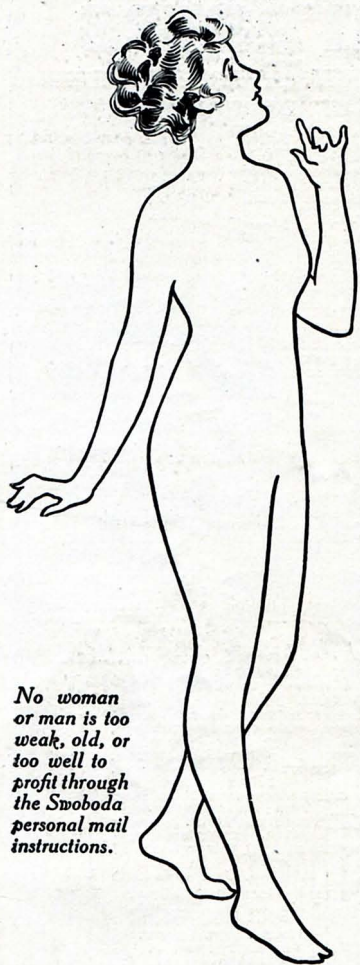
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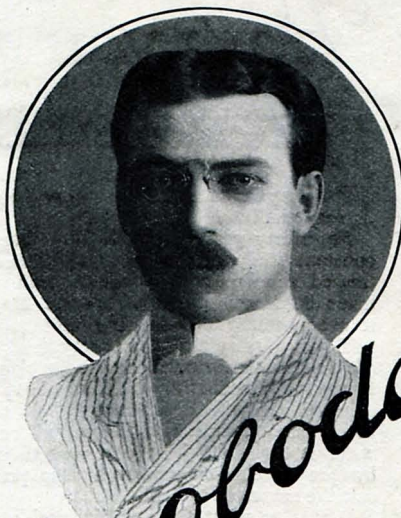
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who, scarcely out of her teens, has risen from the ranks to genuine eminence on stage and screen. In two years she played in eighty-six dramatic roles—leading parts in such productions as “The Virginian,” and “The Chorus Lady.” More recently she was the nineteen-year-old star in Morosco’s “The Bird of Paradise.” “Kilmeny” is one of her Bosworth screen plays.



DUSTIN FARNUM

comes from New England where he was born in 1876. He is a quarter of an inch taller than his six foot brother William, weighs one hundred and eighty, and has brown hair and eyes. His success on the stage was great but even greater have been his film achievements in "The Squaw Man," "Cameo Kirby," "The Virginian," "Captain Courtesy," and "The Iron Strain."



GAIL KANE

made her greatest stage hits in George M. Cohan's "Seven Keys to Baldpate," and in "The Miracle Man." She made her first appearance in films in "The Great Diamond Robbery", later starring in Kleine's "Via Wireless." She recently made her debut on the Equitable programme in "The Labyrinth." Miss Kane was born in Philadelphia, and is noted for her beauty.



GERALDINE FARRAR

the foremost American prima donna, star of the Metropolitan Opera Company and "Carmen" in the Lasky film, was born in Melrose, Mass., in 1883. When seventeen she went to Europe to study, when nineteen made her debut at the Royal Opera in Berlin, and when twenty-four sang in the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. Farrar is an American girl of American parentage.



HELEN HOLMES

heroine of the "Hazards of Helen," one of the most thrilling and successful series of melodramas ever screened. Miss Holmes is twenty-two years of age and is married to actor-director J. P. McGowan. Both Miss Holmes and Mr. McGowan have recently joined the Signal Film Co., of Mutual program, where they intend to continue the thrillers.



HOBART BOSWORTH

left the stage directorship of the Belasco Theatre in Los Angeles in 1909 and took the leading role in the first screen drama filmed in the west, a Selig picture. Years of theatrical work with noted productions had preceded his film debut and his success as actor and director for Selig, Bosworth, Inc. and Universal has been great. Adele Farrington is his wife.



MAE MARSH

though only nineteen, has scored several decided hits; but her fame-gathering role was Flora Cameron, in "The Birth of a Nation." She was born in New Mexico but early moved to California where, in Los Angeles, she began screen work, under the direction of D. W. Griffith, who has predicted for her one of the highest places in the field of dramatic art.



EDNA PURVIANCE

is the Nevada girl who was whisked from a short-hand pad up among the stars in a twinkling when Charlie Chaplin chose her for his leading lady. A serious-minded worker, she has proved to be the "star soubrette" of the movies. All the adjectives usually applied to a beautiful young blonde really fit twenty year-old Miss Purviance.



DOROTHY BERNARD

formerly of Famous Players and now a Fox star, had much stage experience before being picturized. She was for three years leading woman at the Belasco Theatre in Los Angeles, played in stock in Washington and then on Broadway. Biograph was her entrance into films, then for a time she was with Lubin. "Princess Romanoff," and "Little Gypsy" are two well known films,



VIVIAN MARTIN

ingenue lead of the World films began playing when seven years of age and has had a very bright career. On the stage she played in "Peter Pan," "Spendthrift," "Officer 666," "Stop Thief" and on the screen in "Little Mademoiselle," "Over Night," "Wishing Ring," "Little Dutch Girl," "Little Miss Brown" and "The Butterfly on the Wheel." She is a Michigan girl.



KING BAGGOT

says the best work of his six screen years with Universal is "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and "Ivanhoe." He has appeared in more than five hundred photoplays and was founder of the Screen Club of New York. King was born in St. Louis of Scotch-Irish parents thirty-two years ago. His early baseball ambitions gave place to a screen-preparatory career on the "legitimate" stage.



CHESTER BARNETT

will be remembered as "Little Billee" in "Trilby." He also played in "The Wishing Ring," and has appeared in other World Film successes. Belasco's "The Rose of the Rancho" formed part of his legitimate preparatory work for the films. Barnett made his first appearance on life's screen at Piedmont, Missouri, twenty-seven years ago.



FAY TINCHER

was born in Topeka, Kansas, then moved to Chicago where she began her career with the Shogun light opera company. After several years on the stage, she joined Reliance, under Griffith's direction, and played Cleo in "The Battle of the Sexes." However, she was soon cast in comedy parts and her striped parasol and striped dress in the Ethel and Bill series is very famous.



GRACE CUNARD

began her screen career with Biograph and later played with Lubin and Kay-Bee, but it is with Universal, opposite Francis Ford, that she has become famous. She was born in Paris, April 8, 1891, but is strictly an American. She is about five feet six and has dark hair. "The Campbells Are Coming," is one of the recent Cunard-Ford plays since the "Broken Coin" series ended.



THEDA BARA

is a Cincinnati girl who has won wide fame in the portrayal of "vampire" roles. Born in 1890, she attracted attention by her dramatic ability while still attending high school. The Fox production of "Carmen," "A Fool There Was," "Kreutzer Sonata," "Two Orphans," "The Clemenceau Case" and "The Devil's Daughter" have all increased her dramatic reputation.



Lewis J. Selznick,

General Manager of the World Film Corporation, Advisory Director of the Equitable Motion Pictures Corporation, and generally one of the busiest of the photoplay manufacturers. If he has time for a hobby, it is unquestionably the "Beauty and Brains" contest, which was his original idea. Mr. Selznick and his family live on a country estate near New York City.

PHOTOPLAY

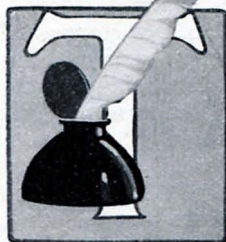
MAGAZINE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"Author! Author!"

THE NEW MACEDONIAN CRY OF THE
SCREEN—HOW IT IS ANSWERED, WHO
IS ANSWERING, AND WHO WILL ANSWER

By John H. Blackwood



your scenario?"

And he replied with much earnestness: "I sold my first one and am almost through with another—a great western story, cowboys, Indians and soldiers, you know."

This particular conductor, for all I know, is still ringing up fares, while the photoplay scenario has gone marching steadily ahead.

The street car conductor, the plumber, the stenographer who never could differentiate between a comma and a semicolon in her work, the woman who believed she was "literary" . . . these, and all the other ambitious folk who have never realized that writing is just as much of a trade as brick-laying or blacksmithing, have been left behind as the trained writer has been brought into the scenario field. The big, successful authors of the

WO years ago, in a California town whose every inhabitant had scenarioritis, in its most malignant form, I asked a street car conductor as he rung up my nickel: "How are you getting on with

country are now seriously turning their attention to the photoplay as a market for their product and some day soon there is bound to come from one of these real authors a story that will be to the photoplay business very much the same thing that "Ben Hur," "Way Down East," "The Old Homestead," "East Lynne" or "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is to the drama.

Every director confidently believes his latest work will be the Great American photoplay.

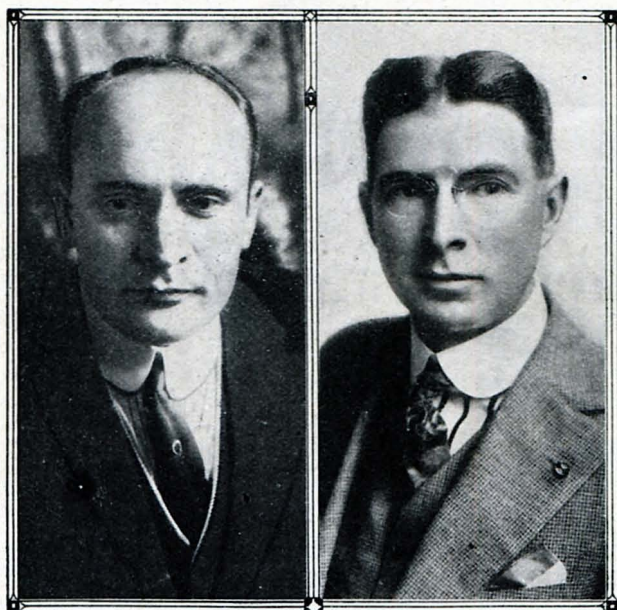
It will not necessarily be another "Birth of a Nation"—titanic, colossal, and epoch-creating. Rather, it will be a simple story, full of the vigor and charm and reality of life, photographed without any frills of the camera man's mechanical colorature, capably directed and skillfully acted

. . . but forever and eternally reflecting the genius of its author.

And it is pretty certain that its author will not be a street car conductor.

A director of national prominence only a fort-





C. Gardner Sullivan (left) and Lanier Bartlett. Each of these young men has already written ten times the number of stories the average novelist turns out in a lifetime.

night ago confided that the one serious problem of his work was the inadequate supply of stories for photoplays.

"What do you pay for your stories?" I asked.

"I'll pay as high as three hundred dollars for a big five reeler," he answered with as much pride as though he were making a really generous offer.

I must amend my statement anent the street car conductor!

There is still a fairly good chance for him and his scenario, with this particular director, although the latter is, I believe, rather lonesome in his attitude toward authors.

While this director is seeking a big story for three hundred dollars his competitors are clamoring for the chance to pay anywhere from five hundred to five thousand dollars for a scenario. Bethlehem Steel is not the only thing in the market that has risen during the past year. And the story or play that can be purchased for a thousand dollars today is pretty certain to command a hundred per cent more money within the next twelve months.

Just at present, a thousand dollars is not considered much of a price for a really good story. Any play that has achieved

a fairly decent degree of success on the dramatic stage will sell for anywhere from two to five thousand dollars advance payment on ten per cent of the gross royalty.

James Forbes disposed of the picture rights to his *Chorus Lady* and *Traveling Salesman* for ten thousand dollars advance on a ten per cent royalty basis.

Channing Pollock sold eighteen plays in a bunch and promptly bought forty-five thousand dollars' worth of real estate on Long Island. He has just signed two more ten-thousand-dollar contracts.

William A. Brady sold his plays to a film company for enough money to make him independently rich for the rest of his life.

Al. H. Woods did likewise. Ditto the Messrs. Shubert.

So far, Cohan & Harris and Selwyn & Co. are the only theatrical firms of note that have not sold their plays for photoplay purposes. Perhaps no film maker has bid high enough.

The photoplay people will tell you that so far as is known, only "Ben Hur" and Barrie's "Peter Pan" are out of their reach. With all other plays and books it is merely a matter of money.

"Ben Hur" and "Peter Pan" would make great photoplays, but in the case of the former it is still regarded as too valuable a piece of theatrical property to film, while Barrie, always notoriously impervious to the lure of the golden pound, absolutely refuses to consider any offer for Maud Adams' popular offering. I know, because I happen to have made him a proposition that would have brought a cabled "yes," from any other author.

Many plays are now reaching the dramatic stage for no other reason than the managerial knowledge that even if they should fail as dramatic attractions, there still remains the photoplay field. And plays that offer advantages for "filming" are given the preference over the one set-of-scenery product.

Cheer up, authors! You have "arrived," even if you don't know it!

Already there is in evidence a real scarcity of scenarios—good, big, five reelers. As recently as a month ago one of the most important directors in the country confronted that he was confronted with a scenario cupboard that bore a striking resemblance to the larder of poor old Mrs. Hubbard. Then, and not until then, was this director's entire business staff sent on a hunt for good stories and it was a fortnight before eight suitable yarns were discovered and turned over to the re-write staff of the scenario department. And during this fortnight the staff of scenario writers was increased from a scant trio to eight authors of experience. The octette included three dramatists of wide repute, playwrights who have numerous Broadway successes to their credit.

There is no reason to believe that the same condition that confronted this particular director does not exist elsewhere.

I recently plied a number of well known, experienced and successful scenario writers with these questions:

Will there be a permanent photoplay, a picture that will "repeat" year after year, much as does "The Old Homestead," "Ben Hur" or some of the other standard dramatic attractions or is the photoplay forever to be an ephemeral affair . . . to be ex-



Lois Weber-Smalley, unquestionably foremost of women writers for the screen.

hibited once or twice and then shunted off into the celluloid discard?

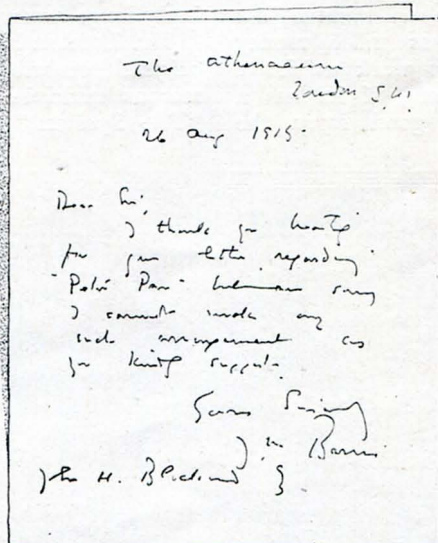
Has the dramatist the same chance for success that the regular scenario writer has . . . meaning has the man who writes "dialogue" the same chance as the man who writes "pictures?" Because so far, some of the best and most successful photoplays have come from authors who

never wrote a play, whereas mighty few really worth-while photoplays have yet come from the dramatists!

Is the scenario an inspired product, or is it just hard work?

Is the photoplay of the future to be a five reeler, or bigger, or will there be a reversion to the one and two reel picture?

I put these questions to Thomas H. Ince, who has written more than three hundred scenarios for his Kay-Bee, Domino and Broncho companies; to Lois Weber Smalley, who is, perhaps, the most prolific as well as successful



Mr. Barrie (the author of "Peter Pan") to Mr. Blackwood: "I thank you heartily for your letter regarding 'Peter Pan,' but am sorry I cannot make any such arrangement as you kindly suggest."

woman director-author of the period; to Lanier Bartlett, for a quartette of years the scenario head of the Selig company, and to Charles S. Goddard, who in addition to having written some exceptionally popular screen serials such as "The Adventures of Elaine," is a dramatist of note.

Said Mr. Ince:

"There will be a permanent photoplay, just as certainly as the photoplay of today is an advance over the one reeler of a few years ago. The making of motion pictures has increased faster than any other industry within memory, and I don't expect the automobile business. Such a picture as "The Birth of a Nation" always will be popular with the public because it always will be 'worth-while,' no matter from what angle you may view it. It tells a big, powerful story in a graphic and forceful manner. It is the great pioneer for other big photoplays.

"I have written more than three hundred scenarios. I have one play to my authorial credit, and I don't see why the dramatist cannot achieve as much fame and fortune in the writing of photoplays as the man who has confined his efforts to scenarios. One thing is certain: the dramatist can dispose of his wares much quicker if he writes photoplays and he will receive just about as much money for his work as for a play, and if he has a really good story the

*William De Mille,
Lasky's redoubtable
author-in-chief.*

picturization won't hurt the chance for its success if made into a drama. I have recently been offered a play by a prominent dramatist who believes that the advertising the drama would get as a photoplay would be of material help to it when the piece reaches the legitimate stage.

"The one and two reeler is a thing of the past; I mean so far as the big film makers are concerned. These one and two thousand foot pictures served their purpose very well but they belong to the time when motion pictures were not photoplays. The five and six reel picture, I believe, will be the standard photoplay for a long time to come.

"Most scenarios are hard work, and nothing more. I never have known the 'inspired' scenario. So far as I personally am concerned directing and writing scenarios for the past six years has meant eighteen hours' labor every day, with scarce any accounting of a Sunday or a holiday."

And now, ladies and gentlemen, we have Mr. Lanier Bartlett, Selig scenario expert for the past four years. When Mr. Bartlett sold his first scenario to Colonel Selig, he was a newspaper man and he rode to and from his office in a trolley car. Now he complains every time the Standard Oil Company boosts the price of gasoline, since imported motors consume a surprisingly large amount of petrol.

Mr. Bartlett has written more than fifty original scenarios and has turned out numerous multiple reel features, including "The Spoilers," "The Ne'er Do Well," "The Rosary," "Mizpah," and "The Crisis." Mr. Bartlett's scenario of "The Spoilers" totaled 76,000 words.

Says Mr. Bartlett: "The relentless public demand will always be for a higher quality of photoplay — more sincerity in plot-construction, more careful thought, more consistent character drawing and more and more actual talent.



"One of the greatest drawbacks to the sound development of the photoplay has been the pressure of haste under which the studio writer, the director and technical heads have been compelled to work. The director whose mind is constantly haunted by his 'footage record' for the month sacrifices artistry in picturemaking to the crude idea of speed. In many studios the number of feet of film a director can turn out in a given length of time, irrespective of the quality of the film, has been the rule by which his usefulness was measured."

Lois Weber Smalley, who not only acts for the Universal company, but writes scenarios and then goes a bit farther and directs her pictures, says: "We will not know much about the permanency of the photoplay until some experiments are made that will enlighten us. Perhaps, now that really fine results are being obtained, some firm operating its own exchanges will be courageous enough to let a production make a tour of the country each year."

"I am of the opinion that the experienced scenario writer has only the advantage of being able to put his ideas in proper working form, and as every company has its own staff to do that routine work, it is not such a great advantage, after all. The *idea* is the thing, if it be only a few words scribbled on an envelope or cuff. Then, too, almost every director rewrites his scripts. I have seldom used any other writer's sequence of scenes but my own, whereas if anyone should scribble a good idea, I would gladly accept it, no matter in what form it came to me."

"I think there is a great field for 'homey,' simple stories, consistently written and carefully produced and I wonder why more writers of photoplays do not see this lack of material and endeavor to supply it."

"I suppose that every writer has a different method of work. Ideas come to me in a flash or not at all, and consequently when I write it is at lightning speed and my original scenarios are put on just as written. I rarely re-write a word of my first copy."

"It is a curious fact that the motion picture industry seems to have just discovered

the importance of the motion picture author," avers Charles S. Goddard.

"I have just returned from a visit to Los Angeles, where I inspected all the big motion picture 'camps.' It would warm a writer's heart to hear the eager and sometimes profane prayers which rise for the speedy coming of clever, prolific, ambitious photoplay writers. Mr. Griffith told me he thinks three years of camera watching would be necessary to make the kind of photoplay author he wants. Mr. Sennett believed he has all the writers he needs—and it's worth while mentioning that he has six or eight of the best known humorists of the country at his Keystone studios. Detectives are out with orders from Mr. Ince to arrest on suspicion anything that looks like what he wants in the way of a story, and to ship C. O. D. to Inceville."

C. Gardner Sullivan, who is Ince's star scenario writer, is a former newspaper man who was lured into the photoplay field only after he had sold Ince a score or more of real scenarios—not the Cincinnati Correspondence School kind, but powerful, gripping stories of the sort that will delight any audience anywhere.

Upon Mr. Sullivan, perhaps more than anybody else of his numerous staff, does Ince rely for his photoplays. It is no unusual thing for Ince to 'phone to Sullivan of an evening: "C. Gardner, must have a story for Hart tomorrow. How about it?"

The invariable reply is: "All right, see you at ten, at the camp."

The peculiar thing is that at ten o'clock the following morning Sullivan will go to Inceville and with him will go a story for W. S. Hart, of the sort that Ince would pay hundreds of dollars for to any other writer if he didn't have the always reliable Sullivan to depend upon. At that they claim Sullivan is the best paid writer of photoplays in the country. Just as individual a place is occupied in the Lasky optical stronghold by William DeMille, brother of Cecil DeMille, Lasky Director-General. Sons of a famous play-maker, these two men, now in their artistic prime, have conceived and executed a literal library of scripts during the past year in Hollywood.



Mrs. Kerrigan and Jack have the finest mutual admiration society in the world. If there was ever a mother so completely wrapped up in her son or a son so thoroughly in love with his mother, the romance is unchronicled.



"I get thousands of letters from people each year, and I conscientiously try to answer them all. Finally I got a typewriter, and my troubles began all over again because people thought I had a secretary."

The Great God Kerrigan

HEREIN THE IDOL IS TAKEN OFF ITS PED-
ESTAL, DISSECTED, AND FOUND TO BE A
WONDERFULLY REGULAR HUMAN BEING

The Analyst: William M. Henry

Photography by Raymond Staegg

TEMPUS not only fugits, but forgets. In his kidhood the handsomely heroic J. Warren Kerrigan was infamous for a wicked ability to swipe water-melons.

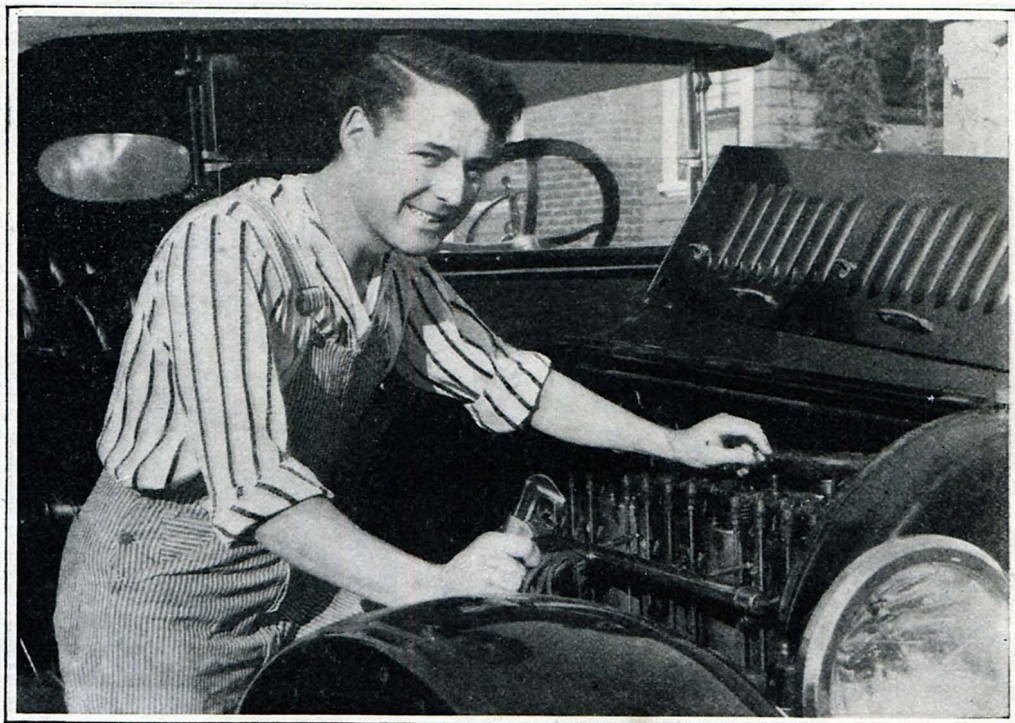
Would it be too terrible to say that once in a while this hero of heroes uses violent language, such as "Damn?"

Would it be too much a crushing of ideals to tell you that J. Warren, the tender hearted film hero, likes nothing better than to smack a soft eyed deer with a Reming-

ton—and does it without a qualm of feeling?

Is it a fact too awful to contemplate that Mr. Kerrigan, who never gets angry on the screen except to protect the girl he loves, is not unused to having regular wild eyed battles with the powers-that-be over the amount of coin he is to lug to the bank every week?

Well, the truth must out about all of us. It is positively refreshing to discover that notwithstanding his celluloid halo, so care-



fully fashioned by weepy scenario writers, John

He likes to wear a soft shirt, he likes to speed in an automobile and he hates to shave.

Warren Kerrigan is nothing more than a "regular guy," with the emphasis on regular.

The story of "Jack" Kerrigan, the name by which he is known to his friends, is one of the best examples of the old adage that truth is stranger than fiction.

A look at Jack's wavy hair, his immaculate attire, his perfect features, at once gives you the idea that Jack must have been a "Mamma's boy," chortling in the church choir.

Never were truer words spoken. The youthful hero carolled lustily every Sunday in the church choir at Louisville, Kentucky. But the other six days of the week he spent in swimming out in the Ohio river where the current was strong. His mother spent half her time wondering if he would ever get back alive.

Another favorite amusement of Jack's was to swipe the family volume of Shakespeare and take it to school with him to read when he was supposed to be studying. He was also the family's demon hunter of the family and would rather chase rabbits than delve in records.

Jack's love for hunting and for the open air life

sticks with him still. Whenever he gets the opportunity he dashes off to the mountains with a couple of guns and an assortment of fishing rods and tackle. He spends a couple of days and half of General French's daily allotment of ammunition.

He admits that he likes nothing better than cooking his own breakfast and sleeping out under the stars with the murmur of the streams in one ear and a thousand legged worm in the other.

Jack's marvellous exploits on the screen are not always the duplicates of his actual experiences.

On one of his hunting trips he followed a deer for four days hoping to get a shot at it. He had never before hunted deer. On the fourth day he was sliding down the side of a gorge when he suddenly spotted a huge many-pointed buck about a hundred yards away on the other side.

Had there been a camera clicking nearby, Jack would have probably shot the deer with the rifle in his right hand and at the same time lassooed it with a lariat in his left.

Unfortunately it was Jack's first buck



People are pretty familiar with Kerrigan's looks. He is six feet tall, weighs 199 pounds and has a chest like a pouter pigeon.

and there was no camera nigh, so he did what most other hunters do under similar circumstances. He let out a wild yell that nearly scared the deer to death and then fired his rifle at a cloud that happened to be passing by.

"You know, really," said Jack with a soft Southern drawl that wasn't the least bit affected, "I hate this hero stuff. I love to get out in the mountains and let my whiskers grow, wear a soft shirt and get dirt in my finger nails.

"It's terribly embarrassing to be a film hero, honestly. People to whom I am introduced or, more often, who introduce themselves to me, seem to be absolutely awe-struck and I have to carry on a foolish conversation just to interest them.

"I never answer the phone at home because most of the calls are from people who just want to tell their friends that they have talked to me.

"Why, here a couple of years back I played a character part, one with a lot of real life and gee-whiz in it. And half the people in the country wrote the company objecting to the fact that I was wearing a moustache and had flattened out my curly locks.

"I get thousands of letters from people every year. And I conscientiously try to answer them all. Most of them are very interesting and a few are very silly. But I figure that they are all sincere and that it is nothing more or less than common courtesy to answer them.

"At first I answered them by hand, but finally they became so numerous that I began to answer them on the typewriter. And my troubles have begun all over again because they all think that I have a secretary writing the letters and are therefore peeved."

People are pretty familiar with Kerrigan's looks. He is six feet tall and weighs 199 pounds. He has a chest like a pouter pigeon and is tremendously strong although the immense pressure under which he has been working has kept him from taking the exercise that he most enjoys.

He is much more happy alone, or with his mother and brothers, than when there is a big crowd "gawking" at him, and hero-worshipping him. He is neither bored nor flattered by the attention he gets. He just naturally doesn't like it.

Mrs. Kerrigan (his mother) and Jack

have the finest mutual admiration society in the world. If ever there was a mother so completely wrapped up in her son and his future or a son so thoroughly in love with his mother as Mrs. Kerrigan and Jack, the romance is unchronicled.

Jack has seven brothers older than himself, one of them, Wallace, being about thirty minutes ahead of him, as they are twins. He also has a sister who toured the country in "Everywoman" last year.

Like all youngest sons, Jack is his mother's pet and she is to him, as he put it, "what I imagine the angels must be like." He has managed to reach the age of 26 without being married. "I really have never had time to consider it," he said, "and anyway I don't think I would be very likely to find a woman as good as my mother."

Jack came to enter the moving picture industry through his love for his mother. He went on the stage at the age of 18 with Clay Clement, his brother-in-law, in his production of "Sam Houston." He played the juvenile lead and later played a similar role in "Brown of Harvard" and "The Master Key."

Several times he was approached on the subject of going into pictures but always refused. However while touring in "The Road to Yesterday," word of his mother's illness, and an offer from the Essanay came at the same time. He took the job and wired his mother to come to him.

A few months later the American Film Company was organized and Kerrigan was the first member engaged. He turned out two pictures every week for three years, nearly every picture being of the wild-and-woolly-west variety. Then came his chance to join the Universal, with which company he has been working ever since.

He used to be a fine singer and quite a painter—for a youngster. He has since dropped these arts. He is making a special study of "The Movies, and how to succeed in them," with himself in the stellar role.

He is a great big, handsome, lovable chap, modest as can be, and about as sissy as a hungry wolf. He is a good natured Irishman who likes to wear a soft shirt, preferably without a collar. He likes to speed in an automobile and hates to shave.

If these things make a hero—then that's what J. Warren Kerrigan is.



“ P I E ”

FOR two thousand years dramatic art has been struggling toward its ultimate form of expression. It has just found it. These should be moments of breathless emotion for all who love the play. What the First and Seventeenth and Eighteenth and Nineteenth centuries strived darkly for, the Twentieth century has attained. The mere dreams of Sophocles, of Shakespeare, of Moliere, of Goethe, have become fact. Avaunt, sock and buskin! Go hence, vast scenes! To the rag-bag, wardrobe! Die, voices sweet and tones majestic! Aye, even you, new and potent shadows . . . pass. There is a newer, completer, sweeter, softer yet more potent medium of expression. All of you, assets of sight or sound, must give place as gauges of human emotion to

Pie.

There is that in a Millet canvas, a Rodin statue, a Keats sonnet or a Keystone pie which causes us to shed tears—we know not why. Supreme art is always simple. Is it a stripping of the cloak of convention off nature's wonderful heart? Perchance! Be that as it may, this indescribable spiritual *nuance* is especially noticeable in the case of pie.

How wonderful are destiny's ways! The jewel before swine, the pearl in the dust, was pie. But yesterday it stopped the conversation of telephone girls, kept the humble clerk from real food, was as stiff

coal in the internal furnace of the capitalist. Today—Ah!

Far-flung, it enhalos our most prominent alimonists, builds up weak chins, is as a bulwark to the eyes, frescoes the features as the Renaissance painters frescoed the chapels of Italy.

Pie's pasty dawn, its meringuey sunrise, still clang too odorously in the oven of the east for cool judgment on the emotional values of its different races. The classicists have it that only a custard of loose morals can administer true third-act punch. New England actors find apple clinging patriotically to them, and mince has its solid values in winter scenes—especially when frozen. Cocoanut and pineapple can splash out a tropic melodrama like nothing else in the world. Chocolate pie is marvellous in minstrelsy. Huckleberry puts a bluer tint on tragedy. But the John Drew of all pies is lemon meringue. With what elegant surety, with what aluminous lingerie beneath a canary petticoat does it surround, encompass and absolutely remove the subject of its embrace!

The denser European intelligence comprehends our Ford, our Bryan, our pie, more slowly . . . but it comprehends.

“Oh, apple-tart!”—exclaimed Sir Gregorian Fuzzbuzz, the celebrated London Romeo, as he stood upon a New York Cunard dock enroute to California and the cameras —“wherefore art thou pie?”



Playing with Julia Dean

A PASTIME CONFESSION OF EBONY
ELEPHANTS AND MANDARIN COATS,
SILENT DRIVES AND A QUIET APARTMENT.

By Ada Patterson

"SCREEN or no screen, one must play."
"You refer to portable partitions?"

I inquired, my fascinated gaze on a black silk background upon which golden butterflies disported dangerously near the jaws of a yawning yellow dragon.

"Don't be flip-
pant."
Miss
Dean's



Photo by Byron

*"I know I am not
the fluffy kind of
woman, and I never
wear frilly things at
home".*

frown though transient has the potency of a thunder cloud.

"I won't," I meekly rejoined. "Your allusion, I suppose, is to your present form of activity, the motion drama."

"Without doubt." Her smile broke through the cloud. The Julia Dean smile is famous. The spoken drama seldom revealed it. In motion pictures we are permitted frequent acquaintance with it. It has the effect of sunshine on a winter landscape.

"Screen work is taxing, particularly if you are not inured to it. The change of hours is as hard as, we will say as hard as for a man who is an habitual drunkard to stop drinking. The actress on the speaking stage has turned day into night, and night into day.

Here she is compelled to revolutionize her habits, to turn day back upon itself, and the night likewise.

The tension is great in both cases, but being longer in the case of motion pictures, is of course to that extent greater. But there are compensations. Yes, I know you are thinking there are mercenary ones. So there are. But I would place them last in rank. Chief is that there are longer rests between scenes and because the atmosphere is more natural, more playful. Most of the pictures are taken out of doors, which is a delight, especially in glorious California. And one can untie her muscles, which have gathered into a hard knot, and play a little between scenes. It is

not, as it may seem to the uninitiated, a continuous day of hard work. The motion picture actress does not work continu-

ously, as a wood chopper does."

It was after a day of picturizing "The Ransom." She was lying back in a chaiselounge, her brown hair lying loose, her self-designed lounging gown of soft, untrimmed black stuff in a multitude of plaits, silhouetted against it. Not many are permitted to see Julia Dean thus relaxed. But we have known each other since youthful days of visits to Saltair and to the Mormon Tabernacle of the Zion of Utah. Much is permitted when there is a bond of common knowledge of twenty years.

"About play, please," I prodded.

Miss Dean stretched her black clad arms above her head, opened her eyes widely and smiled again and I caught a fleeting glimpse of her aunt, the celebrated Julia Dean Hayne, that Julia and Rosalind of a former generation, whom Brigham Young invited to become the nineteenth "Mrs. Brig." There were seven successive Mesdames Young after that, but none consoled him for the loss of the actress with big eyes so haunting and a laugh that warmed his capacious heart. Her namesake is talking of play.

"It may be trite to say that to work well we must play much," she said, "but we are justified in repeating it until all the working world is converted to it and practices it. We must play much to do good work. Our play must be varied. It is one

(Continued on page 160)

"Not many are permitted to see Julia Dean thus relaxed, but we have known each other since youthful days of visits to Saltair and the Mormon Tabernacle."

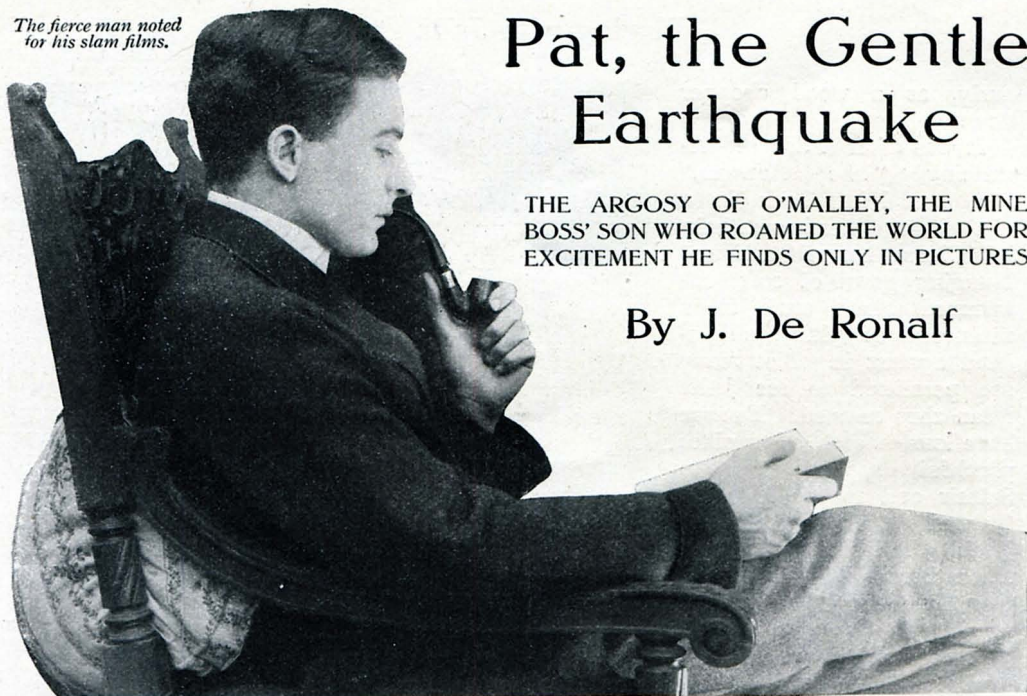


*The fierce man noted
for his slam films.*

Pat, the Gentle Earthquake

THE ARGOSY OF O'MALLEY, THE MINE
BOSS' SON WHO ROAMED THE WORLD FOR
EXCITEMENT HE FINDS ONLY IN PICTURES

By J. De Ronalf



IT is dreadful to think what might have become of Pat O'Malley if motion pictures hadn't been invented to give him every day the thrill of various adventures usually found only in books. It's more than likely he'd popped out of the clouds long ago, in an airship of the Allies, if Edison hadn't kept him busy doing daredevil things to ease his nerves.

O'Malley Senior was a mine superintendent near Forest City, Pa., and the very first movie to greet the eyes of O'Malley Junior was of the "stunt" variety.

Happy thought! He remembered that he had a friend in New York who was a picture actor. He arrived in New York the day after his friend left for Florida and a picture colony. Pat took up the chase. He landed in the thrill-making manufactory just as one of the Lubin directors was pulling off a mob scene. Was he an actor? Of course. "Well, jump into a cop's uniform."

"Put punch into it," roared the director. Pat put such punch into the men he grabbed that the actors went on a strike. They objected to the director hiring "real policemen." Pat's school of realism dated from that punch. For if you wish to see films with slam just watch for Pat O'Malley when he starts things—for the love of a lady, for instance.

Then Pat's rise was so rapid that he went soon to Europe with the Sid Olcott players, in leads, playing right on the old sod itself. 'Round Killarney's lakes and Ireland's dales and fells roved Pat, with mavourneens, for the picture's sake, till war broke out in Europe, and picture taking was stopped by the government.

So, when I met Mr. O'Malley at the Edison studio, in upper New York, I expected, after learning of this excitement lust, to find a big-chested, barrel-voiced fellow, more like an earthquake than a sweet evening breeze.





Imagine my surprise when I was directed to a young man of very gentle mien, standing near the curb, talking into the ear of an old, old horse. If he had been whispering love songs to a colleen, he could not have spoken more soothingly. Quiet, to a degree, almost bashful when speaking of himself, I soon wormed my way into his confidence by talking of horses.

"I like to talk to these poor old fellows," Pat enthused. "The fine-stepping lads get all kinds of attention, but this friend of mine is kind of overlooked."

Perhaps the horses, after all, get a truer and more instinctive sense of our nature, for, astride, Pat seems to be able to do with a horse what few riders can do. The quiet geniality of this lad, his never speaking much above a whisper, gave me a knowledge of the real Pat which the screen could not. Just the faintest suggestion of the tongue of his fathers lent charm to his words.

"Do you think you will stay in pictures now?" I asked. "Won't you find them tiresome after awhile and seek new fields of adventure?"

"No," he laughed. "Pictures have changed my viewpoint of life. I begin to see it from more sides—rather from the eyes, I might say, of the different characters I play. You will, perhaps, think that that is my imagination, but I hardly believe it is. One really can live some different experiences if he actually lives the part. And as for excitement, they seem to have a play on tap for me often enough—some 'Out of the Ruins' where I have to carry a girl over the house tops on a rope, or a 'King of the Wire' where I do a slack-rope walk. But my tastes now are more of the book and pipe order in a cosy corner, although I take great pleasure automobiling and riding still. Maybe these quieter tastes are signs of oncoming age," he smiled, "and, I hope photoplaygoers won't find my work disappointing if I don't continue to do thrills and shivery things."

I assured him that I thought not, and as I received a warm handshake I somehow thought of him as a Chauncey Olcott of the screen, "with a flavor all his own."

I found him talking to an old, old horse. If he had been whispering love songs to a colleen he could not have spoken more soothingly.

Manufacturer of a noted brand of Irish Punch.





Picture of a benevolent Western camera-puncher breaking a shy filly of celebrity to his winking lens.

Doro, the Wood-Nymph

HER PURSUIT, HER CAPTURE, WHAT
SHE SAID, AND HOW SHE SAID IT

By K. OWEN

DID you ever try to interview a wood nymph? No?

Of course some worldly folks, like cabaret patrons and advocates of the gentle art of euthanasia, maintain that there are no wood nymphs, or water sprites, or fairies, or anything else worth while. They may be right about the others but they can't tell me about the non-existence of wood nymphs; because

I saw one.

And talked to her.

And she talked to me.

And then I went home and dreamed about big brown eyes—the saddest and most joyous eyes in the world and the most expressive.

No! I knew someone would intimate as much, but it's a false premise. I did

not wake up with the squirrels nibbling at my toes. Nor in love.

All of which is prefatory to the conclusion that dainty Marie Doro is a most wonderful little person.

Plunging into the documentary evidence in the case: "The Morals of Marcus" has been one of the Famous Players' best money-makers. This was Miss Doro's first screen play and it was filmed while she was playing on the legitimate stage with William Gillette and Blanche Bates in the Charles Frohman revival of "Diplomacy."

Only one other picture play with Miss Doro as the star has been exhibited, "The White Pearl," and yet it is said in producing circles that she is the most sought after film actress in the country. Her "Wood Nymph," a Maeterlinckian sort of



fantasy just done for the Fine Arts studio, is said by the experts of the Griffith studios to be the most beautiful production ever filmed there..

"It was the late Mr. Charles Frohman who induced me to act for the

This nymph is evidently concert-mistress in Herr Pan's orchestra.

"Although only a beginner on the screen I am already in love with the life and an enthusiast over its opportunities, aside from any pecuniary reason. But I have mapped out a course which I expect to adhere to consistently. The most important part of this program is retirement after a period of two years. It is just like beginning an entirely new career, but I have made up my mind to devote just two years to the photoplay.

"Why?

"Because I want to quit at the very top of my motion picture career; not when I begin to go back. I want to stop before a line creeps into my face.

"My

schedule is very definitely arranged. I will go back to New York now and do 'Diplomacy' for the Famous Players and then I will return to



camera," said the scintillating little star in recounting her screen debut. "Mr. Frohman has been charged with being an enemy of the films, but he was not. He was merely opposed to certain of his stars going into pictures. I have correspondence with him which shows that he realized the great possibilities of photoplay quite as soon as anyone, but he knew that many of the successful ones of the legitimate stage would be doomed to dismal failure before the relentless eye of the camera.

California—and a bungalow—and appear in Lasky productions. I am very partial to the DeMille constructive and artistic methods of production." (Continued on page 173)

Conditions of the "Beauty and Brains" Contest

ANY girl or woman who has had no professional stage or picture experience is eligible to enter. Age, height, weight or marriage is no bar.

To enter the contest send two good photographs to The Judges, "Beauty and Brains" Contest, Photoplay Magazine, 350 North Clark Street, Chicago. Send a profile and full face study.

Write your full name and address on the back of each photograph.

If you wish to have your photographs returned, enclose postage and write on back of such pictures: "Please return."

Contestants must also write a letter of not more than 150 words to the judges telling: "Why I would like to be a photoplay actress." The letter must accompany the pictures.

Merely to aid the Judges in determining their selections, contestants should state their age, weight, height, complexion and color of hair and eyes.

To equalize conditions for the contestants the United States has been divided into five grand divisions for the contest. Canada forms a sixth grand division. Two contestants will be selected from each of the five grand divisions in the United States. One will be selected from Canada.

The eleven fortunate contestants will be taken to New York in first-class trains and lodged in one of Manhattan's most celebrated hotels without any expense to them. They will be properly chaperoned.

Within two weeks after their arrival in New York they will be given photographic and dramatic trials at the Fort Lee, New Jersey, studios of the World Film Corporation.

Contestants who pass final photographic and acting requirements under the tutelage of the world's greatest directors, will be given contracts for a period of not less than one year at a regular salary.

Those who do not pass the final trials will be returned to their homes in a first-class manner and without any expense to them whatsoever.

All letters and pictures must be sent before January 1, 1916. The names and letters of the eleven contestants selected by the judges will be published in the March issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Here are the Grand Divisions of the contest by states:

The *Eastern Division* is composed of the states of Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, and North Carolina.

The *Eastern Central Division* is composed of Ohio, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Indiana and Michigan.

The *West Central Division* is composed of Illinois, Wisconsin, Missouri, Iowa, Kansas, North Dakota, South Dakota, Minnesota, and Nebraska.

The *Western Division* is composed of Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, Idaho, Washington, Oregon, Nevada, and California.

The *Southern Division* is composed of South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana, Oklahoma, and Texas.

The *Canadian Division* takes in the whole of the Dominion of Canada.

"Beauty and Brains" Contest

CONDUCTED BY PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
AND THE WORLD FILM CORPORATION

LAST night at midnight the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE-World Film "Beauty and Brains Contest" was supposed to end. But it didn't.

Instead, it is extended to midnight, of the last day of February. No entrants will be received whose envelopes do not bear the February post-mark, at least.

Don't fret, children of lovely cleverness! There are now more than *four thousand* of you, stacked picturesquely against the walls of the big room in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE'S office devoted to your exclusive occupancy. And the contest has been extended only because of the urgent pleading of dozens, scores and hundreds of your sisters in every part of the country.

"We didn't know!" they cried. "Don't shut us out—we've just bought the magazine, and we haven't had time to go to a photographer's!" "Our exhibitor asked us last night why we weren't in it; please give us a chance!" "Wait!" "Hold on!" "Please stop the clock!"

These despairing appeals have been ringing in the ears of the contest manager through the entire month of December. They have met him in his morning mail, they have jumped at him out of yellow Western Union envelopes, they have even wailed feebly over the long-distance telephone. And we ask you, in the name of all unreasonable femininity, what are we to do?

Don't you think it would be nicer, anyway, to visit New York in the springtime. Destined eleven of fortune, wherever you are and whoever you may be, New York in

February is at its coldest and cruelest; New York in April or May is at its very loveliest. It has the glorious dawn of summer, plus all the advantages of mid-season. Theatrically, every great success remains on the Broadway boards, and only the successes, for the others have gone the way of all flesh or frolic, and the summer vehicles are not yet under way.

Mrs. Young a Judge

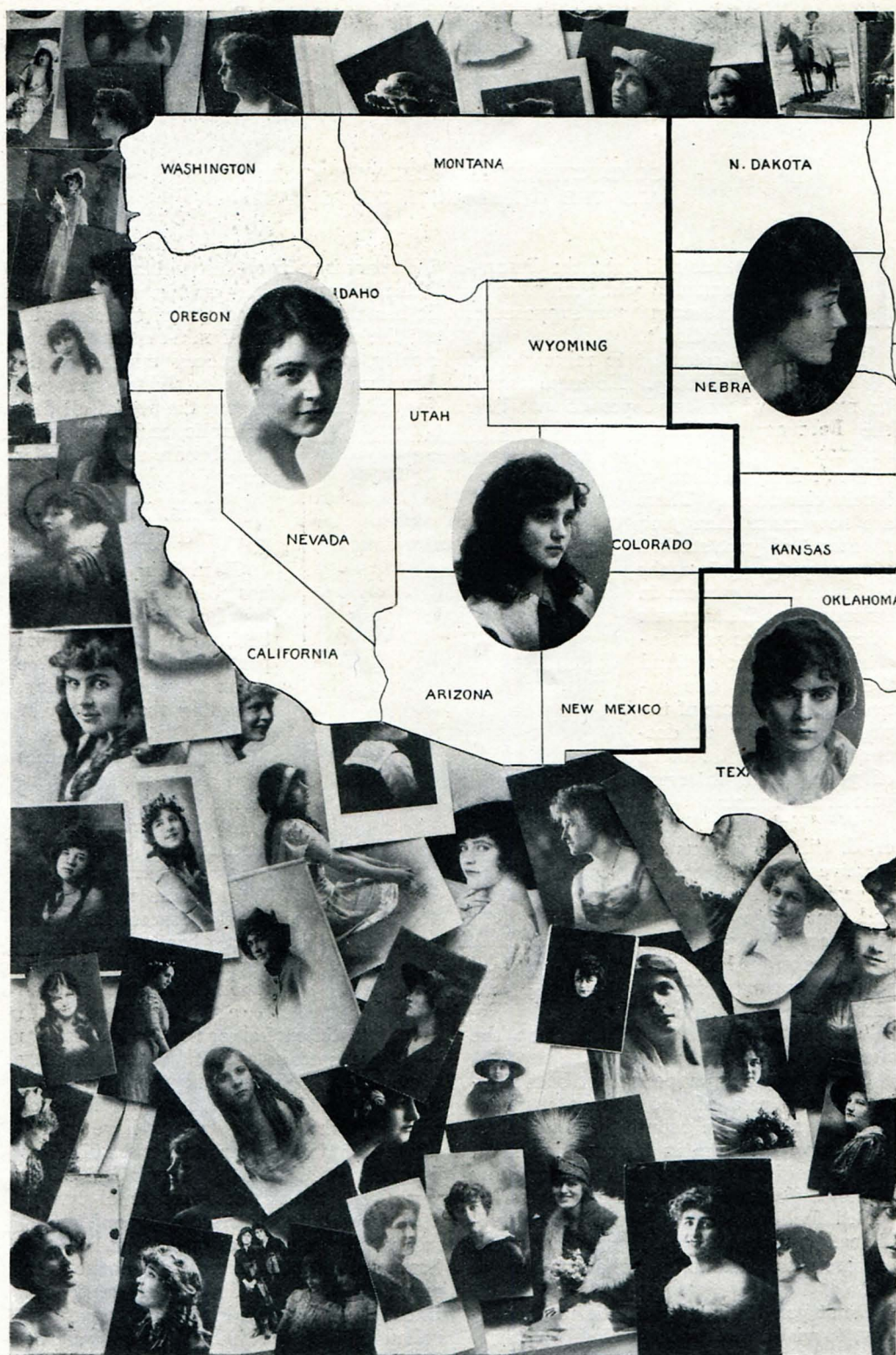
Clara Kimball Young has been added to the board of judges. It would be hard to say by whose particular request. We think it was everyone's, including the majority of the candidates.

Hundreds of inquiries have been received concerning the celebrated and beautiful World star's absence from a beauty-brains contest in which the World Film was so intimately concerned. Mrs. Young has been manifesting more and more interest in the contest, and has been surcharged with

great artistic curiosity as to the contestants—"What sort of girls? Where do they come from? What do they say? What do they look like? What are their ideas of picture-work? How many have you?" These are just a few of her inquiries to PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Lewis J. Selznick was delighted at the prospect of having Mrs. Young on the decision board, and—really and truly, we can't tell you how this happened, or who threw the announcement match into this powder-keg of everybody's intention—suddenly Mrs. Young was enrolled among the judges! She was delighted as a child when officially informed, Mr. Selznick looked as pleased as at the



Clara Kimball Young has been
added to the board of judges



Four Thousand "Beauty and Brains" Entrants



—And Hundreds More Pouring In Daily

perfect carrying out of some artistic programme, and the other judges merely said—in words or actions—"Of course! Of course!"

The Chaperon

Mothers, don't grow uneasy. In next month's magazine we will announce a matron-in-chief who will please you all; and, further, we will let her tell you some of her plans for taking care of your girls when they come to the metropolis, for the residential supervision of the fortunate "permanent winners," and for the return observation of those who may, ultimately, go back to their homes.

The reason this highly interesting article does not appear this month is due to a last-moment change in the plans of a very distinguished and very motherly woman who had already entered with whole heart and soul into advance preparations; in her own tender-enthusiastic words: "for the protection of my whole wonderful family of Cinderellas!" Illness has greatly altered this noble lady's scheme, but next month there will be a definite and final laying-out of the whole chaperonage scheme.

And as we have said, we shan't attempt to tell you about all its little solicitous intricacies ourselves: that story will be told by the *matron-in-chief*.

Personality Splashes

One Oklahoma enthusiast will not trust her photographs, but has her carpet bag packed in readiness for a trip at a moment's notice to "North Clark street, New York City." This sweet commingling of "the loop" and Manhattan brings the two great cities of Chicago and New York closer together than even the Twentieth Century Limited ever dared boast of doing. She

says she just must win, "by force, if necessary!"

A lovely little Massachusetts girl, with a form like a nymph's and a face like a flower, confesses at the end of her remarkably intelligent letter that she is quite deaf, but that she is a perfect lip reader, and for that reason would not only be able to understand her director, but would form her words so that they could be quickly gotten by the audiences.

A Philadelphia maiden says that unless she is of the all-America eleven she knows she will be "sad for always."

"A fake! You fooled me!" shrieks an excited and also ungrammatical young person. Her plaint is that her picture was not in the groups of contestants reproduced last month. "They are all well known actresses, and I see where many others young girls gets fooled too." Alas! And once more we sigh, alas!

And this telegram from one who must be an arithmetic specialist: "Do the 'ands' count in the one hundred fifty words?" Yes, Myrtle, they count.

"I have a romantic reason," pants another in gasps of violet ink. "There is a man in the movies I simply must know. No, it isn't Bushman!" Well, we will hope for you, Juliet!

"I am discouraged by my friends," writes an anonymous entrant. "They say that unless I've lots of money I haven't a chance in this contest!" Dear little Anonymiss, that is not only a flagrant but malicious lie. Whether you have millions, or just a few unsatisfied judgments, you rank in this great rivalry only by appearance and tinkery.

Unheeding the geographic limitations one very pretty girl has entered from Porto Rico, and another from New Zealand.

And those Canadian girls will send in Canadian stamps; and we have to return them all.



Mary Pickford:

Herself and Her Career

Conclusion

Illustrated by Photographic Studies of Miss Pickford in Recent Roles

THE FAMOUS PLAYERS; A CRITICAL
RÉSUMÉ, AND PERSONAL REMINISCENCE

By Julian Johnson

*A study of Miss Pickford in her California home, by
Photoplay Magazine's photographer. This picture was
taken just before Miss Pickford departed for the East*



ON September 10th, 1913, The Famous Players released their screen production, "In the Bishop's Carriage." Thus Mary Pickford came to her present state, for the piece was the first of the long line of comedies and dramas in which the Zukor-Porter corporation have presented her.

Like a queen on the throne of a great principality at peace with its neighbors, Miss Pickford in the Famous fold has led an outwardly quiet life. But also like a queen who rules over a great monarchy, hers has been an existence of arduous labor, and not at all that span of processions, exaltations and acclamations of which a queen's weeks are supposed to be made up.

No salary, it is safe to say, will ever receive the wonder and amaze accorded the Pickford hundred-thousand-a-year. This great emolument was press-agented by the newspapers of the country into false importance, and has been the little player's heaviest hurdle. Every man and woman who attends picture shows has seen a Pickford-Famous feature, and it is probable that every adult who has gazed screenward at Mary has asked, either audibly or inwardly:

"How can she be worth

t h a t
m u c h
m o n -

"Such a Little Queen."



ey?" In other words, people have looked for the tenth-of-a-million valuation on every Pickford photoplay! This is an absurd attitude, but a true statement. Salaries in the past six months have aviated incredibly. Here, there and yonder will be found shadow-personages who receive almost as much as Miss Pickford, and one young man, aggregating salary and percentage, certainly receives more. Yet the general public does not seem to be greatly impressed by these things; it still regards Mary Pickford as the fortunate little golden image before whom millions worshipped, bringing tithes.

This is a false attitude, born of one good news story wearisomely and continually repeated. As to whether The Famous Players have found Miss Pickford a profitable investment at \$104,000 a year (\$2,000 every week) I'm not prepared to say, but if they have, it has been on her work as a whole, on the sum-total of her pictures, and the unfailing charm of her utterly unique personality.

The popular success of Miss Pickford, to continue the analysis, has been a thing apart from her dramatic triumphs, even as Maude Adams' conquest of America had little to do with her true dramatic ability. In both instances a rare and wholly individual charm swept the land from sea to sea.

Mary Pickford's chief attributes have been her tender human sympathy, her utter sweetness, her steadfast sincerity. No one at any stage of Mary Pickford's career can point to a recorded exhibition of hauteur, a piece of deliberate "acting," a moment of artificial "showing off." David Belasco struck the nail of cause on the head when he so vividly described, in recent pages of this periodical, little Miss Pickford's utter repose, her matter-of-factness and almost impersonal calm.

The battle wages unceasingly between that faction which acclaims Mary Pickford an actress, and that faction which considers her merely a sweet enchantress.

I have seen the majority

of her pictures since she entered The Famous Players, and I hold with the disputers who say that she can really act. I have seen her give some wonderful impersonations of characters as far from her own as Tampico is from Hudson Bay.

For instance: "Hearts Adrift," released February 10, 1914. Here she was a soul and body regenerated into primitive strength and simplicity by sea and solitude. She revealed unsuspected suggestions of physical voluptuousness. She sounded depths of tenderness that her little plays of the workaday world had not hinted. At moments she flashed forth in magnificent emotions not at all kindred to that gentleness which uses *Pickford* as a synonym. And her tragedy was convincing, logical, soul-wrenching in its quaint piteousness.

On March 20 of the same year was released "Tess of the Storm Country," which I suspect, from several conversations, Miss Pickford considers her finest dramatic achievement as far as the screen is concerned—although she did not tell me so outright. If she does so hold it, her opinion is shared by a great many people. Personally, I must say that "Hearts Adrift" made an ineffaceable impression; had I not been really won to the little Pickford by that piece I too should probably acclaim "Tess," for it is, critically considered, a bigger, cleverer thing.

There have been all sorts of plays via The Famous. There is no certainty of invariably selecting a good vehicle under any artistic auspices. In some of the plays Miss Pickford has won dramatic triumphs, in others she has scored comedy hits of varying proportions, in still others she has gone very, very flat indeed.

"Rags."

Do you remember "The Eagle's Mate," a July release in 1914? Here was a vivid human story different from anything Miss Pickford had yet done. It was, in its way, a firm little milestone in her art-life.

Then, in mid-September, came "Such a Little Queen." An absolutely irresistible idea, but, somehow, it missed fire in the vocal play, and it missed fire again on the screen. It was enjoyable—but it lived up neither to its clever author's intentions nor to the Pickford abilities.

October 26th brought another maryplay in "Behind the Scenes," a homely but popularly effective story of Margaret Mayo's. This play was a real success because Miss Pickford combined her comic and pathetic resources in exquisite proportions. Realized, it was not the commonplace thing it might have been. It was that precious stage jewel: a laugh set in a tear.

In the last days of December came "Cinderella;" the first of February, 1915, "Mistress Nell." "Cinderella" was not convincing, in my estimation, because of a poor scenario; in "Mistress Nell" it seemed to me that Miss Pickford was terribly miscast. Whatever my opinion, both these plays were seen by millions of people, and received very generous and general applause.

"Fanchion the Cricket" was presented May 10th. That I did not see.

But I did see "The Dawn of a Tomorrow," which lighted the dark houses June 7th. What a photoplay! What a characterization was



Miss Pickford's *Glad!* Here was luminous tenderness in a steel band of gutter ferocity. Here was spiritual, almost unearthly faith shining out of a London slum. Here were feminine fascination, flame-spurts of primitive wit, inexorable determination, that sort of dewy sweetness which, beheld, often makes women weep and men curse.

"Little Pal," which followed July 1st, was a mighty poor play, but as the square-souled, square-bodied, square-headed little Indian, Mary Pickford built another story on her edifice of risible accomplishment. Who, seeing this piece, can forget her stolid, clomping departure for a bucket of water and bandages at every suggestion of debate in the frontier saloon?

"Rags,"
which



Above: "The Eagle's Mate."

Below: "Cinderella," with Owen Moore.



came August 2nd, showed her in astoundingly different phases. At first: the young married woman of inscrutable sorrows which only death could curtain. Then: an uproarious little ruffian in overalls—a Key-stonesque farceur. "Rags" was a mighty exhibition of the Pickford versatility.

I thought "Esmeralda" dreadful, and "The Girl of Tomorrow," (Miss Pickford, author) simply no play at all. I have expressed myself very recently on her latest enterprise, "Madame Butterfly."

Miss Pickford's Famous Players service has been in Los Angeles and in New York. For awhile she maintained a home in the California city, and in fact gave it up only early last summer, when returning to her New York apartment (on upper Broadway) for more or less permanent residence.



Above: A part of the scene shown on the opposite page.

Below: "Behind the Scenes," with James Kirkwood.

The proverb-makers love to chatter of the unvarying simplicity of the great—foolishness! for some of the great are complicated in soul and person, spiritually hyphenated to the last degree—and in Miss Pickford they might find their ultimate exhibition. Miss Pickford is simplicity itself, all that she does is based upon and springs from that simplicity and utter sincerity, and I believe that were she the crowned queen-absolute of half the world her naturalness would be unchanged.

Nothing hurts Mary Pickford as much as sly allusions to an aloofness, a snobbishness which some newspaper writers have pretended to find in her in recent months.

And just here it may truthfully be said that Mary Pickford, whose features are better-known than anyone's save Roosevelt or Kaiser Wilhelm's, is one of two or three people in

the world who are popular enough to cause a traffic-jam on the streets of New York City at any hour. This obsession of the populace does not distract her except when it interferes with her work, or her necessary outdoor strolls for relaxation and recreation.

Early last summer, when returning from California, she was far from well. She had been working hard, some of her plays had been disappointing, and the continual high-salary twaddle before referred to had gotten a bit on her nerves. She was coming back to New York, primarily, to work, and the strain of travel, in the dust and heat, had been especially enervating. As the Los Angeles Limited bearing the Pickford family approached Chicago the newspapers



printed the time of her arrival; also the station.

Miss Pickford ascertained this from a wire about other matters, received on the train, and consequently telegraphed Chicago friends to meet her and get her away from any crowd as quickly as possible.

She arrived shortly before noon, and train-time found the terminal literally jammed with that idle, morbid human throng which always springs serenely for fame, fight or funeral. There were, it is true, many sincere admirers of Mary Pickford in that crowd. But right up next the barrier—as always—were the mere impudently curious. Miss Pickford's friends met her, took her out a private entrance to a waiting limousine, and thence to the Hotel LaSalle. One Chicago newspaper headlined its story, next day: "Little Mary Just Can't Bear to Meet Her Worship-

pers"—and for many weeks the little girl suffered mental tortures from that wholly undeserved slash.

I believe I can prove the sincerity of that suffering: one evening-

"Little Pal"



ing, later in the summer, I gave a box-party in Miss Pickford's honor at the Palace Theatre, New York City. We entered late, the house was dark and the show well under way. Although a great audience had assembled, "little" Mary sat away from the rail, shrinking behind a velvet drape at one side, and I do not believe that more than half a dozen in the orchestra chairs knew she was in the house. Almost at the end of the bill came Trixie Friganza, and her unutterably funny song about the wretched maidenly antique who waited vainly at the altar. It won encore after encore. Suddenly Miss Friganza, responding for the tenth time at least, cried to the spotlight man in the heavens: "Put that on Mary Pickford!"

She pointed at our box, and instantly, on the cowering, shrinking little girl, fell a white glare like the birth of a new sun, while the house, momentarily amused by something really new, sent up a manual volley like a cloudburst on a tin roof.

That "spotted" Mary. There was no longer any possibility of a gentle get-away unattended. Had she left during the rest of the performance, I believe that dress-suited audience would have stamped after her.

I had a chance to get her to her car and away from the majority of the curious—had not a plainly dressed little child, accompanied by her mother, evidently a widow, called "Mary! Mary!" from the depths of the mob. Instantly the wee actress stopped her demure, head-down progress, and went directly toward the baby. Confidently the little tot looked up into the eyes of the only queen it may ever behold, as Mary took its hand in hers, and kissed it tenderly on the brow.

The crowd fell upon us in an instant. The baby, its little wish gratified, disappeared in the fleshly tornado. We were driven, hammered, whirled this way and that. Men in evening dress shoved like women at a Monday bargain-counter. Jewelled women curiously put out their hands, and smiled. They seemed to wish to touch her, just to see if she were real. They did touch her, twitching her skirt. A moment later I heard the stentorian voices of the ever-present New York police, with their thong-breaking "Move on!" "Move on, there!"

And this happened at the upper end of

Longacre square, every block of whose asphalt has been worn thin by celebrated soles.

Once we gained the outer edge of the crowd we found Mary's brother Jack, and her big machine.

"I saw you—why didn't you come straight through?" asked Jack, vexedly.

"Jack," said his sister, with meaning, "I would have answered that little girl's call no matter what happened!"

What the applause of a multitude, or the maudlin curiosity of scores of ornate adults could not arouse in Mary Pickford the voice of a child had brought forth instantly.

At the present time Miss Pickford and her remarkable mother, and her husband, too, are in New York. Mr. Moore is at the Triangle Fort Lee studios.

Mary Pickford is a devoted, sincere wife, and at some distant day I would not be at all surprised to see a little family clustering about her, for children are her adoration.

Mrs. Pickford is her daughter's best friend, confidante and business manager. This shrewd, kindly woman—so versed in the world's trickery that her managerial cleverness sometimes hides the big heart of her—I dare to say is responsible for the Mary Pickford of today. Mary Pickford in personality is entirely herself, but it is her mother, no other, who has smoothed away the obstacles on that personality's path toward full expression.

And of course everybody asks: "What does Mary Pickford do with her money?"

She doesn't squander it. She lives unostentatiously, but well. I had luncheon with Mrs. Pickford and her daughter not



"Caprice"

long ago; both wore simple, pretty frocks which, while unobtrusively in the mode, would not have been extravagance for the wife of a young tradesman. And in her plain black leather purse Mrs. Pickford carried \$16,000! Lest you think she habitually totes that tidy sum for carfare I may add that she was on the way to her bank.

Until a few months ago, at least, the principal form of Pickford investment was bonds of the United States. What better way of placing surplus income could you suggest? It was the sanity of the mother again.

Miss Pickford's contract with The Famous Players concludes just about the time this issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE reaches its readers. Many are the printed paragraphs which aver that this contract won't be renewed. Perhaps it will, and perhaps it won't, but as I am writing these lines the outlook is favorable for her continuance in the features of Adolf Zukor.

T H E E N D

A Girl Like Mine

SOMETIMES upon the screen is flashed
A girl who kisses just like mine;
She yields her lips not hastily,
But with a shyness sweet and fine.

Her breath comes soft—a dew of love—
Her eyes are liquid tenderness,
Which droop to veil naïve desire
To give and take the fond caress.

—H. J. Krier.



Willard Mack

THE AUTHOR OF "KICK IN" BRINGS
HIS SINGULAR POWER OF VOICE-
LESS EXPRESSION TO THE SCREEN

By Henry Christeen Warnack

INCEVILLE was never more in tune with itself. Santa Ynez Canyon was flooded with sunshine of that burnished quality that seems tangible—as much like a golden wine as like light. At the mouth of that bright vale, the blue Pacific lapped idly as though an Indian summer day were a purple luxury demanding a sumptuous leisure.

On the lower stage Tom Ince was teach-

ing laughing little Billie Burke some quaint new register of gaiety.

Passing these richly inviting features of dalliance to the loiterer, I came upon the upper stage and Willard Mack. He was busy, of course. For weeks I had been vainly endeavoring to find him when he was not. Once I ran across him a mile down the shore line—naked and bronzed, a floral lei around his well carried head

and another about his broad shoulders. Physically he was superbly fit as the hero of "Aloha Oe," a new Ince production. Again I had seen him with half a dozen manuscripts in hand, headed for the scenario department, and the atmosphere about him sizzled with plots like the sparks that fly from a trolley pole by night.

This time he was about some new business. What the name of the play may be I don't know, but evidently he was a burglar. He had a sack filled with much finery, as was later revealed. It was a woman's room that he was plundering and on her dresser he came across a photograph which he seemed to recognize. The sack fell from his hands with a little clatter of pilferings. Then, tremulously, he lifted the picture and pressed his pocket flashlight against it. Over his face there played that wide range of feeling which only the understanding heart and mind are able to convey.

In this instant of inclusive comprehension Willard Mack revealed the immense

power of himself. Could he have spoken in that moment he would have barked his words. I said this to him a moment later when his director gave him the leisure of a breathing spell (and a cigarette) and Mack, taking a long breath which amounted to a sigh, exclaimed with the force of an explosion: "Now you have hit upon the very crux of this business!"

"You miss words so much then?" I asked.

"Not more before the camera than everywhere," he answered. "In a way, I miss them less here than where they may be spoken. Don't you know that words are only the sounds of speech? Yes, and sometimes they are empty. Words alone are monstrously futile. Take the Indian, for instance; no man is so eloquent as he, yet he knows and employs few words. He lives close to Nature, he understands the beauty, the grandeur and the truth of Nature, and because these glow steadfastly within his mind's eye as fast pictures of delight he paints them all



"More than half the people in this world might as well be dumb so far as their ability goes to describe their various emotions."

with the sweep of his hands or the lifting of his eyes.

"This comprehension and visualization of the Indian is what we most need in acting before the screen. Visualization is a great power, but we must know what we see and when we understand perfectly what we desire to express it will so fill our own vision that it will live before the audience. This is a language more potent than speech.

"In a way, this development of motion picture acting will react upon the stage of spoken drama in such a fashion as to bring it a most precious gift. All along we have depended too much upon the spoken word. It has not been considered necessary that the actor should know the meat of his own utterance. He has read fine lines and so long as the emphasis seemed adequate the performance has been accepted. In many cases, indeed in most instances, the actor has not understood. He has depended instead upon a blind instinct for the right emphasis and often he has been wrong.

"Now that we have had and will always have the silent potency of pictures, the

brainless utterance of a speech will hold no appeal to these newly trained audiences who have all been transformed by the magic of pictures into critics of ultra-perceptions. We have come upon the art of pantomiming, and in the future the actor who does not master this rare complement will be no artist in the eyes of the public. In the future the actor must hold in his mind the complete picture of his conduct and its possible consequences and he must be able to convey that intelligence to an audience without the tedium of speech. Pictures are so telepathic in their communication that the tempo of the whole world of drama has received a startling impetus.

"In pictures this idea is always in my mind. Most of life is a potentiality that has not been expressed. On every hand we encounter the emotion that inspires action yet has no language. More than half of the people in this world might as well be dumb so far as their ability goes to describe their various emotions or to tell of the light which each dimly discerns."



The Height of Humor

It's a serious thing to be funny,—especially when you have to "come across" with comedy at the top of a Los Angeles sky-scraper. Above the keen, kool Keystone Kops are seen demonstrating this paradox in an everyday bit of film foolery.



"CLOSE-UPS"

The Miracle

LOS ANGELES, Mecca of the mannikins, Parnassus of the photoplayers, is, at this writing, entirely censorless. Some quit, some were fired, and the last just ceased to be. So far the town has not gone to Tophet. So far, the inhabitants marry and are given in marriage, die without being murdered, and generally keep their accumulated pence away from robbers. The back-to-barbarism wave of crime, degeneracy and shocking taste which some hold that our censorial bulwark has valiantly debarred throughout these half-dozen movie years has not yet appeared. Perhaps another censor board will be enthroned when this issue reaches the news-stands. At any rate, Los Angeles' present unexplosive status is *The Miracle*.

Permanent Pictures

"WHAT,"—Photoplay Magazine asked a leading manufacturer—"will bring the 'permanent picture' to pass?"

And the answer came back swiftly and simply: "Permanent material."

Quite true, when you consider it. Ephemeral propaganda, superficial emotions and plots of momentary news value could not be made permanent by any master, or by any will of a following of friends.

For a long time people have talked vaguely of permanent pictures, and the establishment of a screen repertoire which shall, in time, become classic. Evidently this will be furnished by the classics themselves, by history, and by the great human stories which rise irrespective of the hour, and which, by reason of their fundamental truths, appeal with equal surety in 1830 or 1916. The irritable caprice of fashion has been accused of destroying the value of the photoplay of society, for women of today invariably laugh at what they wore with *hauteur*, *eclat* and other condiments a pair of seasons ago. This is true only in a limited sense. Women do not laugh at "Camille" in a Dumas mode, nor did they laugh at the women of Dr. Cameron's family, in their correct ante-bellum finery.

Have we any permanent pictures? Unquestionably. "The Birth of a Nation" is one. "Judith of Bethulia" is another. Farrar's "Carmen" has pretensions to endurance. So, certainly, does Mrs. Smalley's poetically imaginative

"Jewel." No convulsion of dress-makers should be allowed to spoil so vivid a document as "The Cup of Life."

We believe that Mr. Griffith, some time and some money could make a stupendous visual masterpiece out of "Macbeth." "Ivanhoe" is an inspiring subject; it has been done, but not rightly. Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" is far more than the narrow play, "Becky Sharp." The two-dimension stage could re-create it amply. These are merely random suggestions.



*What
Barnum
Said*

IN New York, recently, the official war pictures of one of the belligerent governments were announced. And they were the official pictures. But a newspaper noted more for its enterprise than its scrupulousness, having a forty-eight-hour handicap, threw a conglomerate collection of pictures of its own together, flamboyantly advertised them, crowned with a title which may be described as "snappy," and promptly edged the real thing off the earth. The police were required to keep people moving in front of the "snappy" sign, and beneath the other a detective would have been required to find anyone.

What Sherman said about war, and what Barnum said about the American people appear to be eternal truths.



*The
Star
System*

EVERY father tells his boy about the inutility of a wild oats crop, whereupon the boy goes right out and harvests an acre or so of wild oats himself. Collectively or individually, humanity can't be told anything. Experience teaches all the grades, from kindergarten to university post-graduate.

Hence it is not pessimism, but natural deduction, to presume that the world of photoplay will not learn very much from the woes of the star system in the theatre, but will have to thresh this stupid problem out in its own way.

Already the star system on the screen has volunteered some humorous answers to its exponents. More than one actor and actress, carefully imbibing director's draughts of inspiration, have been exhilarated into lofty feelings and motion. With what result? Generally with a loss of that light which, shining through them, made them seem great.

A more serious aspect, for producers, exhibitors and patrons, is what we might term the snobbish tendency of the time to overload the screen with stage celebrities (who only too often "stoop" to pictures) at enormous salaries, thereby making the producer's burden virtually unbearable, and genuine plays so much more difficult to present. The best photoplayers today are those whom the screen made for itself—and this, understand, applies to some celebrated footlight folk, too. These made good in front of the lens; they arrived via a camera instead of a press-agent, or a great salary largely billboarded. Two fine examples of this type are Pauline Frederick and William Farnum; actress and

actor of renown indeed, but ruling now over two empires honestly earned, and each apart from the other. The big salaries paid to Miss Frederick and Mr. Farnum are seldom mentioned, while concerning smaller but noisier people of greatly inferior compensation we hear little but money.



*Cafe
Comedy*

A GREAT photoplay manufacturing corporation has as principal owners two men, each jealous of the other, each desiring to buy out the other's stock, each fearing a partner's *coup*. With considerable self-congratulation, each of these men hired a detective to watch the other.

One of the suspicious giants sat at lunch in a celebrated Broadway cafe. The private snoop of his friend and partner observed him agitatedly, from behind a palm, and rushed to a telephone.

"He's figgering!" whispered Sherlock excitedly. "He's working out a bill of sale on the table cloth!"

"Stay where you are," came the dramatic answer, "and buy that tablecloth if you have to send a taxicab to me for money!"

He remained. And he bought. And the tablecloth showed some hilariously bad drawings of what might represent flowers and foliage. The suspected partner had been endeavoring to draw, for the benefit of the firm's staff artist, his idea of a new trade-mark for some brand or other.



A
*Significant
Article*

ONE of the most profound, and at the same time one of the most vivid and interesting discussions of motion pictures ever printed came to The Cosmopolitan's December number from the pen of Hugo Münsterberg. In his dissertation Mr. Münsterberg says, among other things: "The producer of photoplays must free himself more and more

from the idea with which he started—to imitate the stage—and must more and more win for the new art its own rights. . . . the possibilities of the camera are unlimited. The girl in her happy first love sees the whole world in a new glamour and a new radiant beauty. The poet can make her speak so; only the photoplay could show her in this new jubilant world. . . . The violinist may play one piece after another and we may see in the film the sentiments of those various pieces through the melodious movements around him. His own face may remain unchanged, but everything about him may enter into the mood of the tone and chords. It is in the spirit of the theatre to express horror by the wild gestures of the body. It would be in the spirit of the photoplay to make the world around the terrified person change in a horrifying, ghastly way. . . . If a man is hypnotized in the scene, the change of his feelings can only be clumsily shown in his face, but his surroundings may take uncanny forms until a kind of hypnotic spell lies over the whole audience. . . . The photoplay of the future, if it is really to rise to further heights, will thus become more than any other art the domain of the psychologist who analyzes the working of the

mind. . . . In the film world the only scientist who has been consulted in the past is the physicist, who prepared the technical devices for the work of the camera. The time seems ripe for his scientific brother, the psychologist, to enter the field and to lead the photoplay to those wonders which its progress has begun to suggest since the leaders dared to leave the paths of mere theatrical performance. The more psychology enters into the sphere of moving pictures, the more they will become worthy of an independent place in the world of true art and become really a means of cultural education for young and old. The presentations of the films will never supersede those of the theatre any more than sculpture can supersede painting or lyrics can supersede music, but they will bring us the noble fulfilment of an artistic desire which none of the other arts can bring.

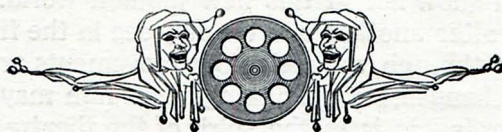
"This is truly the art of the future."

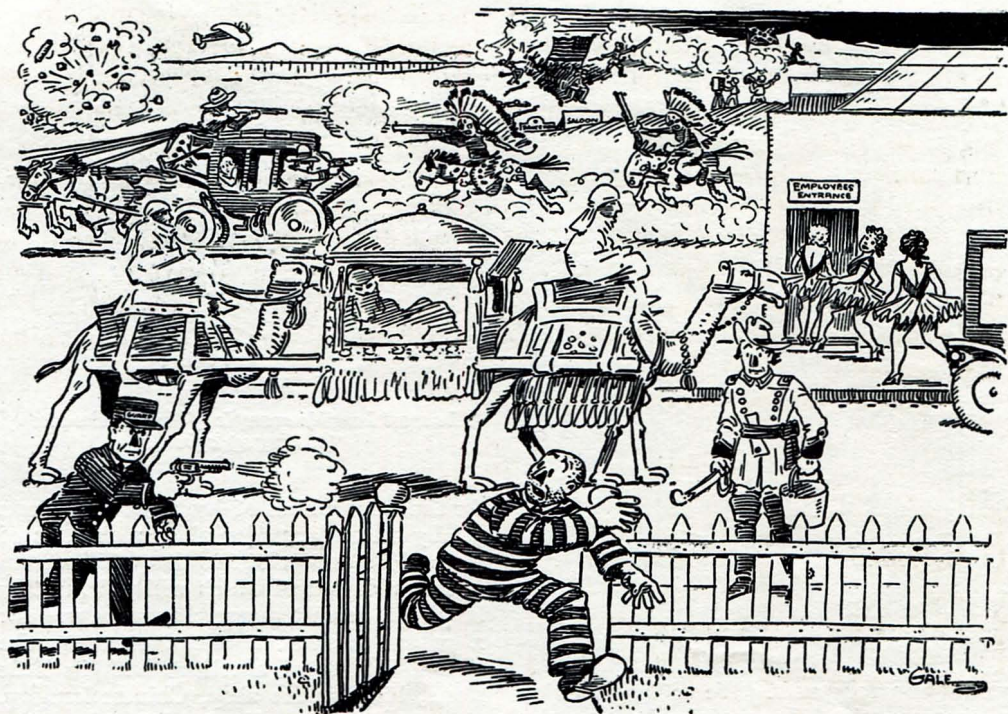


*Abusing
the
Close-Up*

THE careless, as well as the vicious, often mistake freedom for license, and this is just as true in the arts as it is in civil life. One of the wonderful and wholly individual discoveries of active photography is the close-up, that giant microscope of expression in which a frown registers big as a passing cloud, an eye seems a wide well, and a smile is to be measured only in feet, or even in yards. The close-up is to the screen dramatist what a fortissimo is to a conductor, or a tremendous contrast to a painter. It is an heroic statue miracled out of nothing.

While the close-up tranfixes attention, and magnifies incomparably the minutiae of pantomime, it also destroys action as a whole, and—especially when a woman's is the countenance concerned—renders the face startlingly gross. The old plaint of not being able to see the wood for the trees may be amended, here, that one is not able to see the skin for the pores. Obviously the close-up, like radium, asphyxiating gas and the torpedo, is a thing for expert handling alone. In the hands of the inefficient it is daily made a gross imposition. With these inefficients it is a cheap substitution for drama, a replacer of action, a cross-section of a dermatologist's harvest seen under a German crystal.





View from our front porch.

Living Neighbor to the Movies

THEY FILM YOUR AUNT FROM THE COUNTRY; BURGLARS ASK PERMISSION TO BURGLE; AND YOUR BABY IS RENTED—IF YOU DWELL MID THE MAKING OF MOVIES

Retold by Mary Dickerson Donahey

Illustrations by E. W. Gale, Jr.

BEING a neighbor to the movies! Have you ever thought what that might mean? It's an angle of the business that never entered my head, until I found myself in the heart of it.

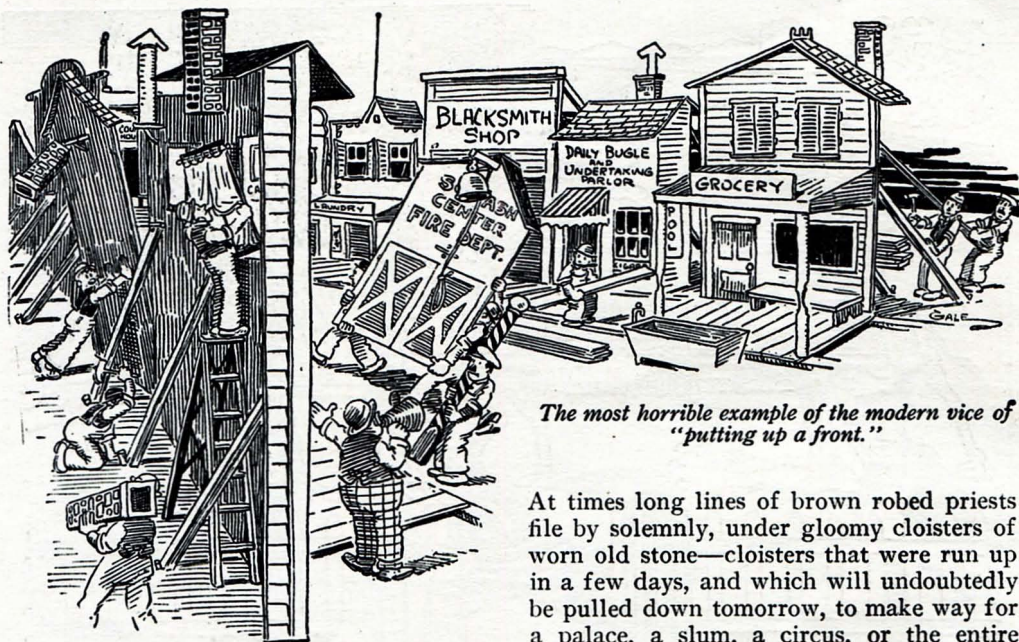
Yards of stories have been printed in magazines and newspapers about the actors and the directors, about the making of plays, about the many strange animals that are used, the risks that are taken, the money spent, and the marvels that are accomplished.

But what the movie world is like to the ordinary, everyday folk who happen to

live next door is a new point of view—one which our family is acquiring right now.

We really are very quiet people. No one in the whole family connection has ever thought of going on the stage. No woman amongst us has become a politician. No man has aspired to either burglary or high finance. We haven't even produced a divorce amongst us!

My husband and I are not young people, and we dislike speed in autos or in friends. We enjoy our church and our home, and—I was about to say we enjoy life in its simple, quiet moods. But that



*The most horrible example of the modern vice of
"putting up a front."*

would be wrong now. We no longer enjoy a simple, quiet life—we simply long for that brand.

Because—the movies have come upon us!

The broad field across the way, which has for years been a restful and delightful stretch of open greenness, is now, much of the time, aflame with noise, aglare with color, filled with people and with things the like of which were never seen in our staid neighborhood before. When pictures are not actually being taken over there, carpenters hammer all day long, in feverish preparation for the pictures that are to come, and we stare aghast at the flimsiness of the structures that tower so frowningly, later on, when shown upon the screen.

There, in the center of that field across the way, single rooms are built. They usually lack a ceiling, and one of the four walls generally conceded necessary to a room. Most of all they lack a *house* to be a part of! They look so lost and desolate, those stray rooms, fully furnished, gaping open to the public view.

There in that big field we see, on some days, great battles, and our ears are stunned, our eyes made weepy, our noses tickled, with the clouds of battle smoke. Again, Indians file by, or those other savages, the "Apaches" of Paris, hold forth.

At times long lines of brown robed priests file by solemnly, under gloomy cloisters of worn old stone—cloisters that were run up in a few days, and which will undoubtedly be pulled down tomorrow, to make way for a palace, a slum, a circus, or the entire "Main Street" of a village with its little stores, blacksmith's shop, Chinese laundry, and court house, all complete—from the front. In the coming pictures, only the parts of the buildings bordering on the street will show, so of course, why build more? And there stands the street, every building on it ending just a few feet back, quite open and ragged in the rear. It is the most horrible example of the modern vice of "putting up a front," which one could well imagine!

Our porch is a wonderful place these days. I often feel as if it were in truth the balcony of a play house, and wonder when a boy will come to hand me a program, and how soon they'll be around to collect the money for my seat! If the hard times strike us, we say we'll pad the porch chairs with plush, put a red "EXIT" sign over the front gate, and play we are a theater. We think we'd have no trouble in the selling of our seats.

For, apart from the magic, changing field across the way where the wizards work, all day the street cars disgorge at our corner hordes of men, women and children, suit-case laden, who go into the studios just around the corner. They soon reappear in the weirdest of costumes, to go hurrying across to that out-door studio, wigs and whiskers, maybe, swinging from their hands till time to put them on.

Sometimes auto loads of Fiji Islanders will disembark across the way, or a string of camels will come up, laden with bales of goods and dusky veiled beauties, or a machine that seems loaded to the brim with ruffles and frills will draw up, and there before our eyes will leap out a bevy of "leggy" chorus girls. A real ballet dress does look funny, in full day light, on a public street!

Famous stars and directors flash before our wondering eyes. We can study them at close range and see them as "neighbors." Famous scenes that others pay to see, are enacted not once, but many times, for us—for perfect films must be a certainty.

And yet, when all is said and done, the most interesting part of being a neighbor to the movies lies, not in what we see other people doing, but in the things that happen to us!

For instance, one day a dignified aunt from the country, whose good opinion we highly valued, was sitting on our porch when first one and then another of us became aware that our party was for some reason the object of much interest to our movie friends. First one and then another came, stole surreptitious glances, and left, till finally the greatest of them all strode up, stared frankly, then as openly came forward and stated the

case. Our friend was exactly the "type" needed for a certain picture. "Could she," "would she," etc., etc.

Now, had our aunt been young, and of a vain or giddy turn of mind, all that might have been mere flattery. But she was elderly, old fashioned, very set in her ways, disapproved intensely of motion pictures, and had been fighting the opening of a theater in her vicinity for years. So the incident was not without embarrassment to everybody concerned. And the pain was not lessened when we observed a film being taken of our guest upon her departure.

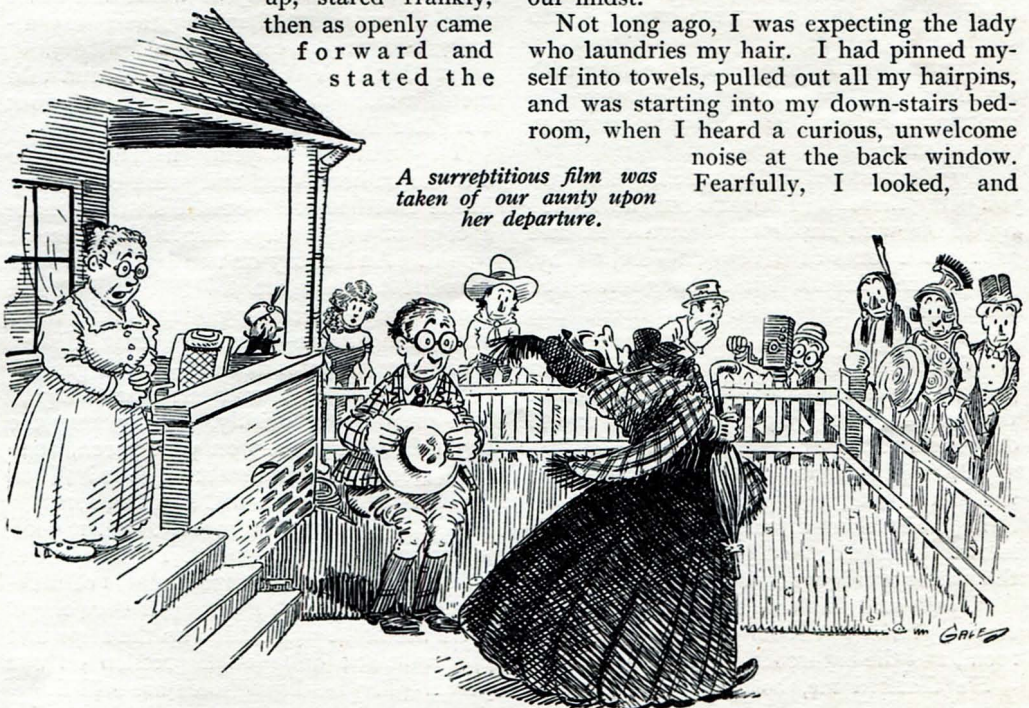
And our scandalized aunty has not yet recovered from the accusation of having posed for the movies, nor, need I add, forgiven us for living next to such ungodly neighbors!

One day, a trained mule wandered off, went visiting, and frightened my sister nearly out of her wits by affectionately blowing down her neck and nipping at her ears. And when she fled, he thought she was in play, and followed as far as the dining room door, taking with him, as a halo for his wicked head, our screen door, and braying a bray within our humble walls that made me quite certain that the Germans had come, and landed their first shell in our midst.

Not long ago, I was expecting the lady who laundries my hair. I had pinned myself into towels, pulled out all my hairpins, and was starting into my down-stairs bedroom, when I heard a curious, unwelcome noise at the back window.

Fearfully, I looked, and

A surreptitious film was taken of our aunty upon her departure.



*Often the untried
"types" insist upon
posing a la tintype
portrait.*



there, sure enough, two of the worst looking ruffians I ever saw were breaking into the house!

Quaveringly, I pounded on the door with my brush. They looked up, but they did not run away. Instead one said pleasantly, "Good morning."

My wits restored, I demanded, "What are you doing there?" The same burglar looked up at me with handsome brown eyes, and said in the tones of a Vere de Vere, "Why, pardon me Madam, but I thought we had permission to burglarize your house this morning?"

"Well, you haven't," I snapped, "I'm going to have my hair washed and dried in this very room, right away. You'll have to do your stealing somewhere else today."

"But Madam, we can't," explained the gentleman patiently, "All the other pictures have been taken around your house, you know. Couldn't you allow us to break into the parlor window now?"

"Yes," said I, "that's all right. 'You can burglarize any room you like except this room, and the bathroom, next door.'"

He thanked me, both tipped their out-

rageous hats, and they gathered up their tools and departed. Presently I heard sounds which told me that my living room was being burglarized in the most approved style. And not till I told the story as a grievance, did I discover that it was a joke!

I fear that nowadays honest-to-goodness burglars could come and do their worst unscathed, and that we'd let them carry off everything we own, quite secure that if they did it, we could claim every single thing at the studio round the corner at any moment.

And I want to say here that of course the firm pays us for the use of the house and grounds, and amply reimburses us for any damage done to our property. That old mule may have scared us almost into fits, but he presented us with the fine new screen door we'd been needing all summer.

The movie folk may be weird and queer and different, but they pay their way always, and they're courteous and kindly.

Another time they came to me and told me of a story they wished to put on, about a regular Peck's Bad Boy sort of person.

They wanted the young man to go into a house on horseback, and break everything inside that house. Would I let them make a copy of my lower rooms? Of course I would. And a day or two later I was astounded to be taken to their studio, and shown such a close copy of my living room and dining room—furniture, rugs, dishes, ornaments, pictures and all—that I gasped.

"Not exact, of course, but near enough," said the director briskly. "Now, may the boy ride his horse up on your porch, open your front door, and start to go in? Then the rest of the picture will be taken here."

"Oh, yes," I replied meekly. What good to say no to these people if I had wished? I felt they were magicians, capable of making my whole home fly away if they chose.

So the horse was ridden up the steps and the act made quite an impression on our porch. The marks of hoofs are still there.

Next day I was invited across the street to view the scene of interior destruction. It made me return thanks that the end of that picture was not taken in our own happy home. I know now how our possessions will appear if an earthquake or a cyclone ever strikes us.

The movies have quite surrounded us. Next door we own another house which we have rented in other times to quiet people like ourselves.

Only movie people want it now. Most of them are the pleasantest sort of neighbors. But just at first we rented it to two prize fighters and their wives. The two ladies did not agree, vocally. We heard their opinions of each other at all hours in all tones. And the two gentlemen never were able to settle the question as to which was champion of the house.

After these tempestuous ones, came a temperamental family. At least, that was what they said was the matter with them. They used to give very accurate imitations of wife beating in the small hours of the night.

"You'll murder me—you'll murder me, you brute," we would hear the lady shriek as we woke from our own quiet slumbers. The first night it happened, my husband sallied over to rescue the lady. But when he managed to quiet the racket long enough to be heard, he was informed, through locked doors, that they were merely acting a part. They explained that as they had heretofore always been "straight legit-Shakespeare you know," they could not get down to the tame and bloodless movie methods, and had to make the dialogue fit the scene, to "get the swing of it."

Maybe. But they rehearsed that scene too often to suit us, and sadly but firmly we asked these disciples of the legitimate stage to depart hence and be heard no more. Our souls being beneath art, we wanted to sleep in peace. Since then we have lived in restful comfort and friendliness with our other tenants, enjoying the glimpses

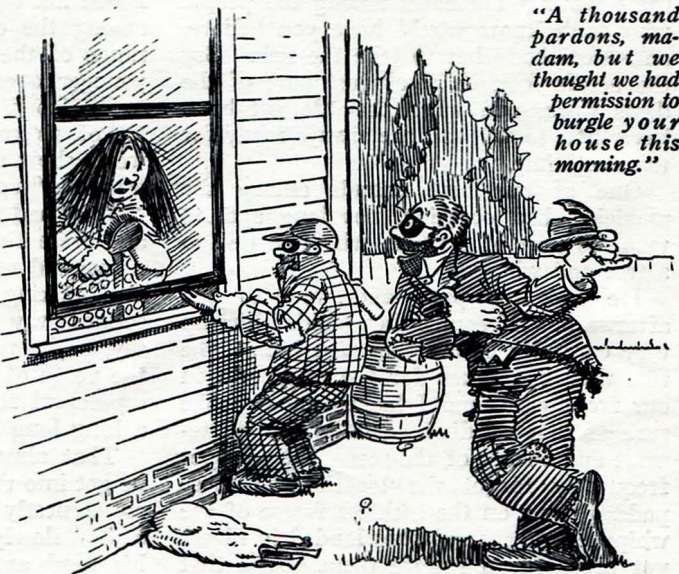
that the successors of the tempestuous ones bring us of the life of the movie folk—their problems, their experiences, their fun.

The youngest generation of our neighborhood has been deeply affected by the coming of our movie neighbors. It has made a huge difference to our babies! They have become of more importance than ever before, and more parents have had—well differences of opinion.

For you see, babies are sometimes hard to get. Even some institutions will not rent out their defenseless, relationless infants. A pretty plump baby, who is not afraid, is worth a great deal of money "acting" and can acquire a very good job any time its parents will take it down to apply for one. And right there the trouble is apt to start.

Mother may say, "It won't hurt the dear a bit, and it will be such a good start on the fund for his college education." But father may rave and storm over the idea of exposing his off-spring to the public view, or perhaps vice versa. We have found very few of our friends and neighbors who agree on this matter of the public appearance of babies, and the directors sometimes have to hunt far and wide for proper youngsters for their pictures.

Of course, from our vantage point in the heart of the movie world, we have glimpses of the employing side. If you are thinking of applying for a job, we can tell



you that if you are a type that the director wants for a certain picture, it will be hard for you to escape without being accepted, and used. If not, you may be as lovely as Venus or Apollo, with clothes that would make a show girl or a Beau Brummel gasp with envy, and you'll have little chance to prove what you can do.

Hosts of untried people are taken because they are the types wanted. If they are stupid, as they generally are, the director will drill them with really wonderful patience in what they are to do, till they can do it. Then, that picture finished, there may be nothing for them to do again for weeks—maybe forever! The standbys are not stupid, and they do not need constant drilling in the work they are to do. It astounds us to see the crowds that flock out, day after day, by street car or auto, and patiently wait and wait and wait, hoping for an opportunity to "go on." Sometimes they're pathetic, sometimes funny, sometimes just annoying.

There is too, a grim side to the activities of our new neighbors. Moving picture work is dangerous. We are told that every company which amounts to anything has its own hospital, and that it is rarely empty.

Even movie fires sometimes burn, great leaps, daring rides, sensational rescues, do not always go off properly. Not nearly so much of the "thrill stuff" is faked as the doubting Thomases among the people who don't know would have you believe, and—somebody has to take the risk. But the actors look on it as just part of the day's work, and when they do get hurt, have little to say, and are always ready for the next time.

One of our best friends among the movieites had occasion, not long ago, to take the part of a negro who was tied to a tree and whipped.

He took the part—and went to bed afterward. Of course they padded him up very carefully before they tied him. The tree they had taken for the scene was in our front yard, and I looked out to make sure of that padding. But in the excitement and energy of the scene, the whipper frequently forgot the location of those padded spots on the luckless frame of the whipee, and many lashes landed in places not prepared to receive them. And that was not the worst. That tree had been

inhabited by a colony of ants. They objected to having a man tied to their home and showed him that they did. But he could not get away! The little pests swarmed all over him, and caused him very real anguish before he was at last cut down.

Really I suppose that the most odd and interesting thing that has taken place so far in the course of our neighboring with the movies, was the way in which they helped us to get money for our church.

We are a small congregation, with more hope than funds, and we very much want a new building. This fact the movie folk discovered. So they came to us with a proposition. They, in turn, wanted a congregation for a camp meeting scene. If we would furnish that congregation, they would give us one hundred dollars towards our new church. Well, very seldom has a thing been more thoroughly discussed than was that offer!

Some of the more conservative members objected to our doing it. They said it was making light (and movies) of religion. But most of us could not see it that way at all. We argued that it wouldn't hurt a soul, and would bring us in a goodly and much needed sum of money to be used towards the most righteous of causes.

So we did it. We gathered at the allotted time, and found a tent all arranged in the most approved camp meeting style. I will not say there wasn't some crowding among the older members to get out of range of the camera, or that some of the younger ones weren't quite ready to step to the front. It's rather funny, the way a lot of us congratulate ourselves that we won't show in that picture. I presume, if we were "types" we undoubtedly will!

They had their own actor for clergyman, and presently he came down the aisle with a real old camp meeting character on his arm, talking to her in the most dignified, serious way, though what we heard him say, as he passed us, all nervous, and on the verge of laughter as we were, was, in sepulchral tones, "Yes Madam, yes. It's a long long way to Tipperary."

That almost upset our gravity. Then he got into the pulpit, and began to preach so earnestly! He frowned at us. He smiled slowly, gravely, sweetly, and shook his head as though in gentle rebuke for our sins.

He pounded his points home upon the pulpit, leaning forward and gazing into our eyes. He got excited and gesticulated wildly, and seemed to cry out arguments at the top of his voice—seemed, I say advisedly, for all this time he said not one single word, nor made a single sound! It was extremely good acting, but it was a good big test of our powers in that line too, I can tell you! Never did I so want to giggle!

And then, at the very end, he finally said, "Now, if any of my beloved brethren have failed to understand the trend of my discourse, I will repeat it all, point by point."

"Don't laugh," yelled the director. And to the click of the picture machine, we managed to file out decorously enough.

But we certainly earned that hundred dollars!

I think the directors earn theirs too. The care they give to every detail is wonderful. Imitations of real things are used only when the real things actually are not needed. At other times, expense is not spared to get the very best. We are astounded at the beauty of the rugs that go in next door. It is hard to realize that real silk Oriental rugs are needed in the pictures, but they must be—else they would not be used. It is the same with furniture, pictures, and all kinds of furnishings. Only the best of the genuine is used.

And the gowns of the women are a never failing delight to quiet folk, who like lovely clothes well enough, but have no occasion to own them.

One day I noticed a woman I knew well by sight going into the studios, and I was very curious. She is a member of one of the best and oldest families of the state from which I come and married a man of high position in our present home city.

She has always been used to wealth, and "society." I wondered hugely what lure the movies had for her. And I found out. There have been financial reverses in her family. She was very willing to come, undoubtedly for a fee that would seem enormous to me, and give advice on the staging of society dramas. She has become a regular employee of our neighbors, and never do they produce a picture dealing with people of rank or wealth, that she is not called in as aid and critic. That is the care that these new friends of ours think necessary in their strange, engrossing work.

In the beginning, I said we longed for a chance to enjoy our old quiet life. We think we do. We talk a great deal of selling, and going far away, out to a place as retired as this one used to be not so very long ago. Sometimes we think with regret of the quiet and uneventful past, and wonder if our house itself does not feel scandalized at the wide publicity we are giving it—our pretty modest home, never built with the idea of any theatrical ventures!

And yet—and yet I wonder!

Our new neighbors have, after all, brought a great deal of wholesome interest into our lives, and they have harmed us not at all. We would miss them if they went away. It is after all, a rather interesting thing, this living neighbor to the movies!

Does Warmth Expand?

THEY went into a movie show
In time to see the start;
And prim, precise and proper quite,
They sat thus far apart.

But oh! the hero wooed the girl,
Twice oh! he stole a kiss;
And when the lights came on again
Theysatupcloselikethis.

CHARLES S. WINSLOW.



An Arabian Fable

IN the twentieth year of his age Bahr-Abas, son of the Sheik Ramideh, journeyed from Damascus to Constantinople, and therein visited a place of the play wherein the actors were shadows and the stage a tent-flap. Night after night he flew upon the magic carpet of the Infidel *jinn* to every country. At length, giving the unbeliever many golden *dinars* for his unearthly materials, he transported them all to his father's harem.

But the Sheik would have none of the moving pictures, and cast the appurtenances forth. More wailing than was their wont did the women of the seraglio—and at that the good Sheik had grown gray in an unending tempest of shrill sounds.

So Bahr-Abas dwelt apart, for forty moons. Then in the cool of an evening, the Sheik came unto him, and, in such words as became his dignity, spoke approvingly of the strange device.

"What pleases you now," questioned Bahr-Abas, "where once you raged?"

"Then"—the Sheik spoke softly and closed his left eye—"I did not know that the women were silent!"

Investing in the Movies

THE SEVENTH OF A SERIES OF ARTICLES BY A RECOGNIZED
AUTHORITY ON THE FINANCIAL END OF A GREAT INDUSTRY

By Paul H. Davis

HUNDREDS of requests have been received by the editors of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE from persons who contemplate investment in moving picture companies and who seek advice on the subject. In many cases investigation showed that these people were being solicited to invest money in concerns that, in the face of existing conditions, did not have one chance in a hundred to succeed. Mr. Davis will be glad to answer any inquiries from readers.

THE incentive for investing in the movies is the chance of making big money. There is the annual group of individuals who have tendencies to grasp at any bait dangled before their eyes. This group might just as well lose in the movies as in any other way.

Unfortunately, most of us are not far remote from this class when it comes to making an investment. We are inclined to take without criticism all of the so-called facts and figures that are laid before us. We often pass judgment without reading between the lines and back of the lines. Each incentive is for the most part based on impressions rather than honest-to-goodness facts.

Someone tells us of the movie millionaires—"There was once upon a time a progressive clothing merchant who saw possibilities in the business and although he had little capital he had an idea which has made him a millionaire." We hear of movie stocks that pay enormous dividends, of companies that cut juicy melons. Then we read the circulars of the new companies. Some promise moderate returns commensurate with the risks involved—others predict over 100% a year. Optimists are fine folks to have around. Sometimes, however, it pays to be "from Missouri."

It is a fact that the motion picture industry is one of our greatest institutions. Each year it is growing and developing into a safer and sounder economic system. Its future undoubtedly is brighter than its past. There is opportunity in the business for a pleasant profit, but the investor should not expect the enormous returns that are sometimes promised and occasionally, though rarely, realized.

There are two ways of course of making money out of an investment. The first is by enhancement of the investment itself; the other is by the dividends that are received and as a rule, of course, though not always, the greater the dividends the relatively more value in sale the investment itself has. With few exceptions the motion picture stocks which were available for public investment two or three years ago can be bought today at about the same price that they were sold for then. To give two examples—at the time the Mutual Film Corporation was organized its stock was sold a share of preferred at \$100.00 carrying with each share $\frac{1}{2}$ share of common, or making an average price of \$67.00 a share. At the present time both the preferred and the common stock of this corporation can be purchased at a price under this figure. Yet, in the meanwhile, the Mutual Film Corporation has grown to be one of the strongest companies in the business. The stock of the New York Motion Picture Corporation was sold in 1913 at \$65.00 a share. Shares in this company can be bought today at about the same price.

Most of the invitations for investment on the part of new companies quote the favorable showing of established concerns. I want to put before you the facts concerning several of the more prominent film concerns whose stocks have been available for public investment. Inasmuch as it is impossible to get up-to-the-minute reports from each company, these facts cannot be guaranteed, although they are in general dependable.

The General Film Company, which is one of the oldest concerns in the field and

probably handles a larger share of the business than any other concern, was incorporated in 1910 with a capital stock of \$1,000,000, of which \$900,000 is preferred and \$100,000 common. The preferred stock found its way to the public inasmuch as a large part of it was used by this concern in purchasing exchanges, and the parties to whom a payment was made in many cases sold their stock. The common stock never reached the public and is still owned entirely by the manufacturing concerns contributing to the General Film Company. The preferred stock of this company has paid 7% per annum. The market on the preferred has ranged from \$70.00 a share to \$40.00 a share. This preferred stock is preferred only as to dividends and not as to assets. This stock is sold at a lower price today than at any time during the organization of the company, though, as far as can be found out, the dividend has always been promptly paid up. The average investment return to the stockholder of the General Film stock, based on the average market price, is about 13%.

The stock of the Universal Film Manufacturing Company is often quoted, although there is practically no actual market of the shares and the company is what might be called a close corporation. This concern was organized in 1912 with a capital of \$1,000,000 preferred and \$1,000,000 common, which capital was increased in February, 1915, to \$2,500,000 common, the \$1,000,000 preferred remaining the same. The preferred of the Universal has paid at the rate of 6% per annum since the company was incorporated; common monthly dividend has been from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 3%, the average dividend being reported to be 20% per annum. This concern, as you

know, is one of the three largest in the business and is reported to be very successful financially. Yet, its dividends have not been any 100% a year and too, as stated before, this stock is not really available for public investment.

The Mutual Film Corporation, also one of the big three, was incorporated in July,

1912, with a capital stock of \$3,500,000.

At the present time it has outstanding, \$1,682,500 of common stock and \$1,535,800 of preferred stock. The preferred stock has paid at the rate of 7% per annum from the date of incorporation to date, although there is some question as to whether the next preferred dividend will be paid. The common stock paid $\frac{1}{2}$ of 1% a month from May, 1913, to August, 1913, and from September of that same year to October, 1914, paid $\frac{1}{2}$ of 1% a month regular dividend

and $\frac{1}{2}$ of 1% extra dividend. In November, 1914, a regular dividend of 1% a month was established. This dividend was continued until June of 1915. From the time of organization to date the Mutual Film Corporation has paid 24% in dividends, or during the $3\frac{1}{2}$ years it is organized has paid an average of 7% a year on the par value of the common stock. When we consider that the average price of the common stock for the $3\frac{1}{2}$ -year period has been about \$70.00 a share, the average yearly return to the investor is about 10% of his investment. There are several manufacturing concerns that have sold their product to the Mutual Film Corporation that are mentioned as being very successful companies.

The New York Motion Picture Corporation which, until recently, was affiliated with the Mutual and is now with the Triangle Film Corporation, was incor-



There is the annual group of individuals who have tendencies to grasp at any bait.

porated in January, 1913, and is a holding company, owning the controlling interest in the Keystone Film Company, the Broncho Company, The Domino Company and the Kay-Bee Company. Its capital at the time of organization was \$1,000,000 and has remained the same to date. The stock of the New York Motion Picture Corporation, as mentioned before, was sold to the public at \$65.00 per share. In the period between the date of its organization and November, 1915, the stock has sold as high as \$98.00 and as low as \$55.00 a share. This concern started paying dividends in June, 1913, at the rate of 1% a month, which dividend was continued until November of that same year. From December, 1913, to July, 1914, dividends at the rate of 2% a month were paid. Then from July, 1914, until April, 1915, there were no dividends. From April, 1915, to October, 1915, dividends at the rate of 1% a month were paid. From the time of organization to date the New York Motion Picture Corporation has paid a total of 29%, or an average of 10% a year for the three years that it has been organized. Considering the average price of the New York Motion Picture stock for this period to have been \$75.00 a share, the investor buying at the average price will have received 13% on his investment.

The Reliance Motion Picture Corporation, which was organized in January, 1914, with a capital of \$1,000,000, consisting of \$800,000 common stock and \$200,000 preferred, has paid dividends at the rate of 7% per annum on the preferred stock, but no dividends on the common. The stock of this concern, while it has been on the market, has been rather inactive—yet, undoubtedly, this concern is one

of the best producing concerns in the business.

The Majestic Motion Picture Corporation, which was organized September, 1911, originally had a capital of \$80,000. It is reported that the company increased its capital to \$120,000 by stock dividend of \$40,000. This concern at the present time

is not paying dividends, though the stock is quoted at \$175.00 a share.

The Thanhouser Film Corporation, which also sells its product to the Mutual Film Corporation, was organized in 1910 with a capital of \$400,000. At the time of the original incorporation each stockholder received two shares of stock for each \$100.00 invested. This stock paid dividends as follows: In 1913 the Thanhouser Film Corporation plant was destroyed by fire and the necessity of rebuilding this plant made it impossible

to pay any dividends until later. Then in May, 1915, the capital of the Thanhouser Film Corporation was increased from \$400,000 to \$1,000,000 and the par value reduced from \$100.00 a share to \$5.00 a share. For each share of old stock of the Thanhouser Film Corporation the stockholders received 45 shares of new at the par value of \$5.00. This concern has paid 125% in stock dividends and a total of 17% in cash dividends. The average cash return has been under 6%.

The stock of the Biograph Company is traded in occasionally. This concern was originally organized in 1895 as the American Mutoscope Company. In 1899 it was changed to the American Mutoscope and Biograph Company and in 1909 its present name was adopted. This concern has outstanding at the present time \$1,999,000 worth of stock. It is reported that its

(Continued on page 164)



Unfortunately, most of us are not far remote from this class when it comes to making an investment.

Scenarios

By Paul Scott

YOU want to write scenarios? Then let me tell you how!
I've written lots of good ones, and I'm on a good one now.
It's easy when you know the way, and if you have the time;
You've only got to put in words the art of pantomime.
If you need plots just think of all the pictures you have seen,
And all the lovely actorines beheld upon the screen;
Then twist a plot to suit yourself, so it won't look the same,
And give it a new title, with a strong dramatic name.



THE mother must be ill, and sweet, and virtuous, then die;
The father a sad drunkard, with a bolting, bleary eye.
The children must be ragged and half starved and very good,
And must love each other dearly, like the babies in the wood.
Your villain must be wealthy and must live on cigarettes,
And lure his victims to his home, with swell interior sets.
Your maidens must be innocent, like girls you know at home;
With eyes like dolls, and wavy hair, and vacant in the dome.
Your heroes must be poor and brave, and rough, like Broncho Bill;
And when they kiss the girls they love, the dames in front must thrill.
When writing your synopsis, make it short and very strong;
For the Editors won't read it if it's padded out too long.
Just do like me, I've written lots, I'm writing every day;
And don't believe it if they tell you writing doesn't pay.



I ANSWERED all advertisements from different kinds of "Schools,"
And paid them hard earned money, like a lot of other fools.
I paid one man ten dollars for a thing he called a "Course,"
I know he's laughing at me yet,—the laughter of a horse!
I wrote some slap-stick comedies, with falls and throwing pies,
And kicks, like Charlie Chaplin gives to other comic guys.
I've done some dreadful murders, some with poisons, some with knives,
I've killed them right and left and taken lots of worthy lives.
I've kidnapped little children, and I've burglarized a Bank,
And cracked a hero on the head, and made his mind a blank.
I've written some so sad and sweet they've filled my eyes with tears;
Oh, yes, I've written photoplays;—been writing them for years.
I'm writing half the night, and each spare moment that I get.
What's that you say? How many? Oh! I haven't sold one yet!!!



MADAM BUTTERFLY*



HE LOVED, AND RODE AWAY;
SHE LOVED, AND RUED THE DAY.



By Clarie Marchand



"HAT'S the trouble?" asked Bennett, more curious than sympathetic.

Pinkerton was too abstracted to answer. They were at the English club in Nagasaki. It was as beautiful a night as ever came down over Nippon. The harbor, under the moon, was like the mirror-steel of Samurai swords, and the trees and the little houses, darkly outlined on the rising hills, seemed figures woven upon black-blue silk in an ebony-framed screen. Pinkerton had as little to do as any naval officer on foreign post in time of peace had ever had; means limited, but ample for personal enjoyment;

good health, and the certainty of advancement. Bennett did not seem inclined to stop his lazy examination.

"Bad news?" he continued.

"No."

"Aren't you feeling well?"

"Never better."

"Then it's homesickness."

"Not that exactly. I'm just lonely."

"Why don't you get married?" Bennett laughed. "They have quite a convenient arrangement here."

"I thought of that the other day," answered Pinkerton, slowly. "But she is so like a flower. I hate to wear a beautiful flower; see it droop; throw it into

*"This flower
has a soul."*



*Narrated from the plot of the drama produced by The Famous Players; this, in turn, was adapted from the celebrated story by John Luther Long: The Century Co., Publishers.

the gutter. This flower has a soul."

"So you've already chosen your chrysanthemum!" exclaimed Bennett, largely interested. He was a practical English merchant, long in the Orient, short on romance, eminently conformable to the customs of the country. "Picked her—and afraid to wear her, eh? Your scruples might hold water in London or the States, but you forget that Japanese girls never mix their hearts and their moralities. Marriage here is a business arrangement."



"—but I have not got one any thing which might make you seek on my mouth."

At home it's mush, and therefore a mess. Perhaps we might learn something from—"

"I hope I never do!" exclaimed Pinkerton. "I've yet to be convinced that a woman hasn't a heart because she was born in Tokio."

"And when you've lived here as long as I have," returned Bennett, with icy deliberation, "you'll realize that on earth there are two classes of superior animals: human beings and Mongolians."

"She talked to me from her *jinrikisha* the other day," continued Pinkerton, warmly. "I don't think it's love—it's just fascination, but I can't seem to forget her. The way she cracked the language was irresistible. I can't speak a word of their stuff; I'd heard her chattering *pidgin* to an acquaintance, so I asked her a street-direction—and we visited half an hour. Her name is Cho-Cho-San."

"You think too much about yourself," advised Bennett. "Marry her and forget B. F. Pinkerton—for Mrs. B. F. Pinkerton, *pro tem*."

"Their marriage contracts here are only for nine hundred and ninety-nine years," murmured the lieutenant, gloomily. "Automatically terminated the first of every month by failure to pay the rent!" concluded the older man, laughing.

"There is a girl—"

"At home. There's always the women at home, God bless 'em! But you'll be here a year at least, and it's loneliness that sends a man to the devil every time. This little *figurante* will be constant, she'll keep your clothes and your house, she'll see that your food is well cooked—you'll be physically comfortable and your mind will be at ease. You're going to have her pleasant company, or a big black bottle's. I know. Which will it be?"

SO it was Cho-Cho-San's, who, by the grace of her contract husband, had been rechristened, "Madame Butterfly."

The ceremony took place

late in the day at the little house on the hill highest above the harbor, from whose every door they could look down on the blue bay and the white warcraft upon whose bow—with Pinkerton's field-glasses—could be made out the golden letters: "Abraham Lincoln."

Sharpless, the American consul, was guest of honor at the quaint function. A big, bronzed man, refreshingly American despite his easy familiarity with Japanese life and customs, he found only entertainment in the flea-like activity of Goro, the little weazened marriage-broker (*nakado*) who had arranged the mercantile nuptials. Goro's oily condescension, his glib exposition of everything about the place, from the cook to the dwarfed wistaria beneath the bamboo portico, irritated Pinkerton more than he knew. It had been responsible, earlier in the day, for his sharp refusal to permit Cho-Cho-San's relations to visit her in her new home.

Apart from this ancient fly in his pot of happiness, Pinkerton was exceptionally gay. He even chided Sharpless—who was the perfect bachelor—on his long state of astounding celibacy.

"I have been afraid," answered Sharpless, sobering for the moment, "that I would draw one who had a heart. Just my luck. I could not really love her, but if she happened to love me—oh, don't laugh! I only said 'happened' for a woman *may* do anything—I'm afraid I'd never be able to get the thing I'd done out of mind."

If the young officer had had any real scruples the sceptical vinegar of Bennett's philosophy had quite dissolved them.

The priest in his robes, and the civil commissioner, came quite awhile ahead of Butterfly. Pinkerton, whose fascination was now impetuous passion, alternately flushed and chilled as he wondered if she had exercised the universal feminine prerogative. Had she changed her mind at the last moment?

But, at length, she came, attended by a train of friends in perilous gala sandals and marvellously diversified kimonos, with raven coiffures artfully diversified by every

Butterfly sat steadily, scarcely winking . . . and so the night went by.



sort of ornament, their faces alternately disappearing and appearing behind eloquent fans.

Pinkerton, standing beside Sharpless, was confusedly uncertain as to the proper greeting. Should he embrace his to-be wife? No! Should he shake hands? That was a reverse impossibility.

Butterfly ended his embarrassment abruptly. She and her line of saffron debutantes had almost reached him when, suddenly stopping, she extended her fan. "Aivery one uf you, down! We are in presence of honorable United States."

And like a well-trained little chorus, the smiling line dropped to its knees and prostrated its ivory brows on the clean ground.

Pinkerton ran to Cho-Cho-San and raised her gently. He was blushing, even as Sharpless was silently laughing. The Commissioner quickly ended further confusion. His assistant brought a little perambulant

altar-rail of ebony, and behind it he and Cho-Cho-San knelt down. As the Commissioner in a sing-song voice ran through a service which was a business agreement spiced with religious allusions, his assistant emphasized his words with soft blows upon a string of bells. There were rejoinders from the Buddhist priest which Pinkerton dizzily did not hear, small ceremonial cups of tea were interchanged—they were married!

ONLY one of Butterfly's relatives beheld her wedding. Uncle Yakuside, a fat god of laughter whom no family feud or ancestral outrage could keep from a function where *sake* flowed, maudlinly prophesied their eternal happiness, even as he wept into his liquor.

More sinister was the visit of her aunts and her uncles, headed by the *Bonze*, a diabolic masque of bronze wrath hideous as the figures on the temples of Kwannon. Pinkerton did not understand that when he had refused her permission to be surrounded by her relatives he had cut off her hope of eternity—which is, after all, the one fact in an Oriental's consideration of life. This existence is a transitory phase. Now that her relations had been outraged, the spirits of her ancestors would not show her soul the way to *Meido*. Forever she must linger in the gray light on this side of the River of Souls—unless her husband could put her feet in some new road to Nirvana that had not been found by reparting sages in thrice ten thousand years! These terrible facts the *Bonze* hurled at her in ferocious, rasping jargon. Behind him a crowd, principally of women, looked on with awful horror.

The thing did not interest Pinkerton, nor did it inspire him with terror, but it did blotch his gorgeous day. He listened in perfect noncomprehension for more than five minutes. Then he stepped between Butterfly and the *Bonze*.



Pinkerton was confusedly uncertain as to the proper greet-shake hands? That was

"Get out—all of you!" he cried. "This is my wife and you are on my property. My marriage and my house are protected by the laws of Japan, and if need be, by my guns in the harbor." He snatched the heavy club from under the ceremonial gong. "Go!"

They went, the *Bonze* backing slowly, ahead of his flock, his black eyes green with baleful fire.

"Hou!" hissed the *Bonze*, snarling. "Hou!" hissed the terrified cohort.



ing. Should he embrace his to-be wife? No! Should he a reverse impossibility.

Butterfly, shaking with strange terror, sank at the knees of her lord.

"*Hou! hou! hou!*" came the horrid cry, fainter and fainter, farther away.

"Why afraid?" murmured Pinkerton, passionately lifting her to him.

"I not afraid," she answered, steadfastly smiling into his smile. "That jus' mean I no more Japanese—I no more ainything excep' you wive." And presently. "You happy?—I, vairy."

Tea and rice wafers were served outdoors,

beneath the trees, and the guests departed as quickly as they had come. Goro bowed himself away with an intimation that he could serve Sharpless as well as he had served Pinkerton. The consul, a note of tenderness in his voice, wished both the best of everything, and held the petal-like fingers of Cho-Cho-San more than a minute.

Then Suzuki, her maid, brought her a kimono of shimmering white silk, and put it on her where she stood, mysteriously loosening the first robe so that it fell about her feet as the other folds came down. Suzuki, with an odd curtsy, went within. Cho-Cho-San and her husband were alone. Through the translucent paper of the shoji a faint pink light allured.

"My hosban," said Butterfly, standing at a little distance, respectfully, "I have live in Nagasaki ver many year—since I have been tiny girl, and I have nevair seen so pretty night. Is the moon not beautiful?"

"Oh, my wife," whispered Pinkerton drawing her close, "there has never been such a wonderful night!" The perfume of her hair and garments enfolded him like incense from an altar. He kissed her hair, her eyes, her forehead, with trembling lips. "I love you!" he murmured, again and again and again.

Butterfly stood very still, her little hands stiffly at her side. It was not respectful to caress her husband. Still, she might venture a bit of disrespect—she touched his hand, and patted it very gently.

"B. F. Pikkerton," she whispered presently, out of the fulness of her ripe young soul and body at their ultimate hour, "I am impolite to say, but there is on my hair oil which might make you seek and on my eyes a powder—but I have not got one anything which might make you seek on my mouth."

The crushing kiss which fell upon her lips lingered like a thrilling flame. It burned their mouths and welded them. Still with his lips upon hers, he raised her in his arms, and carried her, a votary

statue of vibrant ivory, into their house.

LIEUTENANT PINKERTON was not sorry when the unexpected transfer came, ordering his ship to Chinese waters. The eternal servility of Butterfly, her utter self-abnegation, got on his nerves. He would have welcomed a cross word, but he never received one. He would have shouted for joy at a difference of opinion, meaning argument; she had no opinions which were not his. Having found out once what he liked to eat, what he believed, what were his preferential pastimes, Butterfly forgot not at all. She forgot her people and forgot her gods, and went to the mission, where she got funny notions of Christianity. Learning that eleventh-hour repentances were in order, she decided—quite secretly—to trust her own outraged gods as far as the ultimate moment. Then, if they would have none of her, there was the Christian gate to Elysium which swung shut only at the passage of one's soul!

One day she found Suzuki crying. She slapped her with her fan so forcibly that the maid fell in a grotesque heap to the floor.

"Shame!" she cried. "We should be two happies' women in the worl! *I am* happies' women in the worl! We have plenty money—"

"He has left you plenty of money, but he will never return!"

Wailed Suzuki, in Japanese. Cho-Cho-San rapped her again.

"Did I not tol' you spik only United States lan-

Blank despair was reflected . . . in Butterfly's pitiful bright chatter.



gwige herein? If you know not, I help you. I spik her pairfec'ly—of course he come back. You heard him say: 'When the Robins nest again!' That is enough!"

Nevertheless, Suzuki conspired with Goro—who had no other thought than a fee—to plead the cause of Prince Yamadori, wealthiest, oldest and most enduring of Butterfly's suitors. Yamadori, unlike other Japanese who had known her, did not consider that her renunciation of her relatives, her religion and her ancestors had put her beyond the pale. Yamadori had traveled much in England and the United States.

At Goro's first visit he was received with speculative good-humor by the mistress of the house, but at the first hint of his mission he was assailed, soundly rapped about the head and sent, amid his own squeaking protests and imprecations, tumbling down the hill.

SHARPLESS received a letter.

It had been posted in Shanghai, and was from Pinkerton. It bade him give a monetary enclosure to Cho-Cho-San—and a message. At the message, the Consul cursed the officer for a coward. But out of love for little Cho-Cho-San, he essayed the hill which was her residence.

Goro, in great material and material disarray, was just collecting his person and his wits at the roadside. "Do not go up!" he implored. "She is a mad woman. If she had not been afraid of me, she would have killed me."

"Perhaps," said Sharpless, "my visit is going to make you welcome here. Do you understand?"

Butterfly did not comprehend the gentle hints that her "husband" might be long detained.

"It cannot be!" she replied indignantly. "He is coming back when the robins nest again. My husban' is United

States genl'men of honor like all United States genl'man—" she paused as if felled by an inspiration, and ran out of the room. In a moment she returned, her face radiant as a sunrise; on her shoulder perched a smiling boy baby of Mongolian features but decidedly blonde complexion, perhaps a year old. "Look!" she cried in a high, triumphant soprano. "Now you know why he *mos'* come back—his beby—the *mos'* wonderful beby in the worl' wait for him!"

There was a mist in Sharpless' eyes as he played with the little fellow, temperamentally as much like an American, English, French, Italian or Russian baby as two peas are like each other. Here was Cho-Cho-San's proud secret, and a complication utterly unlooked for.

"I call him 'Trouble,'" informed Cho-Cho-San, placidly. "Bebby names are always upside downside, so that means 'Joy.' Aare not his purple eye loffee?" Presently she asked anxiously: "Are all American boy beby so bald of the head?" Informed that hair is usually a later acquirement, or even an accomplishment in these United States, she was quite content. Sharpless departed, leaving the money, but with his real message undelivered.

Poor Suzuki was paraded among the conquered that night, and for many days. On the very day of her eruption of disbelief, money had come from the "*mos bes'* nize husban' in the worl'!"

GORO, encouraged by the truth, which Sharpless presently told him, actually brought Yamadori to Cho-Cho-San's door. The nobleman came in a lacquered palanquin, borne by almost-naked coolies who seemed carved from teakwood. He had been preceded by gifts of perfume and spice, a bale of silk, an abundance of trinkets. Cho-Cho-San was not a little flattered, and even flustered, by the visit of



"She talked to me from her *jinrikisha*... I don't think it's love—it's just fascination."

the distinguished Prince. He sat opposite her on the floor, she served tea in the cups which Pinkerton liked best, and at a respectful distance Goro gibbered until the stern eye of Yamadori froze his tongue.

Briefly, politely, respectfully, Yamadori stated that he had long looked with affection upon Cho-Cho-San, and that he would like to make her his wife. The legalized liason with the American he did not consider important enough to bring into the conversation, other than to say: "I come to you now, as you are free."

Butterfly gave him the answer with which she had ended Sharpless' persuasions: "Trouble" was vouchsafed another triumphal entry.

Yamadori was unmoved.

"In the United States," he said, calmly, "babies are not responsibilities, nor are they always welcome. The rich women do not want them and they have great houses where they are taken when found abandoned in the streets. The American gen-

tleman would consider the baby a good reason for staying away, rather than for returning."

Before Butterfly's rage-frozen tongue could thaw Goro thought it time to interject his capstone of real information.

"And he does not intend to come back," he cried shrilly. "He wrote the Consul, but the Consul was too faint-hearted to tell you!"

Yamadori hurled a glance of silent rage at Goro, who wilted. Butterfly clapped her hands loudly. Suzuki appeared.

"My visitors," explained her mistress, "have overwhelmed me with sorrow by telling me that they must depart. Will you bring their slippers?"

Shod by the trembling maid, Yamadori departed with stately ceremony, amid the servile genuflections of Goro, and upon the frigidly polite farewells of Cho-Cho-San.

"You are to blame!" muttered Prince Yamadori, when they were well away. "After such an insult, I shall never return!"

"Oh, my lord!" whined Goro, frantic at the loss of a fee, "such wretched women should be drowned by the authorities!"

SUZUKI, who had heard everything, was now blackly pessimistic. She was too much in physical and mental fear of her mistress to express her views, but her furtive tears, while they failed to shake Cho-Cho-San's exalted faith, did not make the little home any happier.

Bye and bye even the last of the money disappeared, and only by selling her little adornments and by the most strenuous economies, could Cho-Cho-San live. Her insane refusal of Prince Yamadori, whom any woman in Japan might have married, alienated all Nagasaki from her. Now, not even her friends came to see her.

At length Suzuki's dismal woe put Cho-Cho-San in open rebellion. She hurled back the portal of the *shoji*.

"Go!" she cried in disdain. "'Fraid woman, cry all time, I do not want you 'roun' my wonderful beby! You make him seek by scare!"

Suzuki, in a Niagara of grief, groveled on the matting, and her enraged mistress fairly dragged her forth.

As they came under the open sky, Cho-Cho-San's eyes fell on the harbor. Afar,

at its entrance, a white ship was entering. Suzuki saw it, too. Their eyes met, and a wild wonder flamed between their glances.

"Get the magic looker!" exclaimed Cho-Cho-San, hoarsely.

Suzuki ran swiftly to the little shrine beneath the Goddess, wherein lay all of Pinkerton's small possessions, and his gifts to Cho-Cho-San.

It was quickly apparent to Cho-Cho-San that the vessel was a warship, and American, too, for the Stars and Stripes flung out from time to time at the stern in stray wisps of breeze. But she could not make out the name at that great distance. Minute after minute they sat there, Suzuki scarcely breathing, Butterfly almost suffocated by suspense. An hour passed. The tears from the girl's strained eyes ran down her cheeks. The glass had never been lowered. Suddenly she rose from her kneeling posture and Suzuki leaned forward tensely.

"A—brum—Lin—kun. Suzuki!" She threw the glass into a flowering bush. "You lie—Yamadori lie—Goro lie—all lie but him, mos wonderful bes' husban'—ah Trouble, beby boy, you father com' back, now we go home to United American States and you grow up be Presiden'! Suzuki! the lil' house—it look tairribel—fix op! Fix op! Fix op!"

Like an incarnate, jumping joy, Butterfly, saying little more, leaped everywhere about her little domicile, adjusting here, replacing there, smoothing this, flecking imaginary dust from that, putting furniture awry, moving it back again. Suzuki stripped the cherry trees of their blossoms, and, with her mistress, flung them prodigally everywhere.

NIGHT fell, and Suzuki's countenance also. He had not come.

Butterfly remained incontestably exuberant. "He always go by night," she explained. "He make love to me by night, he say he make war and fight by night—he night man. He wait."

The wee dwelling in order, the candles lit, Butterfly sat, her maid, her baby and herself in front of the sliding paper door. With her own fingers she poked wee holes of observation, for it was cold, and the door could not be opened. There were apertures of even height for her and for

Suzuki, and for Trouble, a diminutive slit scarce eighteen inches from the floor. Butterfly had an advantage in the field-glass, which Suzuki had rescued from the shrubbery.

And so, the night went by. The stars burned serenely, but light and sound paled away in the city below. Butterfly sat steadily, too, scarce winking as she watched, but Trouble, a little butter-ball, rolled over early in sound sleep, and presently Suzuki nodded, and then gently subsided to a reclining posture. The lights on the ship went out, one by one, and soon Cho-Cho-San could just make out the white outline, ghostly on the waveless black water.

THE sun of morning found blank despair which was reflected as much in Butterfly's pitiful bright chatter as in Suzuki's grim silence.

At mid-morning the maid, peering from the *shoji*, saw Consul Sharpless, heavily ascending the hill; on his arm, a pretty blonde woman, in white. Suzuki could not tell why, in the warm spring air, she grew suddenly cold with intuitive terror. But she realized that she ought to stop Sharpless, and this pale unknown creature, before they could reach her mistress. She started through the house to the entryway—but Butterfly, beholding her, sent her back sharply to her work.

The woman paused, quite breathless, at the door. The Consul was not unwilling to stop a moment.

"I understand," said the woman, "that the baby is really a wonderful child. I want to assure you again, Mr. Sharpless, that while I know I'm quite unconventional, I think we ought to do something for him. Both B. F. and I feel that the boy should be educated, and if this pretty little Geisha, or whatever she is—"

She stopped, for the door had suddenly slid back, and confronting them, stood Madame Butterfly, a white, pitiful statue.

"Mistair Sharpless," she asked, quietly, "who is this woman?"

"Child," interposed the stranger, quickly, "I am Mrs. Pinkerton."

"And I hear w'at you say," said Butterfly, with finality. "I onderstan'. But you cannot have my boy. Goo' by!" The door slid before them. They were barred.

"There is nothing for us to do, just now," said Sharpless.

"Poor little thing!" sighed Mrs. Pinkerton. "If she only knew how B. F. has suffered, too!"

CHO-CHO-SAN sat down, very quietly, before her little shrine. She had been wrong, and her people had been right. She had been ungrateful, and a blasphemer, and now—it was her father's sword on which her eyes had unconsciously rested. Her father had been a soldier of the Emperor in the Satsuma rebellion. Defeated in battle, he had lived up to the motto inscribed on the short, curved blade of wonderful steel: "*To die with honor when one cannot live with honor.*"

"*To die with honor.*" Very quickly, Cho-Cho-San donned her ceremonial kimono, arranged her hair, put perfume upon her body, and powder upon her face.

After all, the baby would be better off in America.—The girl offered a little, blind pitiful, sobbing prayer to her despised Kwannon for forgiveness.

Every Japanese knows the well-nigh nerveless spot in the neck. There Cho-Cho-San directed the point of her father's sword. She recoiled at the first break of the skin, involuntarily. She laughed and thrust resolutely—dizzily, she smiled at the red river running between her white breasts.

Suzuki, terror-stricken, had not dared invade the sanctum. Now, in ultimate desperation, she thrust Trouble through a narrow orifice. Cooing happily, the baby ran to his mother. Cho-Cho-San reached weak hands uncertainly toward him, and fell forward.

At the sound, Suzuki ran in and bound up her wound.

Presently the cold smile, fixed upon her mouth, seemed to say that Kwannon, after all, had not been unkind; that a pitying ancestor had stretched forth a ghostly and forgiving hand to guide her to *Meido*.



MORE IMPRESSIONS

By Julian Johnson



ORMI HAWLEY: A kiss seen through a microscope; a salad, made from a chrysanthemum and an orchid, drenched in the blood of a rose. If peaches were people—



ELLA HALL: A little kid girl in a little kid girl's frocks. A little kid girl in a debutante's dresses. A little kid girl playing wife. Little kid girl.



WILLIAM RUSSELL: What every clerk thinks bathroom exercises will make him. Sun Dance, Wyo., visiting Cambridge, Mass. Artistically applied football.



DUSTIN FARNUM: Every woman's first love. The big brother of the angels. The only man who can really cash a smile-check every day in every year.



MARGUERITE CLARK: New illustrations for Alice in Wonderland. A child who long since threw her calendar away. A French doll revived by a Chicago pulmotor.



LLOYD V. HAMILTON ("HAM"): Commander-in-Chief of Bryan's shotgun army. Roosevelt, shockingly inebriated. Delirium-tremens of a college-bred tailor.



ARNOLD DALY: Hamlet in a taxi-cab. A professor wearing a sheriff's star. A circus acrobat taking a correspondence course in psychology. A cynic—forced to pour at a tea.



FLORA FINCH: What every fat woman hopes the dieters will become. Virginal relict with a sense of humor. If Marguerite had met a Salvation Army band instead of Faust.



VIOLA DANA: That Lenore whom Poe once lost. What Little Eva should have been, but never was. The sinned-against saint of the screen.



ENID MARKEY: A cabinet photograph of this sentence: "I love you." Our most eloquent call to arms. Another sentence: "I and Belgium must be protected!"



WILLIAM SHAY: Julius Caesar in the dry-goods business. A Tolstoi character observed in Terre Haute. A Colonial gentleman born out of time.



WALLACE REID: Don Juan without a Byron; why every girl would like to be Geraldine Farrar. A Christy illustration running loose.

PETE "PROPS"

THE PLAINT OF A PICTURE PROPERTY MAN

By Kenneth McGaffey

(The commencement of a new humorous serial of the studios, by the author of "Mollie of the Movies.")

Drawings by E. W. Gale

YOU never saw nutting to beat dis movie game in your life. I been in the show business all me life and I ain't never seen nutting like it. I thought the job of hustling props in de show business was hard enough but, believe me, compared wid dis, it's sinful idleness. In de show business you know what props dey want and you can buy enough to last all season. Take bread for a eating scene, for example—you can get enough loaves and put 'em in a sack and carry 'em around all year. In dis game, one day dey want bread and de next it's got to be something else.

Talk about this stuff dey calls realism. A little red fire and a smoke pot went a long way towards boosting along the drama, but out here when dey wants a fire, something has got to *boin*. And busy!—Never a chance to sneak down to the corner and inhale your beer over a game of Pedro. In de first place the town is dry and ders nutting on de corner but a choich, and de next place you are on the jump all day hunting up all the fool things de directors can think of.

Den dere are dese directors. Wid a regular show you can stand them a couple of weeks while dey is getting things in shape, but out there you get a dress rehearsal all



day. And directors is crazy in de foist place or dey would never be directors. De foist day I was on de job I had a run in wid one of the poor nuts.

"Get me a diffuser," he says.

"A whater?" says I.

"A diffuser," says he, "and be quick about it!"

I beat it in to the head props and tell him dat de guy wants a diffuser.

"Well, get 'him one," says de head props.

I rambles around the prop room but I don't see no diffuser, so finally I asks de props what is dis diffuser thing, anyway. He hands me a dinky piece of cheese - cloth and says go hang it over the sun mirror to soften the light.

You never saw a guy so crazy over light effects as dis director. Everything he shoots has to be illuminated. De foist time he wants a little sunlight in a window, I shoves a arc by the backing and goes off to take a smoke. Gee, he yells something fierce and I have to go run an' get a mirror and stick it so it will shine through de window. All day long I stand dere wid-out nutting to smoke and chase de sun all over southern California.

My debutt into this here movie profes-

sion was rather sudden and abrupt like any-way. I was sorta crowded into it. I'm with one of these pistol operas where everybody gets shot and me and the manager go visitin' in Bakersfield. De show was a sliding along about one jump ahead of the poor house until we hits Bakersfield. We were due to make Colinga de next day, but, after the show that night, I gets a hunch that tomorrow we were to be all alone in de world widout no manager nur money, nur nutting, so I sorta wanders down to see the fast train go through. When I gets down to de station, dere's de manager's trunk a setting in de baggage room all by itself. I sits down on it and in a few minutes around de corner dashes de manager, all excited. When he sees me he fights for wind and den he says:

"What are you doing here?"

"Oh, jes gettin' a little of de fragrance of dis balmy oil-laden air," I says.

"You better beat it back up to de theatre an' get de show out," he says.

"De production is all packed in its little trunks," says me; "so don't worry about dat. What you got to worry about," says

I, "is how much money you got to take us where we are going."

"I'm going to de next town on business," says he, stalling.

"I got business there, too," says I; "I got to see if we can get one of de trunks on de stage." We argue the matter over until the rattler begins to wheeze down de line, and to get rid of me, he takes me along.

We get into Los wid five bucks between us. I beat it around to de theatres to see if there is a job wid any of de gang around de shop. Say, all de show shops were for rent. I seen some of de best-educated property men in town and dey was starvin' to death.

I was standing on de corner wondering what I was going to do next, when up comes a big automobile, stops right in front of me and out jumps little Bill Frisbee. Once Bill was a helpin' me hustle props for Uncle Dick Sutton in Butte. You should have saw de lad. One of dese funny sp-nort shirts, riding pants, puttys, amber goggles and all de fixin's.

He seen me and right out wid de mit. "Hello, Pete," he says, "what are you doing here?"

"De manager of de troop eloped in Bakersfield," I says, "an' I jest had enough to get me here. Dere's some darn good biscuit trammers hunting work in Bakersfield," I says. "I'm hunting a chance to help de dramer, but der is nutting in de theatres but de seats."

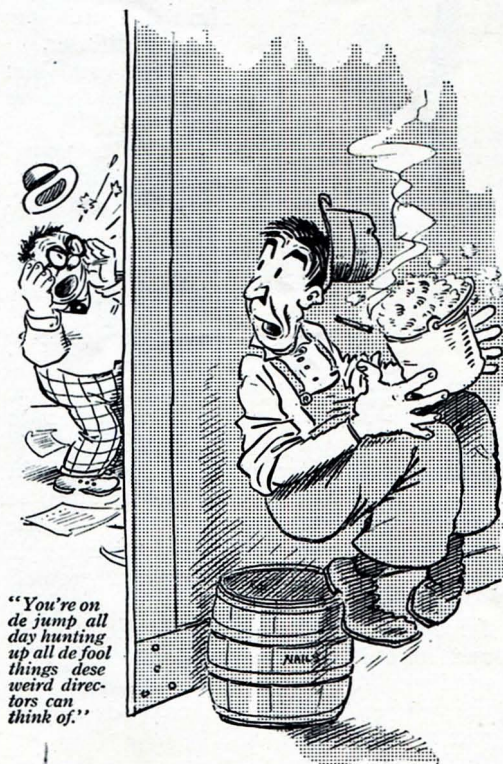
"Have you tried de movies?" asks Bill.

"I ain't seen none," I says. "What in 'I can a prop man do in a movie theatre—move de screen?"

"No, out to de studios. Come wid me; I'll get you a job," says Bill.

"Who are you rustling props for?" I asks him. "Shucks," he says, "I ain't pushed a piano for two years. I'm a director. Get in me car and I will run you out to de stewjo." Gosh, I never had such a shock since Uncle Tom's Cabin failed to sell out. We climbs into dis big swell machine and rambles out into de country for maybe nine or ten miles. Swell scenery too. I never seen any better at any foist-class Chicago theatre. We pulls up in front of a big bunch of buildings inside a high board fence.

"Dis is de stewjo," says Bill, and we walks inside.



I never seen such a place in me life. A big long stage all covered with white awnings. On it were a couple of scenes and some guys woiking. Dey had a camera on a tripod and de fellow was grinding away as if he was tryin' to trun out a mile of sausage. Everybody smiled and bowed to Bill. You'd have thought he was de Pope. He takes me out to a prop room de size of de Coliseum and induces me to de boss props. "Put me friend Pete to woik," was all he said, and den he walks away.

"What has dis guy Frisbee got to do wid dis dump?" I asks de Boss.

"Oh, nutting," he says, "but run it."

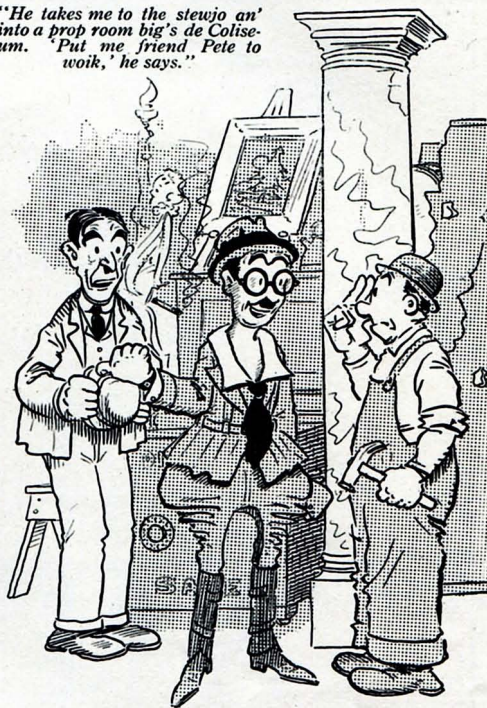
"I'm licked," I says. "Eight years ago we used to send him out for de key to de curtain and a can of beer," I says, "and if he didn't bring it back without takin' a sip we would chase him up de flies wid a stage brace."

"He's some director now. He's de guy dat put on de twelve-reel spectacle 'De Gall of a Nation,'" the Boss tells me.

Dis is an awful place to woik. You have to do it all de time. Dere is none of dis stuff of putting up a set and going out for your beer and den coming back when de show is over. Dese wierd directors want something every minute. Dey lay awake nights thinking of something for us poor props to chase.

An' de airs dese actors put on. See dat

"He takes me to the stewjo an' into a prop room big's de Coliseum. Put me friend Pete to woik," he says."



guy over dere wid de first part suit on? He's a star now. W'y, I knew him when—scuse me a minute while I go chase de sun again for dat wierd director.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Campeau Yarn

FRANK CAMPEAU, of "Pudd'n'-Head Wilson," and "Virginian" stage fame, now at the Fine Arts Film Studio, doing pictures for the Triangle at Los Angeles, is a good shot.

The other day he declared that he had once in the mountains shot a chipmunk at fifty feet, the animal sitting up on its haunches. Then ensued a discussion of the habits of the chipmunk, and each of the actors gathered about expressed his opinion as to whether or not a chipmunk ever sits up on its haunches. The controversy raged loud and long.

Finally Campeau calmly declared: "This one did. He belonged in my cabin, and I trained him myself!"

Some Hospitality

PAUL GILMORE, playing the lead in "Rosemary," for the Quality Pictures, in Los Angeles, says that Californians' hospitality to motion picture people beats anything he ever saw.

"Why, the other day, we went down to the residence portion of the city, and set up our camera, got ready, and were about to take a scene, when three policemen came into the yard. Two of them stood by, while a third went into the house. By and by he came out and approached our director. 'What are you doing here?' demanded the policeman. 'Why, we have permission to take pictures here,' responded the director. 'Well, so have we!' cried the policeman. 'We're from the Keystone!'"



Marguerite Courtot

A CRAYON SKETCH
BY OTTO TOASPERN



*Miss Courtot,
her mother
and sister;
at home.*

“How I Teach My Gowns to Act”

ASSEMBLED in the rose-colored dressing room they waited in various-colored groups for their calls. A tremor of expectancy seemed to pass over each as we entered. The third from the end at right, a fair, youthful vision of delicate pink preened coquettishly, while her neighbor, two beyond, more vivid and more daring, assumed a sophisticated languor. The excitement suppressed itself, such excitement as is permitted among ladies who—each in her own way—are stars. A delicate situation at best!

Miss Courtot's gowns by Russek. Photography by Geisler.

The Courtot Stock Company:

Marguerite,
Fannie Frock,
Clara Coat
and Susanne Suit

All
Interviewed
By

Lillian
Howard

The first ripple of vanity passed. In the group of loveliness there was the satisfaction for each, that when her turn came, she had a part wherein she was perfectly cast. Demoiselles of silk, satin, tulle and velvet!

Marguerite Courtot, at the beginning of her career of stardom at eighteen, demonstrates the perfect knack of wearing clothes



Above at left: Cerise velvet gown; black chiffron sleeves banded in black fox.

At right: Evening gown of pink taffeta; pink tulle sleeves.

Hudson seal coat with collar and borderings of skunk



Morning frock, "fisherman's model," in midnight

blue serge and chiffron. Long blouse of chiffron belted at the waist and reaching the knees.





not only as a part of herself, but of the self which she is creating. She acts and *her gowns act*.

"My clothes," she began, and as she spoke a pale blue debutante taffeta from her place in the line of hangers before us fluttered a ruffle, "are not simply so many lovely gowns. When I select them for plays I have to study their capabilities to co-operate with me. Some clothes act, others never could.

"For instance, the other day I was shown a draped chiffon gown of exquisite orchid shades. Not only were the variations of tone insufficient to register any contrast on the screen, but the ineffectual, caught-here-and-there draperies were meaningless. These hanging lengths of lovely color could neither festoon with joy nor droop for dejection, simply from a line standpoint, a characterless frock.

"Line, of course, is the paramount consideration in a gown. This is being emphasized every day in screen plays where the eye is not tricked by color. I think moving pictures have already been of great value to women in teaching the value of good lines in gowning."

Turning back to the expectant galaxy of chiffons and velvets, Miss Courtot took down a frock of cerise velvet, limp with its weight of rich, black fur trimming.

"This gown appeals to me for its simplicity and poise. I feel myself master of a situation in a gown of this simple, unerring line. The weight of the fur-trimmed hem gives dignity, yet the peep of silver lace petticoat adds a piquant note. But look," and she lifted the long sleeves of transparent chiffon weighted with muff-like cuffs of fur, "one must see to it that these daring bits of fur never over-act. They spot up the gown picture most interestingly."

One saw the dramatic value of these heavy, enveloping wrist muffs from which the hands emerge small and fragilly. Miss Courtot was one of the first to exploit this newest whimsy in evening gown sleeves.

"Let me show you another favorite of mine," she went on as the cerise beauty, swaying with satisfaction, made its exit and a bewitching frock of pink taffeta was held out for inspection. This frock the slender girl-actress slipped into quickly. It was in truth a dream of a frock, with its lines of grace and buoyancy. The

bodice modeled the slender, youthful torso exquisitely. The short, half-fledged panniers fluted out youthful exuberance and the skirt-edge ran a coquettish, up-and-down course. A slight twist or turn of the body, and the skirt would wing out as if poised for flight.

"My problem, you know," continued the actress, "the thing I have had to study most carefully, is the tone value of my clothes. Not in their own lovely colors must I consider them, but as regards their tone values on the screen. Literally, there is no color in the photographed gown, yet through tone values different colors in the same gown do seem to exist on the screen. I must help the lens of the camera by considering how various tints and shades will register. A coral hue of pink will come out as dark as a mouse gray, even darker if the gray be a silky velvet with a sheen to it.

"The problem is simple when I merely wish to appear in a white or black costume. For white I use a gown of pale yellow, delicate blue or pink. White itself would come up glaring and hard, cutting out, instead of softening into a contrasting background. If the effect of a black gown is desired, I select one in purple, which, because of the red in it, comes out in the pictures a deep, rich black, whereas actual black would appear rusty and dull.

"I have had people say to me, 'I liked that little blue serge frock you wore in the play so much,' or mention some blue serge suit they especially admired. How did they know it was blue? They didn't. It might really have been blue or any of half a dozen other shades which would all register the same tone value.

"If a gown is wrought in different colors, I must exercise the greatest care in realizing the tone values of these colors. This responsibility is mine. I must choose assistants who can co-operate with me. This accomplished, the gown must also do its share.

"After all the gown is never a thing apart. People may come to see my gowns, but they are a part of me, at least so I intend. A woman's gown is the frame of the painting, as it were, the whole forming a harmonious picture. The artist knows a frame of a 'warm' tone will kill a painting in a low key, while a pale setting will add to the beauty of the same canvas. In a

similar way a saucy, flirty frock would clash with a demure role, and vice versa.

"A gown may be lovely in color and an asset to the woman acting before the footlights, whereas the tone values of this same gown on the screen might give a spotty effect and jump. Any subtle acting of the wearer would be lost along side of the gown screaming its presence. Once I have done my part in studying out the problems of tone values, I endeavor to see that my gowns play with me and for me."

During the discussion Miss Courtot had been sitting before the fireplace in her Jersey home as she discoursed on the study of her sartorial aids. Her charming frock of midnight blue chiffon cloth and serge fell easily and gracefully. The long lines of the so-called "fisherman's blouse" reaching to her knees, caught in a belt of the serge which formed the underskirt, suggested relaxation and freedom. The gown was passively acting a role of leisure.

A striking of chimes from the hall be-

yond reminded us that the day's activities were not yet ended. Jumping up as lightly and gracefully as a fawn, Marguerite Courtot excused herself, to reappear in her furs, ready for the city and studio, there both to act and incidentally go on with the great lesson of showing women the country over, how one's clothes may be a part of oneself and act with one. She did this as she stood by the door. The lovely sealskin coat with its bordering bands of skunk, hung loose from the shoulders, rippling out at bottom, suggestive of movement and activity at any moment.

"Remember," said this newest star prodigy of the screen, "I try always to make my gowns express *me*, and harmonize as does the frame with the picture. When I'm sad, they must droop, when I laugh, they must ripple, when I'm pensive, they must wait and when I'm lively, they must suggest the swiftest action."

Which was just what the exiting fur coat did.



A Brooklyn Samoa

This hand-made jewel of the South Seas weighs 27 tons, is 40 feet high, 300 feet long and contains a mammoth cave reminding one of Kentucky's prize burrow. It was constructed for Vitagraph's "The Island of Surprise."

The Players from Ocean to Ocean

ALICE JOYCE, it is said, will return to the screen via Gaumont. This is not a statement of known fact, but a printing of rumor which seems fairly well authenticated. Any announcement concerning Miss Joyce's participation in the expressions of line and light is of great interest to many thousands. It does not seem probable that her husband, Tom Moore, will immediately be in the films with her. On the contrary, Miss Joyce's most notable dramatic partner, Carlyle Blackwell, will probably rejoin her for a brief period at least. Mr. Blackwell is now making one picture for the Equitable corporation.

SCORES of inquiries have been received as to the screen whereabouts of Mae Marsh. She is now at work on her first Triangle picture. It is called "Hoodoo Ann," the story of a modern Cinderella. Robert Harron plays the opposite leading part.

"KEEP Your Eye on Ince" has been an advertising slogan from Triangle, but cautious persons will now ask: "Which Ince?" Reason: Thomas H. has a little son, just a month old.

LLOYD V. HAMILTON returned to work three weeks ago, in Glendale. Not much of an item in itself, but it gains in ominous importance when the further fact is known that "Ham" had, previously, not worked a day since June 25th, when his leg was broken while taking a comedy scene with his abbreviated partner, Bud Duncan.

BESSIE BARRISCALE has just finished her first vacation since going to Inceville's dramatic cannon-shots without noise. She indulged her unwonted leisure in the Santa Barbara foothills.

MABEL NORMAND'S jinx seems vigorously alive. But recently recovered from being browbeaten by a brick she fell out of an aeroplane only a week or two after returning to work. Fortunately the vehicle was just landing, and she got away with nothing

more than a whole basket of scratches and a little bag of sprains.



Mary Moore, sister of the three Moore brothers, now a Lubinite.

HERE'S news indeed! Marguerite Courtot has left the Kalem Company, and is going to Jacksonville for the winter with Gaumont. Fine for Gaumont, but who will continue for Kalem "The Ventures of Marguerite"? Perhaps the whole series has been taken.

HOW many Geraldine Farrar pictures? Three, so far. "Temptation," the second, is now due. It is an original scenario. "Maria Rosa," the third, will not be released for some months, and it is based upon the play of the same name which Lou Tellegen and Dorothy Donnelly presented in New York a year ago.

DIRECTORS often experience great difficulty in finding just the right types for character parts. In order to eliminate this trouble, so far as possible, Equitable has established a research bureau, whose function is to tabulate the names of players whose work shows their adaptability for certain character roles. This system originated with Arthur H. Spiegel, president of the company.

DIRECTOR EUGENE NOLAND, of Thanhouser, recently produced an unusually fierce fight by means of music, graduated under his baton (he was formerly a concert violinist and orchestra leader) from pianissimo to a furious crescendo. When Morris Foster and John Lehnberg, the hero and the heavy, began the "mill" in "In the Name of the Law," soft strains were heard. The louder the music, the more furious the fight. Rifle shots were fired to bring the battle to its climax.



Carlyle Blackwell, valuable territory recently annexed by the World Film Corporation.

WHEN the Itala Film company staged "Caboria" it is said that they prevented any talk concerning the size of the production—and consequent hasty imitation by competitors—by taking all the scenes piecemeal, without informing the players of anything except the dramatic idea of the situation immediately in hand. Essanay recently

And What They Are Doing Today

tried this method in a mystery play, but for a psychologic instead of business reason. Bryant Washburn and Ruth Stonehouse were principals, and the corporation endeavored to keep them mystified as well as the audience. In a word, the director did not want any unconscious actorial revelations through glance or gesture.

A SERIES of scenarios upon the novels of George Eliot are being made for Mignon Anderson, the Thanhouser star-ette.

THOMAS A. EDISON laid the corner-stone of the electric studio at Universal City recently. An event as significant, in its way, as would be a statehouse corner-stoning at the hands of George Washington.

"ON THE JOB" has a residential significance for Helen Holmes and her personal-artistic team-mate, J. P. McGowan. The McGowan bungalow is a part of the glass studio of the Signal Film corporation, under whose shadowy semaphores the new railroad series is running.

IS there a psychologist in the hotel? If so, will he kindly step to Miss Edith Story's apartment, and explain to her why she had real "stage" fright when playing a dancer's part before a positively cold and impersonal camera. She had it, absolutely.

PEARL WHITE has lost her job with Pathe! That's a lie, but it's the only way to make news about her. The mere truth, which seems to us no news at all, is that she has just signed a contract for another year.

FOUR apes in the Selig Jungle Zoo engaged in a chattering quarrel when their keepers endeavored to make them sit at a dinner table during the recent taking of a picture. It was afterwards discovered that one of the lady apes objected to the property man sitting down with them. He was really not the

sort of person one breaks bread with.

"HUCKLEBERRY FINN," "Pudd'nhead Wilson," and other Mark Twain immortals will probably walk out on a Lasky screen in the not-distant future. A Clemens renaissance is the order of the hour in the pictorial empire of the two De-Milles.



Alice Joyce, who may soon return to the screen.

ONCE upon a time actresses had cigars named after them. Then came the age of namesake corsets and cold-creams. Olive Johnson, the veteran emotional actress of four years, is now artistic godmother to the "Ollie Dollies," which have been placed upon the market by an Illinois admirer. Olive's vast and familiar bow is the principal head adornment of these sawdust babies.

FOUR young women of Independence, Kansas, have established a motion picture company all their own. Headquarters, the armory. The girls live up to the town's name.

RAY STANNARD, a Los Angeles boy, will—if he ever leaves the hospital—owe his life to Belle Bennett. This Horsley actress volunteered as the losing member in a skin-grafting duo. It was an act of human kindness involving no press-agentry. Furthermore, Miss Bennett was not even an acquaintance of the lad whose life she saved.



Al Ray, boy director with the National Film Corporation.

J. WARREN KERRIGAN may not be a papa, nor even a husband, but he can't help being an uncle. It's a niece, and its papa is Wallace Kerrigan, brother of the actor. Incidentally, Virginia Richdale Kerrigan is Universal City's first girl baby.

LEO MALONEY, Helen Holmes' leading man, was fired during the first week of his engagement. Here's the way it was: He fell into a blazing freight car during the taking of a scene. No, this particular sort of firing didn't even endanger his job of loving H. H.

REMEMBER "Ta Ra Ra Ra Boom De Ay?" Clara Kimball Young made her first stage appearance by means of that song at the age of three. She toddled out on the stage during the grocery store scene in "Peck's Bad Boy," in which her mother was playing, and the "groceryman" foolishly asked her to sing. To everyone's surprise, and to the great amusement of the audience, she took him up.

EDDIE FOY couldn't bring himself to stand for custard-pie comedy, and so he and Mack Sennett parted company almost before Foy and his seven little Foyettes got started at the Keystone studios.

PAGE PETERS has returned to Los Angeles, this time to be a permanent member of the Morosco company.

MASSACHUSETTS has no monopoly on blue laws. But out in Idaho folks don't let indigo laws kill their fun. When some of the mossbacks of Idaho Falls exhumed an old law against Sunday entertainment and tried to close up the photoplay theatres a majority of the taxpayers petitioned the city council to forget it. The council did.

ALTHOUGH it meant a loss of many thousands of dollars the Lubin company junked a production of "The Great Divide," made in the Grand Canon of Arizona, and started a new company at the task. Ethel Clayton was used to illuminate the second production.

ROMAIN FIELDING has left the Lubin company, and will henceforth appear in western dramas under the Universal brand.

COL. T. WALN-MORGAN DRAPER, the most famous extra man in moving pictures, died November 8. Do you remember the story about him which PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE ran recently, under the title: "Super the Great"? With his erect, soldierly bearing, and his fierce white whiskers-rampant, he became so marked a type that several directors barred him in his later years because he was recognized wherever he appeared, simply "hogging" the screen. He

was a soldier, globe-trotter, and man of general culture, who took up photoplay work chiefly as the active recreation of a virile old age.

VIVIAN MARTIN, so long with the World Film Corporation, has signed with Fox.

THERE are rumors that Universal and Mutual may get together on a releasing basis very soon. This combination of programmes would give at least one of the older super-corporations a very hard run as purveyor to the rank and file of the country's exhibitors. Whether this report is founded on fact or not, there have been great upheavals in Universal of late, and much executive activity in the Mutual.

DAVID W. GRIFFITH visited Louisville, Ky., during the past month. However busy he has been in the past few years, every three months found him for at least a day or two in Louisville. This was his "home town," and his visits were to his mother, who could not be persuaded to leave Kentucky, even for the scene of her son's stupendous western triumphs. But his mother will call him to Louisville no more. On his recent trip he attended her funeral.

FRANK POWELL, one of Fox's best-known directors, who first came into prominence with the Bara production, "A Fool There Was," has gone to the Equitable company.

ANOTHER interesting person whom Equitable recently wrested away from a long affiliation was Teddy Sampson, who seemed a fixture at the Griffith Fine Arts studio.

NOT that she wants to be a dancer, but—at any rate, Norma Talmadge has leased Anna Pavlova's house in Hollywood.

FG. HALL, of Milton, Wis., nearly choked to death on a nickel, eventually coughed it up, and used it the same evening to pay his admission to a movie show. Comment by professional paragraphs and funny men invited.



Page Peters is now working in Morosco films.



Ethel Clayton illuminates the second production of "The Great Divide," refilmed by Lubin in the Grand Canyon of Arizona.

ART JARVIS of the Fox company, who rode his horse over an eighty-foot cliff in "Carmen," was arrested for cruelty to animals, and was heavily fined. The joke is this: the horse swam gaily out, slightly scared, but not hurt. Jarvis was laid up for four weeks with a broken leg and a wrenched back. He is wondering now if, had he been killed, they would have imposed a life-sentence on one of his relatives.

CHARLES RAY, the "wonder boy" who made a ten-strike in "The Coward," sprung a surprise marriage on his friends last month. Miss Grant, of Los Angeles, was the young woman who granted a change of name.

MARY MILES MINTER gave a Christmas party for children at her home in New York, on Christmas Day. There was a Christmas tree, and the very juvenile star appeared as Santa Claus.

AGAIN the screen wins over the saloon and billiard hall. The owners of a number of pool rooms and thirst parlors in Manchester, England, have petitioned the authorities for permission to run picture shows. Workingmen, they say, sadly neglect the "pub" and the ivory balls when there is a cinema in the vicinity.

AL RAY, ESQ., aged nineteen years, is said to be the only director in the motion picture business who still has peach down on his upper lip. He regularly puts the actors in National Film Corporation comedies through their paces.

SIXTEEN thousand kiddies, papas and mammas and pedagogues at Peoria, Illinois, recently witnessed the showing of a special film under the auspices of the National "Safety First" Society.

THERE are now two brand new film newspapers upon the screen. The Selig-Tribune, edited by the Chicago Tribune, succeeds the Hearst-Selig Pictorial Weekly, and the Hearst-Vitagraph news films are making their initial appearances, specializing in events of local importance in each locality.

ZIP! Two more teeth gone. That's what happened when a burro registered a kick in Julius Cowles' face while the Metro comedian was working in a picture recently. That makes five teeth Cowles has lost in the last year owing to some very strenuous action in the making of thrills.



Jeanne Eagels is now legitimizing in "Outcast."

JULIA SWAYNE GORDON may deny the allegation, but she cannot deny the alligators, for she has two of them now, as pets. The dainty baby reptiles were sent to her from Florida and Miss Gordon is now puzzled over the problem of where and how to keep them.

MATT MOORE, so long with Universal, now has a film company of his own. They are making short releases.

"CARMEN" Fox or "Carmen" Lasky? Be that as it may, these were not the first screen "Carmens," by any means. A version was produced several years ago by Thanhouser, with Marguerite Snow in the title-part, William Garwood as Don Jose, and William Russell as Escamillo.

THE Selig Chicago studio has closed for the winter, with the Chicago company in California.

INCIDENTALLY, the Selig Edendale studio has been made over for the time being to the Fox company, in which William Farnum is star and Oscar Apfel director.



The "Ollie Doily" sent her by an admirer is supposed to resemble Olive Johnson. Isn't the resemblance marvelous?

LONDON cinema palaces have added "wet matinees" to their list of daily performances. Observing managers of shilling houses have discovered that in rain or sleet weary and bedraggled pedestrians turn gratefully into the first picture-house that invites. Hence down go the shutters and on go the lights in London at the first drops of rain—for noons or any other time not occupied by regular performances. London house staffs are now like inmates of a firehouse, and probably sleep near a brass rail and snap-garments, in order to be on the job at the first sprinkle.



The Camera Capital:

By JESSE

EDITORIAL NOTE:—During the past year at least eighty per cent of the world's photoplays have been made near Los Angeles. But the distributing center remains New York City—three thousand miles away. Practically all executive business is done in New York, and negatives are shipped to New York, under tremendous insurance, for printing all the positive films which propel the visions to the screens.

In the early autumn began a sudden residential interest in New York and vicinity on the part of manufacturers, and the huge activities of World, Fox, Vitagraph and other concerns began to materially lower California's high productive preponderance. Readers of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE have frequently asked, of late, if, in our opinion, the "production capital" was about to cross the Rockies. So we asked the same question of

Jesse Lasky, president of the Lasky Feature Play company. Mr. Lasky lives in New York, his offices are in New York—but he does all his producing on the Pacific Coast. While no man may accurately forecast the happenings of the next movie year, Mr. Lasky has dictated an authoritative and intensely interesting statement of conditions as he sees them at present. No one is better qualified to speak upon this unusual status of a great art industry.



Jesse L. Lasky

IN the early history of the Lasky Company, the proposition was put up to us many times regarding the moving of our studios to New York City or vicinity. There were many good reasons advanced in favor of this suggestion, and it was only after many debates on the merits of the East as against the West that we finally voted to keep our studios

permanently located in Hollywood, California. This fact, in itself, demonstrates what myself and associates think of the West as a motion picture producing center.

Since then, I have spent more than half my time in California, and, having taken an active part in the affairs of our studios and being thoroughly acquainted with the studios and the methods of production in the East, I do not hesitate to say that of the two sections, Cali-

fornia is, undoubtedly, the one best adapted generally to the necessities of motion picture production.

Let us take the advantages of the West and enumerate them one at a time:

(1) There is the clear atmosphere, conducive to the best possible photography. And right here I wish to say that the photographic results obtained in Southern California are not surpassed by the best results obtained on the Continent of Europe—not excluding Italy, the home of

In the East or West?

L. LASKY

some very remarkable photography.

(2) The Climate: The absence of rain for, at least, eight months of the year, is an inestimable advantage as against the uncertain weather conditions of the East. Even in the short rainy season, I am satisfied that we average more working days in the month than the producers in the East average in the best months of the entire Eastern year. While bad weather in the East is partially overcome by indoor work, under glass-covered roofs, we Western producers claim that the results obtained are not generally as satisfactory as those obtained in the West, where most of the photographing of even interior sets is done on an open-air stage.

(3) One of the most important advantages of the West is the abundance and variety of natural scenery. Within a radius of a hundred miles, the director can secure a picturesque, appropriate and correct setting for a photoplay requiring the topography of almost any country in the world: A beautiful sea-coast with high, picturesque cliffs; every type of mountains—barren and rocky or covered with foliage. In fact, the variety of mountains allows the director to represent every mountainous country of Europe, including the Balkans and the Alps. The California deserts; the Southern California cotton fields; the variety of the fruit country; the small Western towns, still retaining their frontier charac-

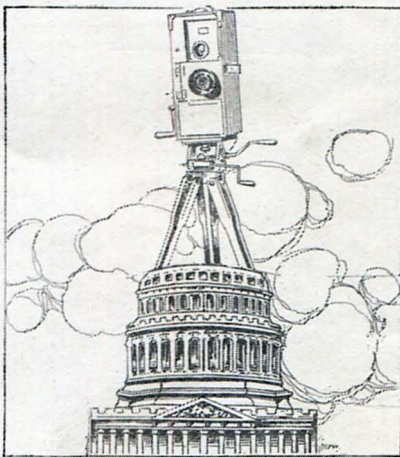
teristics; the missions; the homes and gardens of the California millionaires; the public parks; the tropical foliage representing African jungles. All these are near at hand. Less than a score of miles from Hollywood is an exact reproduction of the Bay of Monaco, and the high cliffs of England are even nearer. It is possible in the same day to obtain for photographic reproductions, a Japanese house and tea-gardens and an Italian villa—each perfect of its kind.

A few years ago, the Western producers were handicapped by the absence of sufficient actors and actresses of reputation and ability. Even this handicap does not now exist, as today every train brings in new arrivals to be added to the great colony of legitimate players who have adopted motion pictures as a permanent means of earning their

livelihood and continuing their art.

Another important point in favor of the West and one not usually given much thought, is the difference in the manner of living as compared to the East. In Hollywood and vicinity, which is the real motion picture center of California, the majority of artists and directors live in their own bungalows. They are not subjected to the distractions and dissipations of a large city. The absence of a Broadway and the gayeties of the Rialto means that they retire earlier, live healthier, cleaner lives

(Continued on page 162)



All Aboard the Powder Car!

the hood, and plenty of springs under the body. It had electric lights, and she fixed up a wardrobe on one side in which she can carry three changes of costume—and probably more (and more!) in summer. She tucked a dressing table into the dash from where it emerges at her bidding to hold her powders and paints and—and—well, you know, all that stuff. And of course it has curtains. So there she is—in she goes—and here she comes, all ready to be a Selig heroine again.

When she goes in she's Bessie Eyton, and when she comes out she's liable to be most anybody.



BESSIE EYTON wasn't one of the Picture Forty-niners, but she would have been eligible. She migrated around California so much that she did the same thing the Forty-niners did, she got a prairie schooner! She had to. But she was modern, nearly futuristic in her ideas of schooners; there are schooners and schooners. She, Miss Eyton (all credit to her and many of them) bought a shiny little coupé with a whirring gasoline destroyer under

The Shadow Stage

A Department of
Photoplay Review

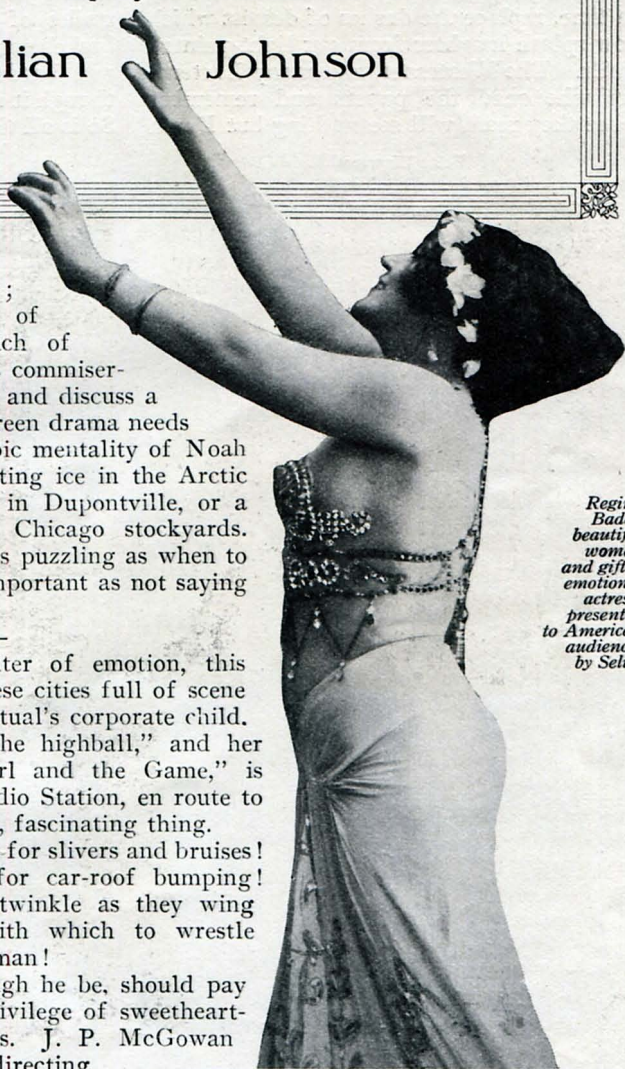
By Julian Johnson

LO, the poor Indian; Lo, the poor book-reviewer; Lo, the monthly mirror of active photography: which of these pitiable Los most deserves commiseration? He who would describe and discuss a thirty-day national output of screen drama needs five volumes and the microscopic mentality of Noah Webster. He is as a man hunting ice in the Arctic ocean, a thimbleful of powder in Dupontville, or a half-portion of bacon in the Chicago stockyards. Where to commence isn't half as puzzling as when to quit; what to say not half so important as not saying much.

THROUGH this world-welter of emotion, this smother of laughter and these cities full of scene one beholds Helen Holmes, Mutual's corporate child. Signal Film has given her "the highball," and her new vehicular train, "The Girl and the Game," is drawing briskly away from Studio Station, en route to all of us who think her a pretty, fascinating thing.

Oh fingers of rose-ivory, made for slivers and bruises! Oh sculptured knees, carved for car-roof bumping! Oh, little slippered feet that twinkle as they wing cabooses! Oh, satin arms with which to wrestle tramps and save the grimy fireman!

Leo Maloney, handsome though he be, should pay his employers money for the privilege of sweethearting Helen of Troy locomotives. J. P. McGowan (Miss Holmes' husband) is directing these pictures. The spur tracks of the



*Regina
Badet,
beautiful
woman
and gifted
emotional
actress,
presented
to American
audiences
by Selig.*

Salt Lake line in Southern California are turned into her private catastrophe park, and the reliable old crew of the "Hazards" shows up at odd corners. "The Girl in the Game" fairly represents the *series* idea which has replaced the *serial*, viz.: though there is a thread of connection between all the stories as far as the characters are concerned, the plot of each is individual and complete; there is no suspended interest from picture to picture.

LAST month was a great period for Lasky.

In "Chimmie Fadden Out West" I believe we have one of the first of those inevitable comedies of situation which will, in time, replace the dashes of dessert which now splash laughter from our light-painted walls. The Westerner, and many Easterners who read the papers and remember what they read, will see nothing but Death

Valley Scotty, or a paraphrase of him, in the quaint character that Victor Moore portrays.

A railroad with every advertising dodge exhausted utilizes the odd publicity suggestion of one of its office men. It sends an uncultured person into the wilds to make a pretended gold-strike; to conceal the location of his mine, and, in due time, to presumably hire from that road, as his climacteric piece of *outré* folly, a record-smashing transcontinental train. Chimmie Fadden is elected to this freakish honor, and is funny from the start. He is even comic in that venerable wheeze, a Pullman berth; the extraction of his transcontinental ticket, yard by yard, draws the sympathetic smiles of all except those who travel on brakebeams; and his accoutrement in fur and hardware on the edge of the desert, though it is by no means new, is uproarious. So is all that happens to him.

What matters it that no human being could go tenderfootedly into Death Valley and live—really? We laugh at Chimmie Fadden's complacent trick mule and forget probabilities. Camille Astor, introduced as Chimmie's sweetheart, exhibits decided and original possibilities.

How the DeMilles love international romance! We have the spy- and -statesmen stuff again, pictured as vividly as Oppenheim or Davis would write it, in "Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo," yet another impersonation of vigor and high originality by Theodore Roberts. The story is one immediately preceding the Great War, in which the central powers endeavor, at a secret diplomatic rendezvous in the city of chance, to turn France against England. The circumventing is neat, there is an atmosphere of elegant reality about the affair—and of course there is a *femme*.

Helen Ware and
Sam de Grasse
in "Cross Currents."



*Helen Holmes, in
"The Girl and
the Game."*

Not so enjoyable was "The Unknown," in which Lou-Tellegen (man-who-don't-know-what-to-do-with-his-hyphen) screens stellerically. There is an inhumanity and a vast improbability about "The Unknown" which makes it deadly. Tellegen plays Farquhar, a persecuted nobody in that phalanx intentional of nobodies, the French Legion in Algiers. Theodore Roberts, as his superior officer, ponderously oppresses him until, with the run-out of the film, a father-and-son relationship flashes forth, and all is remorseful or well, as the case may be. This piece is not much of any-



thing exquisitely done. Dorothy Davenport pleases, and there is a moment of poignant humanity in the return of that private assigned to lash Farquhar—a furtive, moonlight, teary return to clothe and comfort him. Tellegen is a pantomimist of magnificent physique, great personality and wonderful possibilities in the right sort of piece.

Why does the matrimonial history of Nat Goodwin rise spectrally at any mention of Edna Goodrich? "Armstrong's Wife," in which Lasky presents her, is a commonplace tragedy-and-romance, well done as Lasky's things always are, but without any distinguishing flashes upon Miss Goodrich's part to show her worthy screen stardom. James Cruz interjects considerable villainage herein.

THE stage turns cannibal for a good deal of its comedy. So Charlie Van Loan, redoubtable humorist of the periodicals, turns picturedom inside out for the substance of his "Buck Parvin" tales, a string of laugh-pearls which assuredly have a great start, whatever the finish. They are made at the American studio in Santa Barbara. The chapter I saw might well have starred Hobart Bosworth's accomplished wife, Adele Farrington, for

Miss Farrington was cast as a society woman who just would go into the movies, while her husband inveigled the movie men into putting her through a course of sprouts which would have caused even Mack Sennett to raise horrified hands. Elsewhere in this little tract James Horne inveighs against the producer who reveals his craft minus its nether garments. But "Buck Parvin" handed me some great laughs, and I think no less of active photography, either.

HERE goes a jubilant shout for Triangle.

No determination and no amount of money will result, invariably, in the production of great or even uniformly fine dramas; but certainly the screens have never seen such a heavy stream of carefully directed, elaborately cast and opulently produced photoplays as that now gushing at high pressure from the Triangular lens-hydrant. Can they continue this and make money? I don't know. At any rate, the triumvirate is pushing its reputation to a high-altitude record never touched before. Consider these random selections from the month's exotic bouquet:

"The Edge of the Abyss," a commonplace story which is made highly uncommon-

Stuart Holmes and Theda Bara, in "The Galley Slave."



place by adroit authorial twists and clever directoral turns. Mary Boland plays the neglected wife of an attorney. Just as a former suitor—whom she had thrown down for social position—is urging her to do a walkout with him, a burglar forces an entrance to her boudoir. He sees, in the picture of her husband, the man who saved him from the gallows. Leaving without swag, he discovers the plot of the wife and the premier sweetheart. He forces the wife to tie her lover to a chair, while, in another room, he argues with her. Said lover manages to get to a telephone, the police arrive, wife secretes burglar, turns premier sweetheart out, and telephones for husband (interned temporarily at club) to come home. Willard Mack, Frank Mills and Robert McKim help Miss Boland make a rather trite plot vivid and tremendously moving. The direction and the material equipment are Ince at his best.

Then there is "Jordan is a Hard Road," an exquisite Fine Arts idyll, with Frank Campeau and a little Gish.

"The Penitentes," a story of the strange sect of Flagellantes which, crafty, warlike and cruel, infested the Southwest in the early days of the last century, is mar-

vellously historic. It is like a painting for some bookworm's library. That exquisiteness which is Signe Auen (to Hades with the cheap colloquialism "Seena Owen!") thrills through it gently as a maiden's kiss. Orrin Johnson, despite a tendency to pose on occasion, is wonderfully fine as the ardent young Penitente whom the greedy head of the order wishes to crucify.

And "Cross Currents," one more of the popular "you - an' - me - on - an - island" stories, a Fine Arts product. A man and his wife's sister, who was his first love, suppose themselves sole survivors of a wreck. Well . . . But bye and bye the real wife returns, and sunset and sea claim the sister who was forgotten, who gave herself, who now returns eternally to yesterday. Helen Ware, Teddy Sampson and Courtenay Foote did this one. As a whole this particular picture is not up to the Fine Arts standard, and Miss Ware's personal performance is below par.

"Between Men" is a tremendous physical-intellectual smash of two all-around big fellows, played by William S. Hart and House Peters. This is a cake of sheer physical thrill with psychologic frosting. Screened or spoken drama will go far before it records a fight like this. Here, too, is the adorable Enid Markey. Ince brand.

Sennett has held up his end of the procession better than usually. "The Submarine Pirate," in which Syd Chaplin cavorts, is the most astounding piece of mechanical tomfoolery that ever happened. Needing a submarine, they got a real one from the U. S. N.! If this sort of subverting continues Sennett will eventually be playing horse with the Kaiser. If you haven't seen this false-face on war I'll not spoil it by a description. If you have, I don't wish to spoil myself.

"Crooked to the End," which wears Fred Mace as a capital name, contains more thrills and sensations in the name of jokery than, two years ago, the whole nation of picturemakers got out under any pretense.

Hokum and slapstick are glorified and condoned by "The Great Vacuum Robbery," a chuckle-paroxysm in which Charles Murray is gloom's undertaker.

THE most brilliant thing Marguerite Clarke has ever done for the screen is "The Prince and the Pauper," a Famous Players' visualization of the Clemens classic. As the two little boys of the Sixteenth century Miss Clarke is sincere, boyish and able—absolutely—to interchange traits of character as rapidly as she changes attire. Tom Canty is a little serf in the doublet and hose of The Prince of Wales, and The Prince of Wales in rags upon straw—is still The Prince of Wales. In addition to a good scenario, Famous snapped up its direction remarkably. Here you'll find dash and fire and speed that Famous haven't shown for many months. Did I say it was a brilliant performance on the part of Miss Clarke? Please apply the same adjective to Famous. Miles Hendon is sympathetically played by William Sorelle, and Robert Broderick as the king needs only a flock of wives to make him an absolute

In "Bella

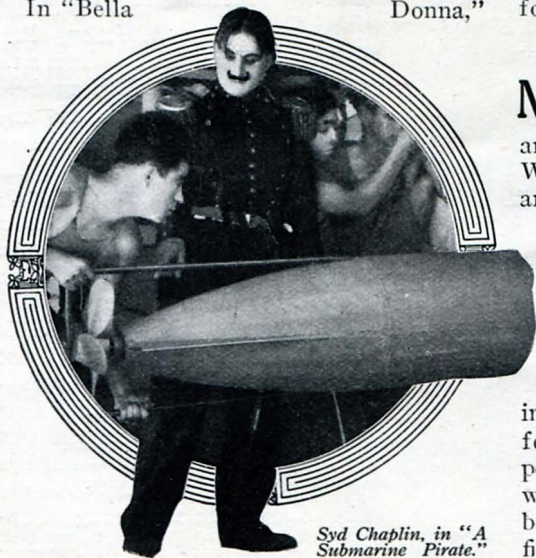
Henry VIII.
Donna,"



Buck Parvin
(right) and
his author,
Charles
E. Van
Loan.

Pauline Frederick scored more heavily than the producers. This tale of violet-scented villainy, of gold-plated murder, was susceptible of more subtlety, of a keener-bladed thrill, than it received. Gazing at Miss Frederick's performance of the iniquitous woman, I believe you'll say hers is the best dramatic assumption this modern Borgia has ever had. Certainly it was better than Nazimova's upon the stage of the Empire theatre, for Nazimova was more snake than human being. There is no fault to find with setting or material equipment; only, the direction as a whole did not approach Miss Frederick's personal performance.

MAURICE TOURNEUR continues to challenge American-born directors in and about New York. "A Butterfly on the Wheel," for instance, was a problem in rearrangement, on account of certain delicate situations which would not screen with the clarity, or inoffensiveness, with which they could be stage-played. The result was splendidly successful. Madge Titheradge's role of Peggy, the wife, is here played by Vivian Martin, while the part which the late Lewis Waller created in America (if memory serves me correctly) fell to an actor of no less finesse and power: Holbrook Blinn. Actorially, it was Mr. Blinn's play, though it should have been a stellar vehicle for Miss Martin. The fire in the theatre is a panic-thrill. The



Syd Chaplin, in "A
Submarine Pirate."

court-room scene visualizes in a remarkable manner the entire gist of the story. The World corporation may point to such pieces as this as solid artistic accomplishments.

AMONG the plays of the Equitable corporation I was, unfortunately, able to see but two.

"Not Guilty," as played by Cyril Scott, is the life story of a man wrongly imprisoned. Scott is strangely inapropos in the opening scenes, but comes up stronger and stronger as the drama moves ahead. The production as a whole is excellent, the direction natural, the incidents and development of character credible.

"The Warning," with Henry Kolker, might be described as an actor's *tour-de-force*. It has a continued story, and as a temperance argument should be thunderously effective. Its succession of pathetic and terrifying incidents is based upon the warning dream enjoyed (?) by a worthy householder on the verge of Habit. Henry Kolker is dreamer and victim, and it would be hard to surpass him. Not my sort of play, but doubtless many liked it.

Equitable seems a bit handicapped in stories and directors. But I believe the

Holbrook Blinn and
Vivian Martin, in
"The Butterfly on
the Wheel."



heads of this corporation have the right idea and are on the right track. I believe they will "come through" splendidly.

FOX occupies a place in melodrama all his own. Consider, for a moment, the ultra-tropic "Galley Slave," in which Theda Bara emotes to the edge of glory. Here is the life-story of an impulsive girl who would marry an artist against her parents' dissuasion; her desertion, her struggle for the maintenance of her child, her imprisonment, the almost-ruination of another love match by her quondam husband, her denunciation of him, his ultimate death at her hands. No initiatory device in the melodramatist's ritual has been left untried; there are curses and waiting at the church, pilfered letters and childish tears, villainous luxury and starving virtue. And yet, despite this procession, this grand review, this old home week of the tricks of the ancients—it gets you! There are speed, power, pathos and passion in "The Galley Slave," though all their garments are fustian and frills. Bara, the sullen, sultry, heavy-jawed dark beauty, is undeniably superior to anyone in this sort of thing.

Baby Jane Lee carries the comedy and all of the sweetness of the film; she's a wonderfully clever little child. And the really fine cast, throughout, includes Claire Whitney, Ben Hendricks, Stuart Holmes and Hardee Kirkland. As usual, the production is hothouse-heavy where there is the slightest excuse for elegance.

Robert Mantell makes a pretty weak screen debut in "The Unfaithful Wife," a version of Marie Corelli's "Vendetta." The piece is not without drama, not without human interest—the sweet child again; how masterfully Fox pictures do use children!—and not without horror. Viz.: the terrible scenes supposedly taking place in



Marguerite Clayton and John Junior, in Essanay's production, "A Daughter of the City." Miss Clayton has come to Chicago from a California Company.

the charnel-house. But the feelings of the audience are not totally upset, since the tomb looks more like a wood-shed than a sepulchre. Mr. Mantell's values here are negligible, and his false hair and beard absolutely unpardonable in an actor of such long experience. Genivieve Hamper (Mrs. Mantell) plays the leading female role, Signora Romani.

FROM Paris, Selig brings the emotional drama, "No Greater Love." It is well played by a French company, at the head of which is the dancer Regina Badet. Only the narrowest imaginations in Europe seem employed in making these 'cross-Atlantic plots. Why does the continental mind forever mix an actress in intrigue? The tale is of love, lust, theft, and murder, and will hardly be credited by the American mind—though, as I have said, it is intelligently presented, and even in its bloodiest episodes is not without a dramatic fascination.

"BLIND JUSTICE," by Essanay, is three reels of driving Walthall. Walthall plays an author, doing research

work in actor's whiskers and a slouch hat.

He befriends a young stew, and is hauled into the night court. Elizabeth Burbridge, who, in a playful mood, has dragged papa (Ernest Maupain) down to behold the poor downandouts, perceives the innate gentleman, intercedes, and he eventually becomes manager of papa's business—oh no, it doesn't end there! There are a lot more complications, including an elopement, a forging brother and general intervention before the final hug in the final fadeout.

More plausible, yet still rather puzzling, was "The Alster Case," an Essanay detective story featuring Bryant Washburn and Ruth Stonehouse. It seems to me that both Mr. Washburn and Miss Stonehouse are intelligent enough, have following enough, and personality enough to be carefully nursed by these producers into big feature-names. Miss Stonehouse, especially, is one of the most discerning, resourceful and quick-witted players in active photography.

THE worthy Pallas company will have to come again for a real premier. "The Gentleman From Indiana" has two
(Continued on page 159)

Why Emmett Went South

EMMETT CORRIGAN, that indomitable Celt who is working these days off the balmy, sunny coast of Florida doing scenes for the Equitable production of Richard Le Gallienne's "The Chain Invisible," tells a tale wherein he who runs may see that art adrift is oft not all ease and sofa cushions, and that it's a wise actor who goes south to do stories of the sea.

It was in the big oaken corner of the tavern room at the Lambs' Club that Emmett spun his yarn the day before he left wintry Manhattan for the warm reaches of the Florida beaches. Said Emmett:

"It was while I was doing a sea picture some time ago, that a friend of mine in the company and myself were in a scene in which we were shipwrecked sailors adrift on a raft. It was a rough, raw day. The camera was perched up on a cliff above

the sea and thirty feet over our heads.

"Remembering the instructions of the director, wet and cold though we were, neither my partner nor myself looked at the camera; but clung to the raft, acted and agonized, gasped and had paroxysms of drama all over the seascape.

"This kept up for an hour, me not once looking the camera in the eye. Finally I forgot myself and looked up towards the cliff. They were waving frantically at us.

"What's the matter?" I shouted.

"Sure, the camera blew over fifty minutes ago in the wind an' we can't make it stand up, Mr. Corrigan," shouted back Finnegan, the camera man.

"And we acting and shivering our heads off for an hour in the frigid North Atlantic with never a soul ever to see it save God and the sea gulls!"



Puzzle: Find the Hero

A varsity football team added punch to "A Man's Making" when camera players and football players worked together in a big scene on the University of Pennsylvania gridiron. Richard Buhler, of the Lubin company, is hugging the pigskin.

James Horne's Own Story

THE MAKER OF THE "GRAND
HOTEL" SERIES WRITES OF
HIS THEORIES AND HIS WORK

By James W. Horne

WHEN PHOToplay MAGAZINE asked me to write about myself and my work in staging "The Mysteries of the Grand Hotel," and other pictures at the Kalem Glendale studios I wondered if they thought I might make up in literary talent what I lack in other ways. I'm afraid I have even less of literary ability than any other, so without attempting to write any "story," and without trying to write out a system for invariable success, I'll mention a few points that occur to me in my daily work.

The gentle diversion of "shooting," a scene straight up from a subterranean trap.

I saw, in last month's PHOToplay



MAGAZINE, this statement: art and efficiency are not only unrelated, but are not even speaking acquaintances. This was credited to a big dramatic producer. I believe in system,—which is another word for efficiency,—in active photography. I have my work laid out from day to day. I have

You will notice that Mr. Horne doesn't describe himself. Well, here's a speaking likeness.





While the director is watching the action, the camera-man has a hundred technical details to observe. Below, Mr. Horne commanding a scene from the saddle.

found that everyone works better under a bit of speed pressure than when taking one's time.

I don't believe in trying for speed records, but I might say, in passing, that my own speed record is seventy-three scenes with 100 people in six hours' time. It was one of the Grand Hotel stories.

I have a stock company which thoroughly understands what I want, and we seldom cover ground twice. Amazing as it may seem, my camera-man, Howard Oswald, has not had a retake in two years! And we "shoot" in all kinds of light, and have spent many working days when other companies have been at home waiting for the sunshine. I feel that the camera-man must be given equal credit with the director in any production. He can make or break the feature. While the director is watching the action, the camera-man has a hundred technical details to observe.

I aim to get the personalities of my players on the screen rather than my own. I give my people action and detail, but I want them to express these things in their

own way.

What is natural for me might be very unnatural and awkward for them. Too many directors make their actors imitate every movement and expression.

Dealing with extra people, in crowds or mobs, is one of my hardest problems. Usually the units in the mass are new to me, most of them are frightened before starting, and look to the director for permission to breathe. Two things, under these circumstances, I try to do: to make the new players utterly forgetful of the camera's little black eye; never to get angry myself.

During the taking of my last big pro-





Mr. Horne—in shirt sleeves, foreground, back to us—in the lobby of his "Grand Hotel". Below, Mr. Horne entertaining three kids in his back yard.



duction circumstances made me play a part myself—a thing I seldom do. The particular episode was a raid on a gambling house, which rehearsed in a wonderfully satisfactory way. When all was ready I gave instructions to the assistant who at the moment was wielding the camera, cried "go"—and away went the sensation, with burst-in doors, smashed furniture, overturned tables, fainting women and even

broken heads. When I had arranged my attire and recovered my breath I went to the camera to see how many feet this scene covered—and found but two yards of negative! The operator, languidly interested, had looked on calmly without turning the crank until the final moments of the play's big episode. I went outdoors and made some remarks appropriate to stupidity and the situation, and my vocal exhibition was what I believe the laity refer to as the "directorial temperament."

I think those directors who take animal pictures should at least wear the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. However docile the beasts are, they cannot understand what is said to them, and only infinite patience, kindness and not a little of the element of chance must combine in results.

Children are easy to handle if you can make them forget the camera. But once "camera-broke" they are camera-broke for life, and if you are their friend, and have their good-will, they will do anything for you. Babies often refuse to show off when wanted, but even very little tots register purely assumed emotions which are surpris-

ing. I have had a little girl not yet three cry real tears for me at will, and, when the camera stopped, run to me dimpling with laughter as she stretched her hand out for the big silver dollar I had waiting for her.

In my pictures I aim only at life. I try to show life, and keep as far as possible from "acting." Life, I think, always has an under-vein of comedy—situation-comedy, the stage managers call it. This I strive to reproduce, and the finest of all humor-notes is that laugh which lies just above a tear. Mr. Griffith's great success has been in the simplicity, the reality, of his stories. Real human existence is in every one of his pictures. He is my master, and I am not ashamed to say that I would imitate him as much as possible.

When visitors come to our studio I always try to make them feel at home, but I am against the detailed exposition of all effects and artistic devices. There are directors who love to explain just how they did this, or how they did that, or how the scene was made up, or how the play was put together as a whole. I do not believe in this sort of thing because it spoils illusion—and illusion is only another name for charm.

Personally?

At the editor's request, and that somewhat blushing.

I assuredly came from a theatrical family, for my mother was Edith Woodthorpe, the original Buttercup in "Pinafore" in California, and my aunt, Georgie Woodthorpe, is still on the stage, playing at present with Poli's stock company in Baltimore. I was born in San Francisco Dec. 14, 1880.

I made my first appearance at the age of five in Woodland, California, afterwards playing Little Lord Fauntleroy up and down the coast. When I outgrew child parts I entered the box-office of the Alcazar theatre, San Francisco, under the management of Belasco, Thall & Mayer. For nine years I alternated between "front" and

"back." Then I went to Chicago, and was stage manager for a season at the Columbia theatre. Then for a season I was on the road with Thomas Jefferson. As I was in Chicago at the time of the Iroquois disaster that put all theatrical possibilities aside for the moment, and I became a hotel clerk (*How wonderfully Mr. Horne put that experience to work in his recent hotel series, the only screen tales of a hostelry which have approached reality!*—*Ed. Photoplay*) at the Metropole. After a year, I returned to the Central theatre of San Francisco as its treasurer. The earthquake shook me to New York, and I got a part with Wilton Lackaye in his production, "The Law and the Man." After that I went into the box-office of the recently-deceased Herald Square theatre. Winchell Smith, author of "Brewster's Millions" and "The Fortune Hunter," was house manager. After a season in "Brewster's Millions" I went into the box-office of Ye Liberty theatre, Oakland—my eternal variation between changing money and changing personality!—where I remained until, alas! the real-estate business tempted me. As soon as it had fanned me clean, in police language, I decided to go back to New York looking for work. Instead, I changed my mind after visiting a friend, Paul C. Hurst, at the Glendale Kalem studio.

I began as an extra man, and afterwards became scenario writer and editor. The amateur scenarist's most frequent complaint is that professional people give his ideas scant appreciation. I may answer that in my years in this business I have found only three contributed scenarios which did not have to be rewritten before they were usable! I now edit, revamp, cut, rearrange and practically remake all of the scenarios I use.

I have the bungalow and automobile habits, and my new series of twelve stories is to be "Stingaree," from the pen of E. W. Hornung, author of "Raffles."



MY LADY'S SLIPPER*

A VENTURESOME OFFICER, FORCED
TO THE QUEST BY A VILLAIN, GAINS
THE SLIPPER—AND THE FOOT WITHIN

By Elwell Lawrence

Decorations by G. Tyson

Produced by the Vitagraph Company



King Louis, suddenly catching the turn of the tables, burst into a roar of laughter in which the whole court joined.

FAITH! and here was a pretty kettle of fish for an American naval officer in the year 1778! First, I had escaped from an English convict ship; second, by way of revenge, I had held up the first ruddy Britisher I met along the high road, only to find from his papers that he was a Frenchman of considerable importance; and third, having escaped to France with my old ship-mate, Bucknall, I had become too much involved at certain tavern gaming tables.

Truly an ill pass for one Francis Burnham, lieutenant under Admiral John Paul Jones. But what would you! Ben Franklin, our ambassador, on whom I depended for aid, was out of Paris, my fortunes were in bad repair, and I was devastated by the memory of the finest pair of eyes

that ever blossomed open upon a naughty world. Once only had I seen them in a strange, wild meeting and had scoured Paris vainly for their owner ever since.

S'blood! it seemed a miserable world on this particular morning. I lay upon my bed fully dressed, just as I had thrown myself down at daybreak, in out garret up four pairs of stairs from the narrow, twisted street. Bucknall, no better off than I, sprawled on a couch mumbling curses upon the damp weather which had stiffened his old leg wound. At last a sudden disquieting suspicion cleared my splitting head.

"Bucknall," I said, "what was the extent of my folly last night?"

The old sea dog sat up with a groan.

"By God!" said he, "you signed notes

* Film production from the novel by Cyrus Townsend Brady

for sums neither you nor I will ever see."

I groaned in turn.

"To him we thought a noble," I asked; "whose words floated on running oil and whose eye was like that of a dead fish?"

"Himself! And he told me he would call upon you here in the morning, sir."

"Here! To-day!"

I sat up, alert now. Not from the first had I liked this strange noble. At moments I faintly recalled having seen him somewhere. But where?

"Yes, and early," said Bucknall. "We'd best stir or he'll take the beds from under us."

We rolled out, freshened up, and had just emptied our water pitcher at a draught each, when we heard steps upon the stair, and the next moment a knock at the door.

"Enter!" quoth I, and in walked my creditor, dapper as you please in brocade, powdered wig, silk breeches, ruffles and lace.

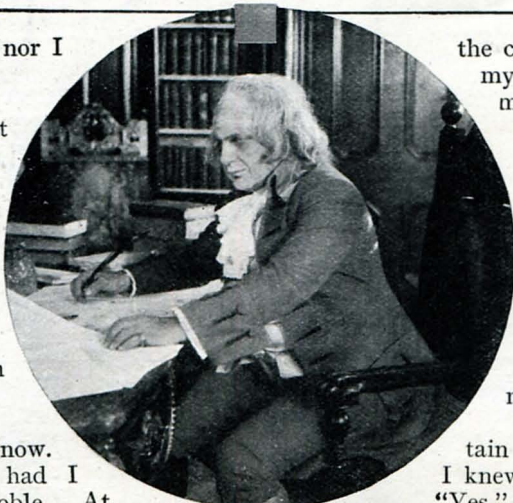
"How much, monsieur, is the amount I owe?" I asked after the ceremonies.

"Ah, you remember!" He withdrew from his flowered waistcoat a handful of papers and laid them before me. I read them: Five louis; ten louis; twenty-five; twenty. And all above my signature! The sum staggered me. Could I have been so much the fool?

"Sir," I told him straitly, "I cannot meet these notes to-day. I have no money, but upon the word of an American gentleman I will pay you when I can."

He looked just beyond me, a trick he had, and my uneasiness increased. Then he took from his pocket a ring and an old coin and laid them on the table. "Do you remember these?" he asked.

Remember them! Ay! and more; I remembered the lonely English roadside where I, ragged and starving after the tortures of



I knew that he had sought aid for me from Ambassador Benjamin Franklin.

the convict ship, had rifled my supposed Englishman. These baubles had been his, and I had gambled them away.

"Now look at me narrowly," said my visitor, and turned his face to the case—ment. "Don't you remember yet? Monsieur has a poor memory!"

The light fell a certain way, and then at last I knew. I sprang up.

"Yes," he smiled. "I am the Marquis du Tremigon, whose purse you took a few weeks ago near London. You recall the penalty for highway robbery, M'sieur?"

Death! A felon's death! Ice was in my blood. "Yes—I know."

He smiled, expanded. "You take life seriously, *mon ami*," he said. Then, touching the heaped notes and baubles: "Pray give yourself no uneasiness concerning these. I can show you a way to discharge them with little difficulty to yourself, and that immediately."

So this was the purpose of his visit. Bucknall, who had been crouching in a corner, one hand on his cutlass, relaxed. I begged the Marquis to proceed.

"Monsieur Burnham," he confided to me, leaning close, "I love the Countess de Villars madly. She loves me in return, but her grandfather, Duc de Rivau-Huet, stands between us. Yet I *will* marry her," he swore, "and there is but one way left to accomplish it. If I were seen in her apartments, and could afterward show some article of her apparel, she would be compromised and to avoid public scandal, the duke—"

"I like not this way of gaining a lady in marriage," I told him flatly, but he went on as if he had not heard. He and I were of a height and build; in his clothes I could pass as himself; he desired me to go that night to the Countess' villa where the servants were already bribed, secure the article, say a slipper,



and bring it to him. Thus was my obligation to be discharged.

"Is there no other way?" I asked. "This savors of dishonor."

"No, monsieur, there is not," he grated. "Either you accept or—my soldiers are outside."

I yielded perforce. But I consoled myself with the thought that since the lady must needs be a party to the plot, my action held no real dishonor to myself; debase-ment only.

"Good!" purred the Marquis. "Come

from a woodland pool when suddenly I heard voices in a nearby thicket. Crawling close I saw three masked men, all cap-a-pie for some foul deed.

Then down the road had come my lady a-horseback, and before I could move they were out and upon her for some document she carried. I had but a cudgel, yet I sallied forth, and taking them from behind, routed them. I mind me especially of one rascal whose arm I must have broke. When they had gone I guarded her on her way a space, she thanking



Tired and dusty, I had been dipping water from a woodland pool when suddenly I heard voices in the thicket.

to my apartments this evening and I will dress you."

II

'Twas good that evening as Bucknall and I took our stealthy way along the Rue Tivoli, to feel the luxury of brocade and lace, and the manful swing of good steel in a rich scabbard at my side. Thus, thought I, bitterly, should I be dressed to sue my own dear lady's hand, instead of embarked upon another's amorous business. I lived again for the thousandth time our first strange meeting. Tired and dusty with my journey, I had been dipping water

me most sweetly, and when I left her I was blind with love.

Now a sharp word from Bucknall recalled me to our present business. We had reached the Countess' villa. We skirted through the shrubbery, sword and pistols drawn, and came at last beneath a second story window. A vine clung to the wall, and I tried my weight upon it. Then, leaving my sailor below on guard, I climbed.

The vine held and a minute later I was over the sill and in the Countess' boudoir, all blue silk and with wondrous, dainty clothing laid about. Beside the bed stood two tiny satin slippers, and I rejoiced that



my quest had reached so quick an end.

Swiftly I seized one, turned back to the door—and stood rooted. There, watching me, her hand on a bell-rope to call the servants, stood the Countess de Villars. For a moment we faced each other, and then a cry broke from me as I recognized her. She it was whom I had aided upon the highroad, and had sought so long in vain.

Her hand fell from the silken rope and she came towards me.

"Why," she exclaimed, "'tis my gallant knight of the highway! Then you were masquerading as a sailor; now you are masquerading as a gentleman."

I dropped my head. "Nay, mademoiselle," I returned bitterly, "rather a gentleman masquerading as a thief."

Her great blue eyes widened. "That I cannot believe—of you. And yet, what do you here?"

And then I told her all: of the marquis' power over me, his bargain, my acceptance. "After all," I ended, "since you wish to marry him, what difference can it make?"

"He says that?" she flashed. "It's false! . . . I hate him!"

"Hate him! God's wounds!" I roared. "I will return and kill the cowardly cur. Here," and I held out to her the slipper I had taken.

She made no move but stood, her sweet brows knitted, her lip pinched between her white fingers. Then a change came over her.

"No, my strange cavalier," she said. "Do as you promised. Take him the slipper and earn your freedom. I can take



We skirted through the shrubbery, sword and pistols drawn, and came at last beneath a second story window.

care of myself. No fighting again for me."

My heart leaped, and a strange wild gladness surged in my veins.

"You are afraid—for me," I dared. "You *do* care!"

Ah, how can I tell of her answering look, that sweet, grave confession, so shy and yet so eager. A glory enveloped us as our stumbling lips asked and replied, and our eyes leaped across great gulfs of speech. At last she pushed me away, rosy, confused, trembling.

"Go now," she said, "and free yourself from him. And trust me."

Had Bucknall removed the vine from the house wall I would not have fallen, so upborne was I by bliss, as I left her.

The Marquis was waiting for me in his apartments well nigh consumed with anxiety and curiosity.

"By Saint Louis, you have been ten years!" he barked as we entered. "Did you get it?"



Disgust

of him and of his

whole enterprise rolled over me. That he should touch anything that had been blessed by the sacrament of her nearness made my gorge rise. Slowly I drew forth the slipper and showed it to him.

"Ah!" His red-rimmed eyes lighted up and he reached out his hand to take it. Then I saw myself as the poltroon I was, and hot rebellion surged through me. I snatched it back.

"Never!" I snarled. "You sent me on this mission, saying this lady loved you. She hates you. You lied to entrap me into your dirty business. You shall not have the slipper!"

His heavy face purpled with rage. Then out it came—the old threat of arrest and death. I defied him to do his worst and sought to force a quarrel. But he would not draw, and I could not spit him in cold blood. At the end I tore off his contaminating silks and laces, and returned to the old lodgings with Bucknall.

"Take you this," I said, handing him the slipper, "and whatever befalls, guard it as you would your life."

I had scarcely arranged my poor affairs when the tramp of the king's soldiers sounded in the narrow street, and a few

*I saw three armed men,
all cap-a-pie for son e foul deed.*

minutes later I was under arrest charged with debt and highway robbery. In the excitement Bucknall slipped away, and I saw the Marquis search my wretched room in vain for the slipper.

The Bastille being full, I was marched to a gaol on the edge of Paris, and cast into a cell where I heard no sound and saw no man until nightfall of the next day. Then a turnkey came with food for which I was well nigh famished. I broke a loaf ravenously and found within a note whose writing set my heart to beating wildly.

"The officials of the jail are bribed," it said. "After supper you will be removed to another cell where the bars have already been loosened. When the clock in the cathedral tower strikes twelve, a messenger and horse will be waiting in the wood behind the prison wall. These presents from one who cares much what happens to you."

Did ever man have so brave and loyal a mistress?

Presently, even as she had promised, came two officials, puffing their cheeks and making much to-do. Important prisoner!

Urgent reasons to lodge me elsewhere, and so on.

In my new cell I found the loosened bars. Twelve o' the clock had scarcely struck when I had them out with a wrench, climbed over the sill, and dropped twenty feet to the turf. Instantly a man rose out of the shadows beside me and I was at his throat until he gasped: "'Tis I, Espiau!" and I recognized my lady's faithful servant, whom I had seen the night of my adventure in her dwelling.

"Follow me!" he said, and plunged into the darkness.

We went thus until suddenly the wood rose black before us. A moment later I descried three horses standing beneath a tree and, more wondrous than all, my lady sitting one of them. My heart was near to bursting.

"You!" I cried, and clasped her hand, very humble. "Soothly, none other could have performed these wonders."

"Dear, gallant knight," she said, "could I let you suffer when I knew? Bucknall brought me the slipper and told me of your defying the Marquis. But this is our parting. I have come to say farewell. Espiau will conduct you safely out of France."

It was as if the hand of death had been laid upon me. Go without her! I would not, and swore it by all the saints. Yet, she could not come with me, as I instantly knew. So, clinging, kissing, weeping a little, we sought to part. Sometimes 'twas I who could not go, sometimes she who would not let me. Then suddenly Espiau came running back afoot.

"Fly, m'sieur, fly, if you love your life!" he panted. "The soldiers! The King's Guard!"

"Oh, my beloved, farewell!" cried my lady. "Go. They will not harm me."

"The talisman," I parleyed. "The slipper."

With a little, low laugh she drew it, tiny and warm from beneath her cloak, and placed it in my hands. It was like an elixir. I felt the strength of ten, and with a laugh that cast defiance to the world, set spurs to my horse and was off along the road.

But I had not gone a furlong when I heard the clank of cuirasses in the road ahead. I swerved sharply into the woods but was challenged by a hundred voices. I doubled, twisted and turned, but every-

where were men. I was surrounded, and seeing my case hopeless I yielded rather than spill useless blood. And there fronting me in the light of the torches as I yielded my sword sat the Marquis du Tremigon smiling.

Back to the prison I went, but this time to no favors. Bound, I was thrown into a black and evil-smelling dungeon.

III

AFTER many hours a keeper entered with a tray of most sumptuous food and loosed my bonds. After him came, in resplendent garb, the commandant of the prison. He bespoke me fairly. Had I slept well? Would I relish a little trip into the country?

"Saint Swithin! Am I mad or is he?" I asked myself.

"Have no fear," he said, and I marveled. What new miracle was this?

When I had done eating we climbed up to the light of day. At the prison gate stood a closed carriage into which he motioned me, and where I was joined by two guards whom I knew by their rich liveries were not of the gaol.

We had gone some miles through the smiling country when my companions stopped the carriage and blindfolded me. I liked this not, but they, too, told me to have no fear, and we rolled on again. At last we turned, and I knew by the echo of our progress that we were near some great building. We stopped and I was bidden alight. Then we entered the building, and I was led through numberless corridors, up and down flights of stairs, in rooms and out, in bewildering succession.

At last the bandage was whipped from my eyes and I found myself in a small but richly paneled ante-room. A soldier in the uniform of the Swiss stood guard. This fellow crossed to a door on the opposite side and knocked. Receiving some signal, he opened it, turned to me and told me to pass in.

This I did, wondering, and came forth into a vast room, most dignified and magnificent, and crowded with people. On a dais in the centre sat a most lovely lady, whom I knew at once for the Queen of France, Marie Antoinette.

But on the instant I forgot her, for near



*"You are
afraid—for
me," I dared.
"You do care!"*

me I saw the Countess de Villars, my own dear lady. Instantly I knelt to her in gratitude, knowing that all this was her doing, but she gave me such a look of swift reproof that I rose again, flushing for my loutishness.

Then I went straight to the Queen, amid the laughter of the Court, and bent the knee to her.

"Your Majesty," I said, "I knelt first, as every gentleman should, to the queen of his heart. I now kneel to the Queen of all hearts."

"Well said," she answered, smiling, and bade me rise. "Mademoiselle de Villars tells me," she continued, "that you saved her from assault and robbery on the high road some ten days ago. I have interested

his Majesty in your case, and he will give you a hearing presently."

As she spoke a lady in waiting whispered to her and, thinking a moment, the Queen directed me to step into a small room adjoining. I had scarcely done so when, between the curtains, I saw the Marquis du Tremigon enter the throne-room accompanied by an evil-looking lout with a green patch over one eye who seemed somehow strangely familiar. Both knelt, and on rising the Marquis spoke:

"Your Majesty," said the arch villain, "I have come to inform you that Mademoiselle de Villars is seriously compromised. She received me in her apartments night

before last, and this man is a witness of the fact. In order to avoid public scandal I am willing to marry her."

I heard the Countess gasp, and my own heart seemed to stop.

"It is a lie," she said.

"I was dressed in these clothes," went on du Tremigon. "Can Mademoiselle deny it?" And then I realized for the first time that he wore the garments in which he had sent me upon his foul errand.

All eyes were turned upon the Countess, and she, poor lady, was confused and distraught, denying wildly but showing herself guilty withal, for she, too, had realized his trick.

At this a mad rage consumed me, and drawing my sword I rushed from my hiding place upon the scoundrel.

"You hound!" I cried. "You know you were not in the lady's apartment that night or any other. One more word and I will kill you where you stand!"

Instantly there was confusion. People shouted, guards rushed at me, and the Marquis drew back as pale as parchment. And then in the midst of it all, the great doors swung open, and a man bawled out:

"His Majesty the King!"

A hush fell, and Louis XVI, in black silk and with the chain of the Golden Fleece about his neck, walked down the room with his retinue and took his place upon the throne.

Then as all waited, anxious what should befall, the Queen told what had transpired. When she had finished Louis turned to du Tremigon as if he would hear his side.

"If Monsieur Burnham, sailor and—er—highwayman, is so sure I did not visit the lady's apartments," said the Marquis, "perhaps he knows who did. Mademoiselle will not deny she had a visitor."

All eyes were turned upon me, and I was glad of it. But the King interposed, addressing the Countess.

"You did have a visitor, then, Mademoiselle?"

"Yes." Her face was scarlet.

The Marquis smiled triumphantly.

"Who was it?"

"That I cannot tell, your Majesty," she said, very low and very resolute.

But though I loved her as my own soul, I vowed to make an end of this business, and stood forth before the King.

"It was I visited her, your Majesty," I declared, and a breathless silence fell over all the assemblage. Then as I started to explain, he raised his hand angrily.

"Enough!" he said. "Back to your dungeon. Your honor seems even less than your chivalry, and that is little enough."

Thus in an instant I had swept away all my dear lady had done for me and plunged our fortunes again into the abyss. Just then there came a diversion.

"Ambassador Benjamin Franklin, Admiral John Paul Jones, and another," announced a footman, and the crowd parted to let the Americans through. And with the other two I saw Bucknall, and knew that this was his doing; that he had sought aid for me of Franklin and our gallant admiral.

"Will your Majesty hear Lieutenant Burnham's story?" asked the Quaker, when the case had been gone over once more.

The boon was granted, and then at last I told what the King had prevented my saying before: how the Marquis had got me in his power, and his plot to force Mademoiselle to marry him.

When I had finished du Tremigon, whose pasty face revealed his guilt, made one last effort.

"Is my word, a gentleman's word, to be set against that of a highwayman?" he sneered.

But a strange retribution was upon him. The Countess de Villars had been watching that servant of the Marquis with the green patch over his eye, and now she touched him smartly on the forearm. The fellow groaned and drew back, and by this act he revealed himself to me. I knew him for that one of the three robbers whose arm I thought I had broke when they attacked the Countess on the day I first saw her.

"Now," I cried, sharply, "we will have an end of this business. Who, villain, were your accomplices the day you assaulted Mademoiselle?"

"The M—Marquis and my brother," he began whining, when Louis, suddenly catching the turn of the tables, burst into a roar of laughter. Then Tremigon, livid with anger, withdrew from the room.

I turned to my lady, very humble, for she had done so much and I so little. She lowered her eyes in sweet confusion, but she came to me, nestling in my arms proudly as if I were some prince.

HINTS on PHOToplay WRITING

By Captain Leslie T. Peacocke

Photoplay Magazine's authority in this department is one of the most successful scenario



editors and writers in the world. Many of the most interesting film features are his creations.

X

ORIGINAL stories! Original photoplays especially written for the screen by competent scenario writers! That is the urgent need of the film manufacturing companies at the present moment. It had to come, as we all knew it would. Nearly all the stage plays and published books that lent themselves to film adaptation have been produced or are in the course of production, and now the eyes of the big men in the moving picture industry are turning on the individual who has been patiently waiting for recognition,—the scenario writer with original ideas, who has been devoting thought and study to the screen.

Now, the novice who is just starting in to write scenarios will naturally argue that this may be all very fine for the scenario editors, staff writers, and others who have already won recognition from the film companies, but that those who have yet their spurs to win will receive as scant treatment as ever before.

This is not so. Good, original, virile, human, up-to-date stories, well worked out into scenes, with logical continuity, are what the heads of the firms and the producing directors are ardently fishing for, no matter from what source they come. It is becoming an open market for the competent scenario writer, and is becoming more so every day.

No "School"—"Course of Instruction"—"Book on Scenario Writing"—or "Reviser of Scripts" can make anyone a practical, competent scenario writer. I do not

know of one single successful writer of photoplays who has paid even a penny for instruction in the art of scenario writing. They have all used observation and common sense. The study of a sample scenario which has been written by a competent author, and produced by a first-class director is worth a dozen "Books on Scenario Writing" or "Courses of Instruction;" and an excellent sample of a two-reel photoplay will be found in the October issue of the PHOToplay MAGAZINE. It was written by Max K. Rausch and produced by Director Ben Wilson for the Universal company, featuring Miss Frances Nelson, who has lately scored such a hit in the World Film feature, "The Family Cupboard." I advise all writers who did not study that sample scenario, to procure a copy of the October issue. It embodies a really practical lesson.

I do not want any of our readers to get the impression that I am aiming to teach the art of photoplay writing through the medium of these monthly articles, because I do not believe that any mortal being can do that; al-

though some claim that they can. I am merely giving to others the experience I have gained, and letting them know the actual state of the scenario market as I know it to be, and pointing out the pitfalls which beset the unwary writer on all sides.

I must repeat to you again and again, to go and watch the pictures on the screen, and count the number of scenes in each

Good, original, virile, human, up-to-date stories, well worked out into scenes, are what the firms are ardently fishing for, no matter from what source they come.

picture that you see. You will find that, on an average, there will be from 40 to 45 scenes to the reel in dramatic and melodramatic stories; and from 55 to 75 scenes to the reel in comedy-dramas and comedies. In slapstick comedies there will be many more than this, but I do not advise any free-lance writer to attempt slapstick comedies, as there is no market for them. They are invariably originated and evolved in the studios, either by the producing directors or the comedians themselves, and the results we have to, unhappily, endure!

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will shortly publish a five-reel feature scenario (one that has been successfully produced), and this should prove a better object lesson in photoplay writing than can be gained from any other source whatever, or from any amount of "Hints" that I can give, if I wrote from now until Doomsday.

Most of the best producing directors, who are affiliated with the leading film companies,—particularly with the feature producing companies,—employ two or three cameras in the filming of big, important scenes, and they are very wise in doing so, because they get results of uninterrupted "Action" that are not possible when using only one camera, which involves stopping the action in scenes in order to procure "Close-up effects" or the same scenes taken (or "shot," as the technical term is) from different angles. I will endeavor to make this more clear, and show in a practical way what I mean.

Supposing you have a big "Ball Room" or "Cabaret" scene, in which you want to insert one or more "close-ups" of the leading characters, and you want to show the scene "shot" from different angles, so as to impart variety to the beautiful setting which the wise director will doubtless have prepared. Then the following is a very practical way in which to describe in your scenario the scene and the embodied "Action" which you want to convey.

Say your scene is number 63, a big ball room in which vital action connected with your story takes place, then describe it like this.

Scene 63.

"Big ball room; sumptuously furnished;

orchestra on balcony in rear. Glass swing-doors, under the balcony, leading into conservatory. Show Dick dancing with Rachel in and out amongst the crowd of dancers. Ignatz in foreground, looking angry and jealous. (Have three cameras on this scene, shooting at different angles, so as to get close-up of Dick and Rachel dancing and enthralled with each other, and close-up of Ignatz; his face distorted with jealous rage; and also a focus on the door leading into conservatory, through which Dick and Rachel will go together at close of dance, followed hotly by Ignatz.) The action and length of scene and number of inserts at discretion of the director."

The addresses of the various studios of all of the companies who are purchasing manuscripts from time to time will be found toward the back of the magazine.

Here you have the whole setting and action of this dance depicted, all in one scene, which can be carried out by the director without stopping the action, thus saving time; which is always valuable in the filming of big scenes where high salaried artists and a number of extra people are employed. Besides, it will be more natural and less strained than would be the case if the action were stopped every now and then to get the close-ups and the scene from the various angles. In fact, sometimes four cameras will be working on a scene of this character, one camera being stationed up in the roof of the studio, shooting down and getting a bird's-eye effect that is very pleasing.

I trust that I have made the foregoing sufficiently clear to the reader. The average director likes to have a scene described to him in this manner (I have learned by experience), and welcomes scenes such as this, because it gives his imagination full scope and condenses the action you mean to convey in a clear and simple manner.

Never have unnecessary scenes in your scenario. If "Dick" is leaving his office to call on "Rachel," don't show him coming out from the office building, then going up the street, then entering the gate leading to Rachel's home, then ringing the door bell. Show him leaving his office then cut to "Ignatz" drinking himself to death, or something equally exciting; and then cut to "Rachel" in the parlor of her home, a knock at the door, and Dick being admitted by the maid. Don't pad. Let the director

do that, if he wants to; but don't *you* be guilty of "padding," for it is a gross crime, and lowers the standard of your play.

If you have a strong, gripping, one reel story, which is full of vital action right through, don't try and pad it out to a two-reeler. It will be weak then, and it will annoy you if you ever happen to see it on the screen.

If you have a good, original story, work it out to its logical conclusion. Make every scene depict and *mean* something. Don't make your characters aimlessly walk about from one location to another merely to fill in scenes that can be left out of the production to its advantage. Nothing bores and irritates a moving picture audience so much as a "padded out" story, and if the moving picture industry is to continue to interest the masses, a drastic embargo will have to be put upon needlessly drawn out film productions. If not, there will be a slump from which it never will recover.

The scenario writer is the responsible party of the first part and must avoid this above everything else. If there is a big slump in "pictures" the scenario writers will have to go back to fiction writing, or the banking business, or hog raising, or millinery, or whatever former avocation they found to be most congenial and profitable.

I strongly advise writers to employ a black and red ribbon in typewriting their 'scripts; and to plant all your subtitles and inserts of whatever nature in red, so that they will stand out clearly and will be easy for the directors to follow. Everything that you can think of that will make it easier and clearer for those hard working and painstaking gentlemen will make them better disposed towards you and the children of your brain.

It is surprising; even now, after all the advice that has been given from many quarters, to see the number of hand-written 'scripts that daily reach the various scenario departments. Understand, once and for all, that a scenario that is not type-written has about as much chance of kindly consideration as will an English dude at an Irish picnic, and in this case the waste paper basket and convenient horse pond

will be analogous, — meaning "the end."

Never enclose loose stamps for the return of your manuscripts. They are apt to get lost,—or worse,—and some film companies will not return manuscripts if stamped, self-addressed envelopes are not enclosed;—which is right and proper, when you consider the hundreds of 'scripts that are received daily in the different scenario departments.

The Edison Company is in the market for strong one and two reel dramas. They should be addressed to the studio, Decatur Ave., The Bronx, New York; and writers will receive courteous treatment from Mr. Arthur Leeds, the scenario editor. The Edison Company holds 'scripts for a longer time than do most other companies, but I am informed that they receive extra careful consideration, and that, naturally, entails delay, considering the vast number of scenarios that have to be handled.

Mr. Wm. H. Clifford, scenario editor of the Famous Players Company, and a brilliant writer himself, who has several plays and many vaudeville sketches, and goodness knows how many photoplays, to his credit, is very willing to consider good, virile, original five reel subjects suitable for Miss Mary Pickford, Miss Marguerite Clark, and the other notable stars under the victoriously waving banner of the Famous Players Company.

The Universal Company—both Eastern and Western Studios—are always in the market for strong one and two reel dramas and comedies. The addresses of the various studios of all the companies who are purchasing manuscripts from time to time will be found in another part of the magazine.

Mr. George Dubois Proctor, the genial scenario editor of the Gaumont Company studio at Flushing, L. I., New York, has a keen eye for an original plot, and is anxious to light on one when he can. He likes to see a photoplay well and logically worked out, and does not like to alter 'scripts unless he has to. He is a sterling scenario writer himself and respects the ideas of other scribes. So, if you submit anything to his eagle eye, be convinced in your own mind that it is absolutely original and properly worked

Do not be discouraged if your initial efforts are not crowned with success. They seldom are. But the need for good photoplays is growing and it is worth your while to perfect yourself in writing them.

out in logical continuity before you mail it. Otherwise you are only assisting to swell the postal revenue.

The Vitagraph Company is, of course, always in the market for good stories, as are also the Biograph, Selig and Lubin companies; but the big feature companies are still producing adaptations from stage plays and books, and will probably continue to do so until they discover, through dearly bought experience, that stories especially written for the screen make far better and more thrilling photoplay productions. They will come to it. Just watch and see!

You cannot copyright a photoplay scenario. Many writers make anxious inquiries on this point. The only way to do so would be to tell your story in fiction or in verse and have it printed,—an expensive process.

But even if one could copyright a photoplay scenario, it would be of little use, because it would be very easy to change the title and slightly alter the plot, and the original author would find it very difficult to establish the fact that it had been purloined. However, writers need have little fear on this score, because scenario editors are all honorable men (I have never known one to be otherwise)—and they would not hold responsible positions for any length of time if they deviated from the ethical path.

Staff writers should not be allowed to read scripts submitted by free-lance writers. I have always contended this. "Readers" should be employed for this purpose, and they are being so employed, now, by the most reputable film companies.

Never attempt to depict "Allegorical vi-

sions," "Scriptural visions" or any "visions" whatever that savor of the unreal. Some directors have attempted them from time to time, with lamentable effects. Let them do it, if they will. Let them bear the ridicule that such things invariably invoke.

A chorus girl in a chiffon "nightie," with tinsel wings, a gilt wand and a halo, can never resemble a genuine angel, no matter how beautiful she may be. Leave "Allegorical Visions" alone, and stick to up-to-date, logical, practical, everyday happenings and facts in your writing of photoplays. Be human—and, above all, be clean and moral in everything to which you append your signature.

If your story calls for the depicting of vices, let it point a good moral and prove a warning to your fellow men and women that the cultivation of wrong doing of any kind whatever does not pay. Always show the evil-doer eventually hoisted by his, or her, own petard. They always are, so you won't be in any way illogical in that. But your comedies must be absolutely clean and free from suggestiveness. Comedy and immorality make a very nauseating dish.

If you have been lured by "The Call of the Pen," do not be discouraged if your initial efforts have not been crowned with success. They seldom are. But the need for good photoplays is growing stronger every day, and it is worth your while to bend all your energies to perfect yourself in the writing of them. Don't waste your spare time. An hour or two spent in front of your typewriter, with your thinking-cap on, may eventually land you in a pleasant and lucrative position. It has for others. Why not for you?

Evolution

WHEN Luther Burbank first by chance
 Grew fruits without the seed,
 And by combining various plants
 Brought forth a different breed,
 There was a problem vexed him sore,
 (Though he had lots of boosters,)
 Until the Movies solved it—for
 They made the crowless Roosters!

DANNY DOLAN.



Seen and Heard at the Movies

Copyright, 1915

Where millions of people gather daily many amusing and interesting things are bound to happen. We want our readers to contribute to this page. A prize of \$5.00 will be given for the best story each month, and one dollar for every one printed. The stories must not be longer than 100 words and must be written on only one side of the paper. Be sure to put your name and address on your contribution. Address: "Seen and Heard" Dept., Photoplay Magazine, Chicago. Because of the rapid increase in contributions to this department, the editors find it no longer possible to return unavailable manuscripts to the authors. Therefore it will oblige us if no postage or stamped envelopes be enclosed, as contributions will not be returned.

Billie's Little Boy. This One Gets the Five.

HE became acquainted with the features of Billie Richie from seeing him in pictures out in Purcell, Oklahoma, his home town.

This fan went to see a friend in a distant city, and of course visited the picture palaces said city afforded. He saw Charlie Chaplin for the first time.

He watched every move and motion of the famed Charles, and finally turned to his friend and said:

"You know, Joe, I think he's better than his father."

A. B. Handler,
Newark, N. J.

Equine Boudoir.

A SCENE showing the interior of a racing stable was thrown on the screen. Each horse was covered with a bright colored blanket. Little three-year-old Nan, who had never seen a stable before, exclaimed to her mother:

"Oh, mamma, see the horsies with their kimonas on!"

J. W. Greene,
Poplar Bluff, Mo.

—Or Wears Invisible Plaid.

A "CUT-OUT" had evidently been made in the film, causing the heroine

to flip suddenly from sight.

Nan: "What's the matter with that?"

John: "Oh, nothing. She uses vanishing cream."

R. T. Myers, Hancock, Md.

Unitarian, Probably.

AL was entertaining his country cousin at the movies. During the intermission Al discoursed upon the progress of the industry.

"Ever hear of Universal City?" he asked.

"Yep. I've heard of it. Haint never seen it though. Kinder like the rest of them religious pitchers, aint it?"

Lloyd G. Burns,
Decatur, Ill.

Sob Joys.

MAY: "Do you see anything in this play to cry over?"

Mabel: "No, I'm not enjoying it 'a bit."

K. A. Bisber,
Brooklyn, N. Y.



Fire and Brimstone Feature.

JONES, returning home from Sunday morning services, met his neighbor, Mr. Hobson, deacon in another church.

"You're a little late today," said the deacon. "Was it a long sermon?"

Jones: "Oh, I should say about five reels."

Miss Rose Schneider,
St. Paul, Minn.

Ever Happen to You?

THE orchestra in a Boston photoplay house was delivering a selection in which a loud crash precedes a sudden stop. The pause came quickly, immediately followed by a high-pitched feminine voice:

"I like it best with onions!"

L. A. Wentworth, Boston.

Speaking from Experience.

A LITTLE girl and her mother were watching "The Clansman." As Mae Marsh came on the screen attired in a colonial costume, with pantalettes, the little girl piped out:

"Oh, mamma, she tant keep 'em up!"
*Minnie B. Bernstine,
 Stillwater, Minn.*

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

IN the picture the great hypnotist was trying to put an unwilling subject to sleep. He had used all the arts at his command but the man still remained wide awake.

Little Mabel had watched the scene with breathless interest. Just as the hypnotist was about to give up in despair she exclaimed:

"O, mamma, why don't they send for our minister?"
*Albert A. Rand,
 Bradford, Mass.*

Dressed in Apple Pie Order

SYD CHAPLIN and several other Keystoneers had just finished a bit of pie-throwing comedy. A close-up of Syd was shown.

"Huh!" said a man in the front row, "he don't wear pie half as well as Charlie."

*Edith M. Hobson,
 Worcester, Mass.*

Sign of Warm Weather.

A MUTUAL railroad picture was being shown. On a signal tower there was a sign "B. V." in large letters.

A little boy near the front looked up at his mother and said:

"Mamma, they forgot the 'D,' didn't they?"
*Miss Elizabeth Cross,
 Kennedale, Texas.*

Saved by Proxy.

LITTLE Albert, son of a minister, was intensely afraid of thunder. One afternoon he went with his father to the movies, and during the show there was a severe electrical storm. The minister noticed that his son's lips were moving and asked him what he was saying.

Albert shuddered. "Oh! I was just reminding God that I am a minister's son."

*Ona L. Story,
 Snohomish, Wash.*

He Doubted It.

WOMAN at box office: "And with this ticket, can I sit all over the house?"
 The man in the box: "Yes, ma'am, and

I'm going to come in to see you do it!"

Sidney M. Hyman, Buffalo, N. Y.

Making Ends Meet.

A DONKEY had given the audience a great deal of amusement in a certain comedy, but the climax came when, just as a "close-up" appeared showing the donkey's tail, industriously switching the flies, the pianist absent-mindedly played "The End of a Perfect Day."

*Mrs. H. B. Grice,
 Aiken Mills, Bath, S. C.*

Two Methods of Lighting.

THE screen showed a comedian trying to make electricity by rubbing a cat's back.

"What is he doing?" asked little Mary.

"Getting electricity from the cat's fur," replied her mother.

"Aint it funny," said Mary, thoughtfully, "the cat's got 'lectricity in his hair and gamma's got gas in her stomach."

*R. L. Hausmann,
 Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Lots In A Name.

THE picture was one of the joys and sorrows of a young married Irish couple. In the audience were a typical old son of Erin and his wife, who

were interestedly following every scene. Things were very real to them and they made frequent remarks.

When the wonderful first baby arrived the young couple decided to call it Hazel, and that name was flashed upon the screen.

"Hazel, is ut!" snorted the old man. "Hazel!! Glory be an' aint there saints enough in Hivin' to name ut for and not be callin' the poor thing after a nut!"

*Mrs. William F. Bale,
 Bridgeport, Conn.*

They Usually Do.

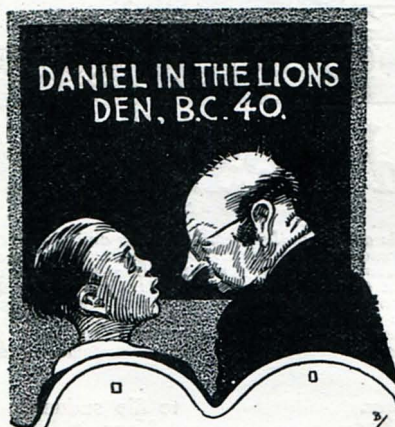
AN announcement of the coming of "Carmen" had been thrown on the screen. One of two well-dressed young women watching the show exclaimed:

"Oh, I just love 'Carmen'!"

An Irish maid servant sitting near by overheard the remark and leaning over to her companion whispered, confidentially:

"Shure, an' Oi loike policemen better."

*Henry S. Johnson,
 New Haven, Conn.*



STAR OF THE NORTH

By Frank Williams

(SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENTS)

Paul Temple, leading man of a New York film company making a drama in the Canadian woods, has all his finest instincts aroused by June Magregor, daughter of a factor of the Hudson Bay Company. Temple's estranged wife, Gertrude, absurdly jealous of the leading woman of Paul's company, has threatened to come up to the camp, but instead becomes star of another photoplay concern through "personal interest" of its executive. Jack Baillie, handsome scamp with Temple's troupe, wins June's superficial regard. June substitutes for the company's leading woman in a dangerous bit of rapid shooting and the canoe capsizing Baillie saves himself while Paul rescues June. Later Temple soundly thrashes Baillie for forcing his caresses upon her. Temple now has June's admiration, but thoughts of his wayward wife prevent him from declaring his love. Baillie steals one of Gertrude's letters to Temple, but his plans for some destructive revelations are delayed. Paul finally goes to June to explain everything; before he can muster the courage, however, June is called away. After a three days' journey she reaches her injured father just in time to save him from freezing to death in a deserted shack. While caring for her father, June also nurses back to life a strange woman lost in a storm. Upon recovering, the latter tells June she is Gertrude Mackay, strayed from another film company which is working in the north.

Illustrated by R. Van Buren

CHAPTER XVII

CONFLICT

JUNE MAGREGOR looked with new interest upon the incongruous visitor the storm had brought fainting to that lonely cabin on Loon Lake. Miss Mackay, who sat on the floor drinking hot tea and recovering her strength, had just revealed her identity and reason for being in the north.

"You belong to a moving picture company?" asked June, astonished and at the same time glad to have reached common ground so soon. She set before the other a plate of hot food she had hastily prepared.

"Yes, Al Bergman's Stellar Films, the greatest in the business. And say, this big piece we're doing up here, 'The Magdalene of the Snows' will knock 'em cold when it's released." Suddenly Miss Mackay set her tin cup down beside her with a grimace and felt curiously of her right cheek where a white spot on the flesh had begun to throb and ache.

"It's only a touch of the frost," said June. "If it hurts too much go outside again and thaw it out by holding your bare hand over it."

"Me go out again in *that*!" The other laughed. "Watch me! But darlie, you might get a little snow to rub on it. That'll do just as well."

June stared for an instant.

"No," she explained, "that's the worst thing you could possibly do. If the rough snow happend to scratch that spot infection would set in and might result in blood poisoning. The bare hand is the only safe way." She added a second suggestion that to escape pain the other stand outdoors in the lee of the cabin.

But Gertrude was obstinate and compromised by sitting on one of the rude seats near the door where there was the least heat from the stove. Quite recovered now, she examined the dimly lighted interior of the cabin from this vantage point and suddenly became aware of Fleming Magregor. The factor lay quietly asleep in his bunk.

"My father," June explained in a low voice. Then she told her name, where she lived, and the circumstances leading up to her occupancy of the cabin.

"But the strangest thing," she concluded, with a laugh of amusement, "is that we started north from one moving picture camp and almost blundered on

another one in the middle of nowhere. It's bewildering."

Gertrude, who had been obediently holding her hand to her face, looked up sharply.

"What moving picture camp did you start north from?"

"The Graphic. You see it's located only two miles upstream from Fort McLeod where we live. They've been there all the fall, but they're nearly finished now, I understand."

"Just how much *do* you understand, I wonder?" the woman asked herself; then said aloud:

"The Graphics! Well, the world is a small place! To think of being hauled out of a blizzard by somebody that knows that bunch! I suppose you do know 'em?"

"O H, yes, nearly all; Mr. Briscoe and Miss French and Mr. Baillie and Mr. Temple and Miss Tanner, and a lot more."

"Yes, sir, it's the same old gang," said Gertrude, genially. "Well, doesn't this beat the devil! And I suppose Temple is still playing their leads?" with an air of curiosity.

"Yes, of course, but—" with a little unconscious pride—"he's doing some directing now, too. Short stuff with a punch!" naively.

"Oh, he is!" The woman turned away to hide her surprise and chagrin. This was news, and the kind she liked least to hear since it glorified her husband. Furthermore, this girl seemed to know a good deal about Paul Temple. Gertrude's impersonal gossip interest in the doings of another camp had suddenly become localized. But the girl must not suspect, and she mustn't be too curious tonight. She rose and walked to the stove and back, regardless of her thawing cheek.

"Guess you must have thought that Tom Briscoe was starting a squirrel farm when he showed up with that bunch of nuts," she said lightly and joined the girl's laughter. "Or maybe you took to 'em; some people do, you know." She yawned.

"Oh, I liked them all from the first. It was strange and new, of course, but everyone was so charming, and—but—" noting the yawn—"forgive me, you must be worn out after your experience this afternoon. How is the cheek?" She rose and lifted the candle to examine it. "Oh, doing nicely. I'll put something on for the

night and by morning the worst will be over."

The storm which seemed to have increased in intensity rather than abated, shook the cabin with its fierce gusts, thuttering down the chimney and swaying the candle flame.

Gertrude Mackay looked about her. She saw a blanket-covered pile of spruce boughs within arm's reach of the sleeping factor; that was all.

"Where am I to sleep?" she asked.

"There," said June, pointing to the wilderness bed hospitably. "I'll roll up on the floor near the stove for to-night, and Jim can cut me some sort of a bed tomorrow."

Miss Mackay, the cosmopolite, looked about her horrified for some partition, some means of privacy. Miss Magregor who had camped alone with Jim Albert a dozen times hummed a tune as she made her hard bed. The matter-of-factness of the girl's calm acceptance of the situation shocked this woman, some of whose escapades had been the talk of Broadway. After all, environment determines customs and conventions. Twice she turned angrily to protest, but a feeling that she was about to make a fool of herself restrained her. Finally, with a helpless shrug, she accepted the situation, and removing her dress crawled between the blankets.

But after the lights were out her mounting sense of injury and anger impelled her to make one thrust.

"I suppose you people have to live without the privacies and decencies of life," she said, "but one probably gets used to it after a while."

Surprised and hurt, June uttered some inadequate response and silence fell except for the black clamor of the storm.

Between attending her father, keeping up the fire, and pondering over the new situation that had arisen, June did not sleep much that night, and she was distinctly grateful when, at the earliest glimmer of light, she heard Jim Albert stumble against the door.

She rose, drew the bar, and he staggered in with a great armful of firewood. Finger on lips to enjoin silence, she recounted in a low voice the events of the night before. He glanced down at the white, beautiful face of the stranger, imperious-looking even in sleep, and shrugged.



"How dare you say that!" June cried. "It's not true!" "How dare I?" Gertrude spoke with calm insolence. "Who has a better right? I am his wife!"

"More people, less grub," he said, not in resentment, but merely stating a fact that was uppermost in both their minds. A straight line of concern appeared on June's forehead for a moment but she said nothing and set about getting the breakfast by the light of the candles.

June's movements and the noise of the pans presently awoke Gertrude who, when she had realized where she was, lay with eyes closed, thinking. The talk of Paul the night before recurred to her sharply. It was characteristic of her that though she refused to live with her husband, she held in suspicion every woman who knew him, as witness of her jealousy of Marguerite French. What did June's frankly expressed interest in him imply, she wondered. Anything more than the usual feminine awe of America's greatest screen star? She determined to use the day before her to find out.

PRESENTLY she let it become known that she was awake, and yawning luxuriously asked if she might have her breakfast in bed. It was her usual custom, she confessed.

June concealed her surprise.

"Why, yes," she replied, "if you don't mind my Indian, Jim Albert, eating here too. He sleeps outside in the tent, but we all eat together."

Miss Mackay sat bolt upright.

"What! You eat with one of those niggers! Really—!" Words failed her. But presently when June made no reply she flung aside blankets and got up. "I should think he might at least wait till we're through," she said, resentfully.

June, making every allowance for the other, patiently explained the code of necessity that lay back of these customs. By this time Fleming Magregor was awake and June presented the newcomer. He was quite free of fever now, and stoically patient under the discomfort of his knitting bone. He learned from Gertrude of the incidents of the night before, and courteously expressed his satisfaction at her fortunate finding of the cabin. A few minutes later Jim Albert returned, stamping and shaking himself free of snow.

"Storm no stop," he said in answer to June's question. "Snow two days yet, maybe three."

Through the square windows of the

cabin the dark morning light showed the white sheets of flakes driving past.

June who, with an extra mouth to feed, had prepared a careful ration of bacon and beans served Miss Mackay first.

"Say, have a heart," said the latter amusedly, looking at her tin plate. "I'm hungry."

There was an instant's pregnant silence. Then June increased her portion, an act which automatically left less for the other three.

"I'm sorry," she said, "you see we're short of provisions, and we must keep enough for our journey south. I must get father back to the fort as soon as I can, and every day of this storm makes a difference."

Gertrude made no reply but sat down as far away from Jim as possible. Except for occasional remarks by the factor, conversation languished.

June was silent. She was trying to fit her conceptions to this new experience. The woman who had so abruptly projected herself into a situation already serious, was a bewildering problem. Not only was she totally alien to her environment and its necessities, but she seemed equally strange to the amenities of social intercourse. June was for the first time facing utter selfishness, and she did not quite know how to meet it.

Gertrude had received the added portion of food grudgingly and without gratitude. What could be the life, past and present, June wondered of a woman who, knowing the circumstances of the party in the cabin, could do that?

It had been Jim Albert's custom to wash the dishes and do what little work the cabin required, but this morning June sent him back to his tent with the assurance that she would clean up. As she did so, Gertrude, with a sudden return of good temper and vivacity, drew up one of the crude seats beside Fleming Magregor's bunk and opened a conversation. He was a little surprised. One glance at the broadcloth dress she wore and her jewel-laden fingers had told him that she represented a type new in his experience.

While she worked June was aware in a general way that the talk revolved constantly around the "profession," a subject on which Gertrude seemed tireless and exhaustless, and when she had finished she

joined them. Gertrude welcomed her with a peculiar smile.

"I was just saying," she explained, "that this Paul Temple you mentioned last night is on the skids. These bunk heroes only last so long, you know, and then they get the swelled head or lose their looks. Temple's doing both, they tell me."

Inwardly June bridled a little, but she gave no outward sign of it. Was this, she wondered, a sample of the professional jealousy Baillie had so often complained of as keeping him from his rightful place among the great?

"I don't know much about such things," she replied gravely, "but I'm sure they're not true of Mr. Temple. He's very modest, and everybody in his company seems to like him." Mentally she excepted Baillie. "And I think he's very good looking," she added.

"Oh, you do!" Gertrude laughed a little too loudly.

"Yes."

But for the strangely inimical feeling this woman roused in her, June could have poured out a rhapsody, so deep and proud was her love for him.

"You know him quite well, then?" Gertrude politely included Fleming Magregor in the question.

"Oh, yes, he comes to the fort often," said the factor. "Wi' one thing and another we're gude friends. There was that day now when we went huntin'." He threw back his head and laughed silently. Then while Gertrude urged him flatteringly, he described with dry humor the long, fruitless hunt for deer. June could have added a surprising end to that tale.

"Yes," he concluded, "I owe him a deer, but I owe him more than that. He saved the lassie's life one day." Some time since the factor had been told of that desperate adventure in the rapid.

"Ah!" The woman's lips formed a smile, but her eyelids had narrowed. "Do tell me about it."

"You see," said June, "the reason we knew the Graphic people so well was that they had taken a lot of scenes at the fort. I happened to be in one or two of them by chance and—"

"Oh, you're acting for the pictures too, eh? A young genius right in our busy midst and I never suspected it. No wonder you know Temple well. But go on." The

white hands in her lap had unconsciously clenched until now the nails were cutting into the palms.

It had always been so with Gertrude Temple. Because hers was a nature which in its endless self-seeking had never found happiness or satisfaction, the knowledge that Paul whom she had repudiated had found these things was like a cancer in her soul. She hated him for it, and she hated those associated with him. Now she hated June.

Quite ingenuously and a little eagerly, because of this woman's obvious desire to belittle Paul, the girl told of that day in the gorge. And as, unconsciously, her voice thrilled in praise of the man she loved, and her eyes glowed in memory of his splendid courage, the hypersensitive ears of the woman opposite first imagined, and then knew that they were listening to a *credo* of worship, a confession of love, pure and unashamed. When she had finished Gertrude was quick to applaud.

"Splendid! splendid!" she cried, and then, quite pale, she sprang up and walked to the door. "Whew! it's hot in here!" she flung over her shoulder in explanation. Opening the door she stood looking with unseeing eyes into the white swirl of the storm. When she had recovered her outward poise she shut the door again and returned to the others, but did not sit down.

"And how about Temple's affair with Marguerite French?" she asked a little unsteadily. "In New York they had 'em married, you know."

June was conscious of an unpleasant shock of distaste, but she answered calmly enough:

"That must be a mistake. Paul and Miss French are good friends but almost never see each other except at work. She is not intimate with anyone."

Gertrude Temple turned away again to fight down the "How do you know so much about it?" that sprang to her lips. Her eyes smarted with tears of fury.

"So that's it, eh?" she said to herself. "Then it wasn't French at all. It was this one."

CHAPTER XVIII

REPRISAL

A GREAT light had broken upon Gertrude Temple. Swiftly she thought back to the letter she had received months



While the Indian was still away there came a halloo from the lake and those in the cabin saw two strange men approaching on snow shoes.

ago from Paul begging her to divorce him. That letter had come from the Graphic camp in the wilderness, and Gertrude had concluded instantly that Marguerite

French had inspired it. Her reply which Temple had received the day he first met June showed this.

Now the conviction of error came. She believed that Paul, meeting this girl of the wild, had become infatuated with her, and had sought his freedom on her account. That June loved Paul, Gertrude was certain, and she was only too willing to surmise that he loved her. But what of the understanding between them?

Did June know that he was married?

The leading lady of the Stellar films paced the narrow confines of the cabin like a caged animal.

"Anybody got a cigarette?" she flung out in the midst of her meditations. "Lord! I want a whiff!"

The polite bewilderment of her auditors that preceded the negative answer, was the last proof to Gertrude of the impossibility of these people. And this girl had conquered the man she had failed to hold! She experienced the pique of an outraged dog-in-the-manger.

Did June know that Paul was married?

While the tedious, storm-racked hours dragged by, the woman studied the girl. In all she did and said there seemed to be a subdued joy, an exaltation that was from within, of the soul. Sometimes she sang softly; sometimes a tender, preoccupied look filled her eyes, and she seemed lost in the contemplation of some radiant other world. Thus, without even the previous evidence of glowing speech, Gertrude knew. Such serenity, such faith and joy could mean but one thing.

Noon came and dinner. Up to this time Gertrude had not lifted her hand to help, and she did not offer now. Apparently the idea never occurred to her. She was a guest and therefore exempt. If you took a stranger, injured by an automobile, into your Riverside Drive apartment, you hardly expected them to do the housework, she reasoned. As a matter of fact, Gertrude rather prided herself on her restraint and good temper under the circumstances.

Deprived of her maid and bath, both at camp, this whole experience was very trying. She might at least be spared menial labor. But June, unable to conceive the other's viewpoint, added this barbarism to Miss Mackay's already long list. The women were irreconcilably divided in every consideration of life.

Dinner consisted of bacon, beans, flapjacks, and stewed dried fruit, and Gertrude regarded the outlay with ill-concealed dissatisfaction. But she was so hungry that even the extra portion that June gave her left her ravenous. She managed to forgive



the diet. But she could not forgive Jim Albert's presence at table.

Angered by this, constantly hungry, and greatly upset by June's revelations regarding Paul, she faced her hours of imprisonment in an evil frame of mind. Outside the storm raged on with a monotonous roar that was nerve-racking. Gertrude felt like a trapped beast, and paced back and forth lashing herself into a fury of discontent.

THROUGH it all June, though sorely tried kept a firm hand upon herself. Twice Gertrude with bursts of ill-temper made an open break imminent, but June avoided it on each occasion. The result was that Gertrude was baffled and left impotently in the wrong.

She felt this, and doing so realized that this wilderness girl who scarcely knew the "decencies" of life was defeating her, keeping the upper hand in their relationship, and with smarting pride she compared herself with June in Paul's sight.

The result was costly.

The bit of mirror that hung against the wall told disagreeable truths. Deprived for a day of the aids which she had long considered necessary to beauty, she looked sallow and (to herself) unkempt. Little wrinkles at the corners of her eyes and on her forehead showed with startling plainness, and there were deep indentations from her nose to the corners of her mouth.

This was only the physical comparison; the mental was equally disastrous. Twice forced to change the subject when June had skilfully turned the subject upon books, her poverty of thought, even of vocabulary, stood out glaringly.

It was unnecessary to seek farther. Gertrude knew that if Paul had any love left in him, this girl had won it; she was exactly the type of idiot he would adore—had wanted herself to be. The stinging, indubitable fact that this girl was her successor made Gertrude giddy.

THE thought was unendurable, not because she loved Paul or regretted leaving him, but because she could not support the idea of anyone else succeeding where she had failed. Her glances of fury promised an early revenge.

Meanwhile June, serenely ignorant of the storm that was gathering round her head, resumed the sewing interrupted the night before, gave her father his medicine, and sitting beside him chatted in the intimate, companionable way they had.

Darkness came, and Jim Albert, with quantities of wood for the night and spruce boughs for June's bed. The candles were lighted and June commenced to get supper. The meal threatened again to consist of bacon, beans and tea until Jim, his round face beaming, brought in a whitefish he had caught through a hole in the ice of the lake.

The fact averted an outburst from Gertrude whose patience with everything, especially the diet was at an end. After the meal she deliberately led the conversation back to the subject of the "profession" and, by imperceptible transitions, to the Graphics and Paul. Her face was quite pale, and her usually full lips were compressed to a thin line. Her eyes glittered with the hardness of sapphires. Fleming Magregor, wearied with the long day, fell frankly asleep while she talked.

June, to whom Paul was ever a welcome subject of conversation, recalled her last night's speculation concerning his life in the metropolis, and sought enlightenment.

"You knew Mr. Temple in New York, I suppose?" she asked, feeling a little twinge of envy.

"Oh, Lord, yes—quite well, in fact." Gertrude was alive to the ironical humor in the question.

"Oh, I'm so glad! Then you can tell me what I want to know. What is his life there like—I mean his life outside of the studio? What does he do to amuse himself? Who are his friends?" June colored a little as if to apologize for so deep an interest.

Gertrude laughed again, this time there was an ugly note in the sound.

"Oh, he's a devil for speed, Paul is! He reads books something terrible. Or he stays up late working out sets for new pictures. Why, sometimes I've actually known him to go to a show. Oh, I tell you there's nothing Paul won't do after work hours!"

June felt the sarcasm and was a little nonplussed. Why should Paul's manner of life annoy Miss Mackay so much? Then she was conscious of Gertrude leaning forward, amusement still curling her lips.

"You're pretty keen on Paul, ain't you, Miss Magregor?"

To a girl of her own age and sensibility June might have confided a rhapsody upon the man she loved, but something in this question, in the asker's tone, look and manner restrained her.

"I like him very much," she said with a certain reserved dignity. "He's the best friend I have in the world."

"You don't say!" with forced, polite surprise. "But say, I'd feel awful sorry for anybody that married him."

In the silence that ensued the sleeping factor stirred, and the perpetual clicking of snowflakes against the windows swelled in crescendo as a blast of wind drove them. The forest bellowed with a vast, reverberating voice and the two candles, that served to reveal the women to each other, flickered. A stick in the stove snapped.

"Why?"

"Well, I'll tell you." The hard eyes gleamed with satisfaction. "I suppose you've heard of these what they call vampire women that kill all the good in a man, and ruin his life, and all that?" June nodded vaguely. "Well, Paul's a vampire man. Any woman that married him would have to give up everything in the world but breathing, and play second fiddle forever, amen. He'd want her to know all about how great he is, but he'd see that *she* didn't get any chance to be great herself."

The venom that filled the words was not lost upon June. The girl was saying to

herself: "Even if what she says is true, why should she be so bitter about it?" Aloud she said:

"I can't imagine his being like that. He seems to me the most unselfish man in the world."

"Naturally!" — smirking — "But you don't know him. If there's one thing he couldn't stand, it would be the success of his own wife. He's a great one for the woman in the home, awful strong for little feet pattering about the place, and all that."

June experienced a faint, sweet confusion. But only for an instant. She was trying to fight down a prescience of something sinister that had suddenly flung its shadow above her. What it was she did not know; she only knew it existed, and that, somehow, it seemed to have emanated like an evil aura from Gertrude Mackay.

"Mr. Temple never talked that way to me," she hesitated, "and he was always trying to help the people of his company to do better, the women as well as the men. Especially Miss Tanner, who isn't awfully brilliant, you know."

"Yes, I know," drily. "Well," her eyes glittered, "if you'll take the word of one who's had him right for years, you'll believe what I say." Her mouth twisted as she tried to smile. "He's a faker and a scoundrel, and he's lied to you."

Instinctively June rose to her feet, her eyes blazing into those other eyes that met hers now with a fixed intensity of hatred. At the same time she felt shudderingly as if the tentacles of some loathsome evil had closed about her.

"How dare you say that!" she cried. "It's not true! I shan't believe it!"

"How dare I?" Gertrude spoke with the calm insolence of triumph. "Who has a better right? I am his wife and have been for seven years."

"You—what—!"

The girl could not go on. She stood mute, transfixed.

"I'm his wife," the other repeated, "a mere trifle he forgot to mention—to you."

Her revenge was sweet. The look on that stricken face afforded her a poignant pleasure, an exquisite satisfaction. Gone was her sense of baffled defeat by this girl. Hers was the upper hand now.

June stood quite still, her color ebbing until she was as white as paper. For the

first moments the bare shock of the statement made an inextricable blur in her mind of all her thoughts and feelings. Then every faculty rallied to defense.

"I don't believe you—I won't." Her voice was low, passionless, monotonous. "He couldn't have done that to me."

"Believe me or not, it's the truth." She lifted the finger that should have borne her wedding ring. "But we haven't been proud of it for quite a while, and I've quit advertising the fact. It interferes with business, you know." She smiled quite pleasantly.

Through the daze of her pain June knew that the woman had not lied, dared not lie. No sane motive could be behind the folly of such untruth. Gertrude was obviously sane. Vaguely, for the first time, June realized the hatred against her of this woman whose life she had saved.

Then even as the torrent of words and tears gushed up, pride came to her rescue. After all no definite understanding existed between herself and Paul. She loved him but he had not spoken the final word that would make her his. With a superhuman effort she brought herself under control. Deliberately she threw a stick of wood into the stove and resumed her former seat.

"I congratulate you," she said in a strangely calm voice. "I've been told that actors had wives tucked away in almost every corner of the world. But," she added with an inspiration that was not of herself, "if I were Paul Temple's wife I should be absurdly proud of the fact. No woman could be really worthy of him, you know."

Gertrude Temple was stung out of her self-complacency. Here were not the tears and grief of shattered young romance, but rather self-possession and a retort with a sting in its tail. Had she made a mistake, she wondered? Had she saddled herself with a husband again to no real purpose? Her triumph commenced to wear the look of failure.

CHAPTER XIX

VICTORY IN DEFEAT

SOMEHOW June got through the remainder of that evening, but when she lay down on her bed of spruce boughs it was to face the stark truth defenseless.

The storm which bellowed and flailed on in its blind fury was a fit accompaniment to her thoughts. Sometimes when the hut creaked and swayed with the force of the blast she wished that it would suddenly collapse upon her and blot out everything; the task of living seemed too great.

All life seemed unreal. She felt as if she were floating in a vast black void without means of support, and her distracted brain pictured this as her life to be—dull, blind existence in a universe from which the sun had gone and the earth slipped from beneath her feet.

So Paul was a scoundrel like Baillie! She shivered and refused the thought recognition. She dared not face it now. After the events and hardships of the last week that way led to madness. She must think—think hard of anything, everything else; of her father's needs, of the physical aspects of their situation here, of the projected journey south.

Paul Temple a scoundrel like Baillie—

There was the grub! They still had so many pounds of bacon, beans, flour, tea and dried fruit. Granting that the storm lasted two days longer, and that they made a fair day's journey southward, how many ounces of each provision could she allow per meal per person, granting of course that Miss Mackay, no, Mrs. Temple—She brought up with a shock. She had circled back.

Paul was married! Paul had done this incredible, inconceivable thing!

Desperately she took up the grub problem again. Her mind worked like the spring of a steel trap. She juggled incredible fractions with nightmare ease, doggedly fighting off that red-hot stab of pain that came with the constantly recurring words, "Paul is married! Paul is married!"

At last everything became one hopeless jumble, and utterly worn out mentally and physically, she fell asleep.

MORNING brought light to her eyes but none to her soul. Mrs. Temple arose in surprisingly good humor. During breakfast she uncovered a fund of anecdote which caused the worldly-wise old factor to squirm in his bunk. As if by tacit agreement neither woman revealed to Magregor Gertrude's married state.

But this did not prevent the latter's dis-

cussing the fact *sotto voce*. She took a hand in the housework in order to have June for an audience. A new twist of her character manifested itself in the delight with which she welcomed a new listener to the long story of her wrongs at Paul's hands.

"The first year we were married things were all right," she confided. "We were in the same company. But the second year, when Paul couldn't get anything in New York he wanted me to go out on the road with him. I told him that it would do us more good for me to stay on Broadway pulling wires, but no, he wouldn't see it.

"I married to have a wife and a home," says he, 'and if we can't live together in New York, we can on the road.' Now, can you beat *that* for selfishness? And when I refused to go, he was wild. He was so afraid I'd get a Broadway engagement he couldn't see. And when I began to make friends that might have given us a lift, was he pleased and grateful? Like the devil he was! Somebody wrote him a lot of lies about me, and he came in from the road so hot-foot he burned shoe-leather.

"And then we had it out. He wanted me to give up my friends and go with him. The nerve! As if I'd go pluggin' around some kerosene circuit when I had friends in New York that burned the town after nightfall! Now that shows you what kind of a guy he was, unreasonable and selfish. Why, one of these cobry snakes is full of affection alongside of him!"

This was just the beginning. When Magregor dropped off for his morning nap, she went on in a louder tone, following June about as she talked, a half dried tin plate or forgotten stick of wood in her hand.

June was almost beside herself. In the narrow confines of the cabin there was no escape, and the girl whose every nerve was as raw as if it had been cut with a knife wanted to scream and rush out into the blessed relief of the storm.

But once more her pride saved her. Suspecting that Gertrude was deliberately tormenting her by talking of Paul, she grimly accepted the challenge. All morning the strange contest went on. Then, as so often happens in life, out of this bitterest trial, came unexpected good. Gertrude slowly but inevitably accomplished her own defeat.

As she reviewed her experiences her sense of injury increased, and the wrongs she had suffered at Paul's hand grew correspondingly. Blessed with a luxuriant imagination where personal feeling was concerned, the luridness of incident and detail in her narrative grew until these at last rang false even upon June's unsophisticated ear. The girl knew she was lying, and the realization marked the turning of the tide.

Thinking back over all Gertrude had said, June realized a strange fact. Gertrude, trying her hardest to damage Paul, had unconsciously painted a portrait of him that was a counterpart of the one experience had enshrined in her own heart. Because the woman's point of view had been so distorted and untrue, she had unwittingly left in high relief those qualities for which June had always loved him. With incredible venom Gertrude had proved her husband to be simple, honorable, sensitive, patient and fine.

And because of this, a new tremulous faith in Paul commenced to reassert itself in June. The fact that he had concealed his marriage from her remained of course an inexplicable contradiction and a barrier between them, but now she advanced to that barrier unafraid.

Complete, unquestioning trust had always characterized her former feeling for him. This trust had helped her through the poignant girlish disillusionment regarding Baillie; it had asked no questions when Paul remained away apparently without excuse for a fortnight; and it had palliated his sudden leaving of her that day in the living room of the fort when she had tried to express her gratitude for all he had done.

Gertrude had unconsciously vindicated Paul's character. Could not June then extend her faith in him even to include his failure to tell of his marriage? Perhaps there had been some great, compelling reason that had sealed his lips. She believed it, though imagination failed to suggest that reason.

And there was another question, too. Why had he not told her early in their friendship? Was he, like Gertrude, loathe to admit the galling yoke for business reasons? She did not know. She must await his answers before she condemned him finally.

From that moment a change came over June. She forgot the storm, the close cramped quarters of the cabin, and the half starvation she had known since Gertrude's arrival. Serene in the possession of her new faith, she cared not if the other rambled on forever; each new word only added to her consciousness of victory.

She commenced to sing softly to herself as she went about her work; once more she bubbled over with a subdued, tremulous happiness, as shy and courageous as the first flower after a hard winter.

Gertrude viewed this phenomenon dumbfounded. Never had she been enjoying a more satisfactory day. And now to find that her most eloquent efforts had evoked only joy! The evening before she had suspected that her revenge had failed. Now she knew it.

JUNE went to bed that night serene in spirit, and awoke to bright skies and the still, muffled quiet that follows a heavy snowstorm. Jim Albert had overestimated the duration of the blizzard.

Gertrude, quite characteristically, could scarcely restrain her joy at the prospect of leaving. Nor, truth to tell, could her hosts. She demanded the dogs and the sledge immediately after breakfast, but when Fleming Magregor discovered that she had no idea where the Stellar camp was, he demurred until Albert could reconnoitre.

About noon while the Indian was still away, there came a halloo from the lake and those in the cabin saw two strange men on snowshoes approaching. Gertrude looked at them uncertainly a moment and then gave a shout of joy.

"Saved at last!" she cried, with glaring tactlessness. "They're guides from our camp!"

The men were almost as glad to see Gertrude as she to see them.

"Thank heaven we've found you!" said one, fervently. "Mr. Bergman's wild. He's had us out searching for you in the worst of the blizzard. We could hardly keep him from starting out himself."

Though the man's voice was respectful, June could detect the resentment in it.

"Oh, Bergman!" laughed Gertrude. "I'd forgotten about him. I suppose he was rather cut up. It must have been funny."

The man checked his words, surprised. He was a white trapper by the name of Adams whom the Magregors knew.

"Camp's only two miles away," he told the factor when he had renewed the acquaintance, "and, of course, we never thought to look anywhere as close as this. Didn't know anyone was here, in fact. When do you start down?"

"Tomorrow at dawn, Heaven willing!" declared Magregor. "And by the way, Ben," he added, "can you spare us a little grub from your camp? We're about down to the rind."

A peculiar look, half of concern, half of shame crossed the other's face.

"Unless you're all out I can't—wouldn't dare," he replied earnestly, in a low voice. "Everything ain't quite right over there." He jerked his head significantly towards camp. "I'm storekeeper for 'em, an' if I know anything, those fifty tourists are goin' to need help this winter. The men that outfitted 'em must have been fools."

Magregor nodded in grave surprise. Things *must* be serious. The refusal of a grub stake in winter was a rare thing.

"Oh, we'll make out all right," he said cheerfully, "don't think anything more about it."

Gertrude made ready quickly. Rather than wait for the dogs she decided to tramp the two miles with the men.

"And besides," she said, "I guess Bergman is about wild."

June who, since the arrival of the searching party, had heard nothing but Bergman, expressed her curiosity.

"Who is Bergman," she asked, "your director?"

"Nope. The owner of Stellar. He's wasting a lot of time up here when he ought to be in New York 'tending to business."

June was puzzled. Bergman's anxiety and Gertrude's familiar contempt of one in his exalted position struck an unpleasant note. A vague, repellent wonder dawned in her mind.

When she stood ready to go, Gertrude led June a little to one side.

"I suppose I owe you a great deal, dearie," she said, "so if you ever come to New York, be sure and look me up. Meantime I suppose you will see Paul."

"Probably, if the Graphics haven't gone back," June replied imperturbably.

"Well, if you do," and the lady smiled sweetly, "tell him how you met his wife, and say that she loves him in the same old way. Also you might add that she still considers divorce a very sinful proceeding"—she laughed—"and that unfortunately her health remains exceptionally good."

It was a last desperate shot and it went home.

June turned away suddenly without replying, and Gertrude tingled with satisfaction. The two did not speak together again, and a few minutes later Gertrude left with the guides.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 350 North Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

Sandwiches a la Movie

By LILLIAN BLACKSTONE



SANDWICHES are always gladly welcomed—particularly the new ones—since sandwiches of all kinds and descriptions are in great demand. And, owing to the world-wide interest in the “movies” and especially in the players themselves, we are presenting some new combinations in sandwiches named after and adapted to various “movie players.” Each one bespeaks the character of both the actress and the type of play in which she usually appears.

Theda Bara Sandwich

Suggests something spicy and peppery when you think of Theda Bara, doesn't it? For she is the world-renowned vampire and that type of a person always suggests those very things. Likewise, the Theda Bara sandwiches are of a peppery nature—the kind that bites a little and says “more.”

Ingredients: Slices of toast.
Minced ham.
Mayonnaise dressing.
Sliced pimento.
Sliced sweet pickles.

On one of the slices of toast you put a layer of the minced ham and on this is sprinkled a little mayonnaise dressing. Then you put a few of the pimentos on



this—enough to suit your taste—and then some more of the mayonnaise. Then put a few pieces of the pickle on all of this. Another piece of toast and the sandwich is made. Serve warm.

Mary Pickford Sandwich

“The darling of the movies” does make a person think of something dainty and tempting. Everything about Little Mary suggests that and so does the sandwich. Nothing could be daintier than the combination that follows:

Ingredients: White bread cut thin.
Mayonnaise dressing.
Yolks of several hard boiled eggs.
Lettuce leaves.

On a buttered piece of white bread put first a lettuce leaf and then a layer of the yolks of hard boiled eggs that have previously been pulverized and mixed in with some mayonnaise. Then a lettuce leaf, another piece of the bread, and you have a Mary Pickford sandwich—a tempting combination.

Beverly Bayne Sandwich

Another dainty thought when Beverly Bayne is mentioned—but a little more sub-

stantial than the last sandwich. Miss Bayne is loveliness personified and a sandwich named for her would have to be good indeed.

Ingredients: White bread, cut thin.
Lettuce leaves.
Pressed chicken.
Chopped olives and sweet pickles.

After buttering a slice of bread put on a lettuce leaf. On this spread a layer of the pressed chicken and then some chopped olives and pickles. Another lettuce leaf, another piece of bread, and the sandwich is completed.

Edna Payne Sandwich

We can't forget the little Western actresses who do so many daring things for our entertainment, especially when the fascinating Edna Payne is one of them. And what does this little actress and her acting remind you of? A dash of pepper, a dash of something sweet, and bits of other stuffs making a delightful melange. Let us explain.

Ingredients: White bread, sliced, of medium thickness.
Neufchatel cheese.
Ground salted almonds.
Sliced pimento.

On a piece of buttered white bread put some neufchatel cheese, or any other kind of cream cheese if preferred. Then a layer of ground salted almonds and a few pieces of the pimento. Another slice of buttered bread and you have the Edna Payne sandwich—just the thing for an afternoon tea in the winter season with a cup of steaming cocoa.

Alice Joyce Sandwich

Can we ever forget "Sweet Alice?" Even her absence from the screen of late doesn't make her any the less lovable. And no concoction can be too dainty for her. Hence, a delightful sandwich that is so tempting that three or four doesn't half satisfy you.

Ingredients: White bread sliced very thin.
Lettuce leaves.
Minced onion.
Mayonnaise dressing.

Of course by this time you know that

the piece of bread is first considered. Butter it sparingly and then place a lettuce leaf on it. Next some of the minced onion—just a little—and then the mayonnaise dressing. Another lettuce leaf and at last another piece of bread. Sunday evening lunches are never complete without a dish of "Joyces."

Violet Mersereau Sandwich

Who has not watched this little actress with delight as she flitted upon the screen? Always fascinating, this charming little screen player has delighted thousands—yes, millions. And we hope this sandwich will please just as many.

Ingredients: Rye bread cut thin.
Minced ham.
Ground olives.
Mustard.
Sour pickles.

On a piece of the rye bread—buttered—place some minced ham which has been previously mixed with the ground olives; then a dash of mustard, a slice of sour pickle, another slice of bread, and you are ready to try a very tempting sandwich—appetizing and substantial. After tasting a sandwich made in this way you can never forget it, and this suggests the magnetism of Violet herself. Having once seen her the charming impression lingers.

Lillian Gish Sandwich

Shall we forget dear little Lillian Gish—"Griffith's prize"? Never! Her sandwich must be one of those light, airy kinds that are so often served with lemonade in "the good old summer-time." Of course grape juice is at present more fashionable than lemonade but this goes as well with one as the other. Lillian Gish sandwiches are and can be eaten and enjoyed with anything.

Ingredients: White bread.
Lettuce leaves.
Hard boiled eggs—sliced.
Mayonnaise dressing.

On the lettuce leaf, which has been put on a piece of the bread, put slices of the hard boiled eggs and mayonnaise. Then another piece of the lettuce and lastly a slice of bread. Result: a sandwich that charms, just as dainty Miss Gish never fails to do on the screen.

Mary Charleson

MARY CHARLESON flitted onto the screen horizon with a pair of Irish gray-blue eyes that are large and photograph beautifully, with black hair that forms a thick curl when coiled about one's finger, with a convent education that made her voice a valuable stage asset and with a claim to stage experience that at once made her of value to the maker of motion pictures.

It would be well to announce at

Miss Charleson as she appeared in "The Road o' Strife."



Above, Crane Wilbur with a brand new coat of arms.

once that Mary Charleson is of a pleasing, unassuming type, who is liked wherever she goes. At present she is with the Lubin Company at its

Philadelphia Studio, playing in a number of short length pictures.

She was born in Dungannon, Ireland, in 1893. Her parents brought her to this country when she was very young. They settled in the West and Mary attended a convent school in Los Angeles.

It is said that all through her childhood she kept worrying her parents by telling them she was going on the stage as soon as she was through school.

"Yes," Mary admitted, "and when I was through school I did go on the stage. I started at the Belasco Theatre in Los Angeles and then was ingenue with the Grand Opera Stock Company in that city. I was in repertoire in a number of different companies on the Pacific coast and when I returned to Los Angeles I started my work in pictures.

"The Selig Company was the first one I worked in and I left it to go into comic opera with Dorothy Morton. After a season in 'Checkers,' I was with the Reliance, Eclair and Republic companies, and when I went west it was to join the Vitagraph Company there."

PHOTOPLAY TITLE CONTEST

Number I—Complete in this issue. For explanation see opposite page.

FIND TITLES IN THIS LIST

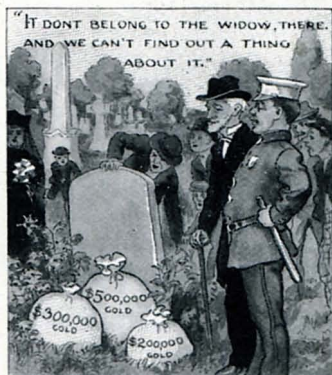
A BAD Man and Others
 Nearly a Lady
 Across the Way
 Above the Abyss
 A Marriage of Convenience
 At the Edge of Things
 A Red Man's Heart
 The Million Dollar Mystery
 At the End of a Perfect Day
 The Night
 Ben-Hur
 The Edge of Night
 Booming Trixie
 Into the Dark
 Caught in the Act
 When the Light Came In
 The Colleen Bawn
 Daughter of Kings
 The Coward
 A Disciple of Plato
 Marriage of Kitty
 The Face at the Window
 Call of Yesterday
 The Fixer
 The City
 Getting Rid of Algy
 The Gold in the Crock
 Commanding Officer
 Her Birthday Present
 Madame Butterfly
 His Last Fight
 Guarding Old Glory
 In Search of the Castaways
 Second in Command
 The Kangaroo
 Brother Officers
 King and the Man
 Stonewall Jackson's Way
 Love, Snow and Ice
 A Spy for a Day
 The Missing Man
 The Spy
 Morning Paper
 After the Storm
 Old Curiosity Shop
 In the Valley
 Perils of Pauline
 Into the Foothills
 A Bag of Gold
 In the Hills Beyond
 Adam's Ancestors
 In the Southern Hills
 Against Heavy Odds
 An Idyll of the Hills
 In the Heart of the Hills
 An American Citizen
 A Relic of Old Japan
 Ben Bolt
 In the Open
 In the Twilight
 Beppo
 The Bondwoman
 The City of Darkness
 Caught with the Goods
 A Peach and a Pair
 A False Beauty
 The Comet
 The Daughters of Men
 A Girl and Two Boys
 Faces in the Night
 Fleur de Lys
 A Girl of the Seasons
 A Happy Pair
 Where the Road Divided
 Her Birthday Present
 The Wanderer
 Kathleen, the Irish
 The Warming
 Love, Speed and Thrills
 It Happened on Friday
 Love's Strategy
 The Dawn of a Tomorrow
 Cousin Billy
 Bad Man Mason

Honor Thy Father
 The Way Out
 The Moth and the Flame
 The Valley of Silent Men
 The Old Derelict
 A Barnyard Flirtation
 The Valley of the Shadow
 The Trail of the Upper Yukon
 The Alien
 A Daughter's Sacrifice
 A Gambling Rube
 A Message for Help
 The Turning of the Road
 Arizona
 The Turning Point
 The Other Man
 Neptune's Daughter
 At the Flood Tide
 Betty's Dream Hero
 Chains of Bondage
 The Panther
 Daylight
 The Rivals
 Fair, Fat and Saucy
 The Sharpshooter
 Flight of a Night Bird
 Getting the Gardener's Goat
 Her Convert
 Rags
 The Hidden City
 In Tangled Webs
 Keno, Bates, Liar
 The Honeyymooners
 The Birth of a Nation
 Lovers' Post Office
 Their One Love
 Miss Jekyll and Madame Hyde
 On Dangerous Paths
 The Knight of the Trials
 The Last House
 Motherhood
 The Little Soldier Man
 Old Enough to Be Her Grandpa
 The Lost Treasure
 Petrof the Vassal
 The Darkening Trail
 A Bear Affair
 The Danger Line
 A Gentleman for a Day
 That Springtime Feeling
 Carmen
 A Midas of the Desert
 Around the Corner
 The Baby Show
 The Chasm
 The Better Way
 A Day on the Force
 The Terror of the Mountains
 The False Clue
 Tangled Paths
 Soldiers of Misfortune
 The Double Chase
 The Gilded Cage
 The Key to Possession
 Shore Acres
 The Road to Yesterday
 The Money-Sharks
 Old Man
 The Rounders
 The Little Blonde in Black
 Price She Paid
 A Bold Impersonation
 In the Purple Hills
 Between Dances
 A Change for the Better
 In Wildman's Land
 The Captive
 Her Great Scoop
 In the Firelight
 The Kickout
 Movin' Pitchers
 The Other Train
 The Figure in Black
 The Girl from the East
 After the Storm

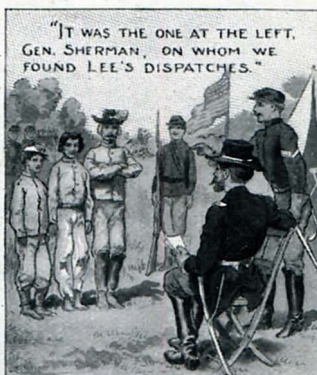
Pokes and Jabbs
 A Chase by Moonlight
 Around the World in Ten Minutes
 An Hour Before Dawn
 One of our Girls
 Jordan is a Hard Road
 Old Heidelberg
 A Tale of the North West Mounted
 The Secret Sin
 The Criminal
 Hypocrites
 Fighting Bob
 The House of a Thousand Candles
 Mumps
 A Dog's Love
 Battle in the Clouds
 The Littlest Rebel
 Cupid Takes a Taxi
 The Guilt
 In High Life
 Kidnapped at Church
 The Musician's Daughter
 Putting One Over
 Jack and the Beanstalk
 Lena Rivers
 A City Beautiful
 Business vs. Love
 The Black Mask
 Freckles
 House with Nobody in It
 My Lost One
 A Child of the Surf
 A Fireside Realization
 Mistakes Will Happen
 The Pretenders
 A Divine Decree
 Crossed Wires
 Gene of the Northland
 An Equal Chance
 The Idlers
 Little Grey Lady
 The New Butler
 Disappearing Necklace
 Lambs Gamble
 Officer 666
 Playing with Fire
 A Flight for a Fortune
 Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight
 Frenchy
 In Old Town
 Last Days of Pompeii
 The Phantom Happiness
 The Record Breaker
 The Accomplish
 At the Sign of the Flaming Cross
 Damaged Goods
 The Hired Girl
 The Lion and the Mouse
 At the Hour of Dawn
 The Musician's Daughter
 Over Night
 Absinthe
 A Crook's Sweetheart
 Barren Gain
 For Cash
 The Lost Sermon
 Not Wanted
 Playing Dead
 The Naked Truth
 Learning to be a Father
 Destiny's Trump Card
 The Magic Note
 The Old Grouch
 Coincidence
 A Bunch of Keys
 Hypnotic Monkey
 The Klondyke Bubble
 Over Secret Wires
 An Eavesdropper
 A City Beautiful
 The Bells of Death
 An Indian Legend

FOURTEEN CASH PRIZES

FOR the correct or nearest correct answers to these pictures. The awards are cash, without any string whatever to them. This is the first of a series of novel feature contests to interest and benefit our readers at absolutely no cost to them—the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE way. The awards are all for this month's contest.



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2



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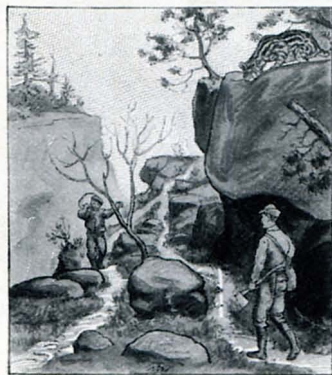
THE PRIZES

- 1st Prize, \$10.00.
- 2nd Prize, \$5.00.
- 3rd Prize, \$3.00.
- 4th Prize, \$2.00.
- Ten Prizes, \$1.00 each.

Each scene represents the name of a popular photoplay which will be found in the list on the opposite page. These illustrations are not of scenes from the plays, but are of the titles. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded to those tying.



5



6



7



8

Directions

Write plainly below each picture the title which you think it best represents. Place your own name and complete address on the margin at the bottom of this page. Cut the leaf out and mail it to "Title Contest," PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 350 North Clark Street, Chicago. Or you may send in your answers on a separate sheet of paper. Number your answers to correspond with the numbers of the pictures. We have eliminated from this contest all red tape and expense to you, so please do not ask us questions. All answers must be mailed by February first. Awards for this list will be published in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Look for this contest each month.



Tailoring One's Face

MAKE-UP IN THE MOVIES: A TASK
A PROBLEM, AN ENTIRELY NEW ART.

By James Young

(Illustrated by Photographs of the Actor-Director
Himself, in a Variety of His Screen and
Stage Characterizations)

MANY a picture play is made or ruined before the mirror in the dressing room; a dark assertion, which I will proceed to illuminate.

In moving pictures we have to act before a spectator absolutely accurate in his impressions of us, and he prints those impressions on his memory with merciless truth, in no wise distracted from his duty by any personal fondness for the actor. Not music, nor voice, nor incense tickle his ears and nose while we hoodwink his eyes. That spectator is the camera and the camera's memory is the film. Rather fan-



Above, a portrait. At the right Mr. Young's studies of Shylock and Eugene Marchbanks.



tastic metaphor, perhaps, but how many of us, watching our own work in the projecting room, compare the film to a malicious memory pointing out faults and reminding us of errors like a guilty conscience! Furthermore that memory tells tales to the moving picture spectator—and there's the rub.

Moving picture audiences expect more

realism, more truth in pictures than ever was demanded of the stage. If they don't get it they express their disapproval in the most emphatic way conceivable; they simply go to other picture plays that do give it to them. They quickly discover "faked" matter, and they take personal offense at faults in make-up and atmosphere. That explains why an actor spends much of his life in front of his make-up mirror; why the research department worries into nervous break-down; why producers spend thousands of dollars transporting companies to the countries in which the story is laid.

Once for the sake of realism, I remember, I was going to sacrifice my dear friend, Templar Saxe's suit of hair.

"It's for art, Templar," I told him. "Come on now, like a good fellow, and we'll buy you a nice toupee afterwards, and give you two hundred dollars as a bonus."

"Well, Jim," he said, absent mindedly, for he was counting the money into his pocket, "it isn't for the two hundred, you understand, but for your sake and art's. The barber-ous thing shall be done."

Templar was to appear in a comedy by Sydney Drew, called "Beauty Unadorned." Briefly, a millionaire has a daughter in love with a bogus count. Templar was the count. The millionaire, to break his daughter of the attachment, decides to get her and the count aboard his yacht, and keep them there, until love is disillusioned or dies of ennui. Out at sea the millionaire peers into the count's stateroom, one night, after the latter has retired, and sees just how false the noble person is. With a fish hook and cane he abstracts a toupee, false teeth, corset, glass eye and other beauty aids. Then a cry of "Ship's sinking!" brings the "beauty unadorned" running on deck, into the arms of the girl, who of course is properly disillusioned.

Now a false bald head, while not noticeable on the stage, is violently evident on the screen. I wanted to escape that. I was even willing to sacrifice Templar's locks to escape it. Our contract was made. Imagine my consternation when Templar's wife—he was newly married, too—came rushing upon me, her eyes crowded with tears and anger. She stamped her foot. I jumped two feet.

"I will not permit it," she said inexorably. "I could not bear to wake up and

see Templar's bald head snuggled down in the pillow. It would remind me of something a hen laid. Then I would think of ham and eggs, and I just can't bear ham. So there!"

Now a false bald head had never been made which looked like anything but a false bald head. I was in despair. It was late and the "shooting" began next day. I thought of Plunket, the German wig-maker.

"It is impossible," I said, "but the Germans are experts at doing the impossible." I legged it for Plunket. He swore at being disturbed. I argued, and finally he set that methodical German head of his at work, and the thing was done. He made that bald wig with forehead, eye-brows and all, so that no blending was apparent except at the bridge of the nose, and that place he made to look like a spectacle mark. It was perfect. I made Templar give me back the two hundred.

I remember the advent of yellow powder for make-up. My wife, Clara Kimball Young, had always used a pink powder, which resulted in a chalkiness of face, especially for make-up. I think the yellow powder originated at the Biograph studios. Some extra girls introduced Mrs. Young to it, and the chalky defect was at once obviated. There is one thing it is necessary to combat all the time because of the persistence of women in the error. They do not seem able to restrain the barbaric desire to see their lips crimson with red, regardless of advice, and the awful effect apparent in the pictures. They might as well paint their lips jet black. Good effects can be obtained by delicately outlining the lips with a light shade of red by which the shape may be improved. But the red should be blended and become lighter as it approaches the edges of the lips.

The eyes in all cases should be made up, but differently from stage make-up. There should be shadows instead of decided lines around the eyes. Blue should never be used. Black is preferable. The eyelashes may be accentuated by a little black, but big globs are ruinous.

One of the greatest achievements in make-up was that of Clara Kimball Young, on The Vitagraph World Tour, wherein each character that she represented was of a different nationality. She succeeded in submerging her individuality entirely in



At the right, a study of Mr. Young in an Ibsen play. Adjoining, his most notable comedy characterization, "Brown of Harvard."

her characterizations, the perfect Jap, the perfect Chinese, the perfect Samoan and Burmese.

For the Burmese girl Mrs. Young went through an ordeal of make-up. It took two hours to dress her hair, with the assistance of a native hair-dresser. A wig was not worn, and it was necessary to paint Mrs. Young's own hair with black masacro. Nearly the entire body was stained also. It took hours under the shower and the efforts of three or four

native women to get this make-up off.

In making up for pictures there is but one end in view, to make the character appear real, and avoid the semblance of artificiality. Acting for the pictures is not the only art in the play. There is another art, almost as important, that comes before any acting at all. And that is the art of faithful resemblance. For, as I said before, a picture play can be made or ruined, especially ruined, right in front of the dressing room mirrors.

Fourteen Cash Prizes

FOR the correct, or nearest correct, answers to the pictures in our new Photoplay Title Contest we will award cash prizes, without any string whatever to them. You are not asked to buy anything or subscribe to anything. All you need to do is to send in your answers. The first of these new

Photoplay Title Contests

will be found complete in this issue. It will give you the keen pleasure of an interesting game and a real money prize besides if you win.

☐ Look for this Contest each month. It is just another department of the national movie publication, presented solely for your entertainment and benefit.



Herbert Rawlinson, Canadian Mounted Police. in "Nobody Home." Blanche Ring in "Under Cover." Frances Ring in a Bridal Scene. Grace Cunard in "Captain Courtesy." Winifred Kingston

"Puncher" Campeau Attends A Doll "Round-Up"

By Grace Kingsley

FRANK CAMPEAU, last week attended a doll's convention (sawdust ones!) being held at one of the big hotels in Los Angeles, in behalf of sweet charity. The dolls were all contributed by motion picture and stage stars who sent in dolls representing such actors in well known roles.

Mr. Campeau, originator of "Trampas" in "The Virginian," with Dustin Farnum, admitted that he too had "cut out" a doll from "the herd in the store," dressed it like "Trampas," and sent it to the "doll round-up."

Mr. Campeau's remarks anent the said "round-up" were distinctly amusing.

"Yep, I've branded

a doll and put him in the corral," exclaimed Campeau. "Dressed it myself, yes'm. Learned to sew in my cow-boy days, and that doll's some doll." It was indeed "some doll," but a very innocent looking Trampas!

"What a calm lot! Say, there isn't an ounce of temperament in the whole bunch. Quiet as a deaf and dumb prayer-meeting. Camera registering peace hard enough to bust itself.

"Did De Wolf Hopper send a doll? He did. 'They wanted me to auction off my doll,' says Hopper, 'but not I. Why should I send an innocent doll out into the cruel world all unprepared? If you can find a good



Dorothy Gish and Frank Campeau in "Jordan is a Hard Road."



*Bob Leonard
as Indian Chief.*

*Ella Hall
as "Jewell."*

*Henry McRae as
a Los Angeles Booster.*

*Fred Church as
the Atlantic City Flirt.*

*Myrtle Stedman as
 Sylvia in "Peer Gynt."*

home for a doll, where she will lead the sheltered life, and doesn't pine her heart's sawdust out longing for some one who understands her, well and good. No, sir, I shall buy that doll for my boy before the show begins.'

"And here's Tully Marshall's 'Joe Brooks' from 'Paid in Full.' Marshall never was round and chubby like that, I'll bet, but the open-front clothes are all right.

"And here's Marie Doro's double. Humph! Works its eyes, all right, but doesn't begin to deliver Marie's carefully arranged optical maneuvers.

"If here isn't Mae Marsh's doll. Cute little trick, Mae. But that's no child of Mae's; has a face as expressive as a hot-water bag. She's got the cradles mixed. It's Mae's scenery all right,—little gingham dress of 'little sister' in 'Birth of a Nation,' and all that,—but it isn't Mae.

"And here's a cold storage Orrin Johnson! All dressed up like an Indian, too. Orrin, who wears biled shirts every day, and nearly bought a wrist-watch last week.

"Who's the office girl? Oh, Fay

Tincher, of course,—and with her professional chewing gum. Nothing the matter with Fay's office girl, either, except her stenoging technique.

"Next we have Lillian Gish, the lillie laureate of the silent drama. But this doll's complexion isn't a bit like Miss Lillian's—the color comes but it doesn't go.

"Dorothy Gish, you say? Not a bit like. This sawdust queen looks as meek as a missionary at a cannibal convention. Whoever saw Dorothy Gish like that?

"And Rhea Mitchell, the sincere little clover blossom.

"Also Seena Owen, still as feathers, yet clad as in 'The Lamb,' in which her temperament, you will remember, temped 'round quite some.

"An honest-to-goodness hand-painted leading lady, Norma Talmadge. But any time the charming Norma looks like that—Why, if she did, she'd have no more chance for screen prizes than a canary at a cat convention.

"Sorry I must be going. It's sure exciting to be playing gallery at a doll's convention."



JUST A FEW LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

Copyright 1915

Honest Opinion From the Front

Ft. Wayne, Ind.

EDITOR, ROCKS & ROSES.

Gentlemen:—Since you have invited comment upon plays and players, I am going to unburden my mind. First, the ambitiousless F. X. Bushman was once a real actor, qualified to play opposite the beautiful Beverly Bayne, but he now seems content to be stationary and expressionless. I was formerly an ardent Bushman fan, but "The Silent Voice" was the last straw.

Marguerite Clark appeals more to me than Mary Pickford, but considering the adulation "Little Mary" enjoys, she seems remarkably unspoiled. Theda Bara is incomparable in Vampire parts but falls short on lighter roles. Blanche Sweet, tho much featured, like Bushman, does much posing and little acting. Velma Whitman deserves more credit than she gets as also does Norma Talmadge.

But I must return to the men, "God bless 'em." Carlyle Blackwell is splendid and he gets no credit from anyone. Success to your staff.

DOROTHY BACHELOR.

From a Jersey Quarry

Patterson, N. J.

MY DEAR EDITOR.

You receive so many compliments for your magazine that I think you can stand a few criticisms. Of course I think your magazine great, but lately I've been so disappointed. What do you mean, Mr. Editor, by having such awful pictures on the cover? Please, please, have pretty colored photographs instead of handpainted faces. Your cover designs of Florence Lawrence, Beatrice Michelena, and others are great. Can't we have more like them?

Otherwise your magazine is great; see if you can have it twice a month. But please grant my cover request. With best wishes,

EVE NOWICKE.

Warning From a Stungee

Englewood, Colo.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Where do photoplay schools and teachers

get their stamps, wholesale or print them themselves. Some of the schools are like an old coyote that is out here. Said coyote got one fat hen but still insists on getting more after he has been shot at twice. Schools and photoplay teachers are just the same; send them your address and they will make "U. S. richer." They insist on getting your money same as the coyote wants the hens. How many readers have swallowed the bait? I did and got stung. If any reader has had any success, I'd be glad to hear from them. A constant reader,

ERNEST REHER.

Give the Young 'Uns a Chanst!

Providence, R. I.

EDITOR OF "ROCKS AND ROSES."

Don't think I can add anything in the line of originality to the praise of "PHOTOPLAY" each month, voiced by fans, but send my little "rose" right along anyway.

At first I used to class it "one of the best," now it is "The Best." Congratulations on seeming to know the fan's wants. You certainly cater to them to their satisfaction.

One "rock." Please devote more space to exploiting some of the newer, younger players. The older ones have had more than their share of publicity in most cases. Best wishes,

R. M. MONROE.

"Used Your Soap Two Years Ago—"

Montclair, N. J.

EDITOR OF PHOTOPLAY.

Altho I am not a regular subscriber to the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, I buy it every month. I read it once two years ago and have not missed it for one month since. It grows better each month, and from cover to cover I find no place to criticize. Sincerely,

ESTHER KAPELSOHN.

Rose for F. X's. Bush

Oshkosh, Wis.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: It is not alone the earnest and forceful portrayal of character given by Mr. Bushman that impresses me, but the absolute cleanness of every act and gesture, his innate

refinement which is so satisfying to right thinking spectators. There is room for improvement along this line in a few of our so-called screen stars. A star sheds a pure light.
Yours, HELEN HORAN.

A Suggestion

Bronx, N. Y.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Editor: I have been reading your magazine for over a year and have introduced it to three of my friends. Wishing your magazine the greatest of successes, I remain your constant reader,
MISS ROSE SHEIN.

"Following Mary Around"

Roxburg, Mass.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen: I saw Mary Pickford in "Esmeralda" last night and I was terribly disappointed. There was no story to it all—merely following Mary around. Why don't they give her something as good as "Helene of the North." That was perfectly grand. We all love "Little Mary" but I do wish we could see her in something good.

Respectfully, C. G. CROOKS.

Movied to Matrimony

Mrs. John Gray, of Wadesboro, N. C., sends us the following clipping from the Charlotte, N. C., *Observer*:

RETURNED TO SHOW.

Mr. Roan Lowe and Miss Pearl Huntley Wed.

Wadesboro, Oct. 16.—Evidently the influence of the "movies" brought about the time, the place and the girl for Mr. Roan Lowe last night about 8:30, for as he and Miss Pearl Huntley were at the "movies" they suddenly decided to make one of the love scenes a reality and hastened to the home of Rev. S. M. Hanff, the Episcopal rector, and were united in marriage. After the ceremony they returned to the playhouse and resumed their seats. Mr. Lowe is a member of the city police force and his bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Huntley.

Scoldings Do Us Good

Toronto, Canada.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: It was really owing to your "Chaplin Story" in PHOTOPLAY that first induced me to get the magazine, but in October number were you not a little hard in your remarks regarding Mr. Chaplin's saving habits. It takes brains to make money and it takes even more ability to keep it when you do get it. To hear anyone laugh heartily at a

stage comedy is very rare but when Chaplin plays are put on it is a different story! Fifty thousand people saw "Tillie's Punctured Romance" here—a record for Toronto. Hope you won't be angry at my objections but the "saving lecture" may do you some good too.

HARRY P. CARR.

Anent "Little Mary"

Chicago, Ill.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sirs: The story about Little Mary in your last issue was great, and ever since finishing it I've waited impatiently for the coming issue. It's impossible to tell you just what I think of Little Mary. All I

can say is, she's the dearest, sweetest, and greatest of them all. There is no one as good as, or better than Mary Pickford and I am sure that there are millions that agree. With the best wishes in the world to THE magazine, I remain,

WITHOUT A NAME.

We Don't Get Many—That's Why

New York City.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

You have a department called "Rocks and Roses" but very few "Rocks" gain an entrance to it. Sincerely,

ANONYMOUS.

Danger! Is He a Mexican?

El Paso, Texas.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY.

While looking at a news stand the other day I took a glance at PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. I ran over the pages in haste, and found out that it was the very thing I was looking for. In my opinion is the magazine that brings the best information about the movies. Very truly,

MANUEL ANCHONDO.



Photoplay In a Peach Orchard

Brooklyn, N. Y.

EDITOR, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

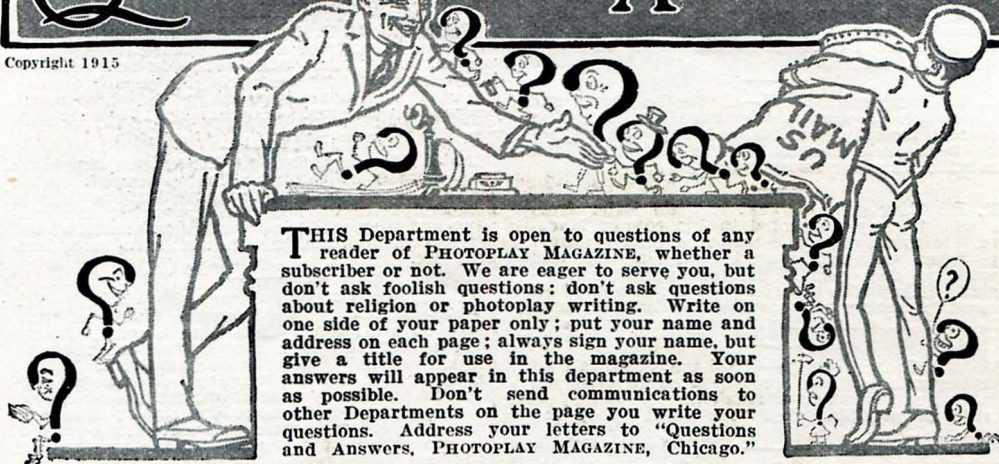
Gentlemen: Words cannot express the delight we take in reading your very excellent magazine. Just to show you how much we enjoy it, we are sending you a picture which we took at an outing, with PHOTOPLAY as one of our "entertainers." Hoping your success will continue,

Respectfully yours,

THE FIVE PHOTOPLAY FANS,
Per RAE SCHATZ.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

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THIS Department is open to questions of any reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, whether a subscriber or not. We are eager to serve you, but don't ask foolish questions; don't ask questions about religion or photoplay writing. Write on one side of your paper only; put your name and address on each page; always sign your name, but give a title for use in the magazine. Your answers will appear in this department as soon as possible. Don't send communications to other Departments on the page you write your questions. Address your letters to "Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Chicago."

D. C. B., LINCOLN, NEB.—"You probably have answered these questions before but I am a new reader of your magazine." That is the spirit; a new reader has hundreds of questions and even if they have been answered in a previous issue it makes no difference—ask them anyway. Older members of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE family remember when they first became interested in moving pictures. They know how badly they wanted to know things and they will not mind seeing answers repeated sometimes, we are sure. No, Blanche Sweet is not married and she is the only member of her family in films. She is a Chicagoan of American parentage. Edith Storey's home is in New York and she plays at the Vitagraph studio in Brooklyn.

E. A. B., SILVER PLUME, COLO.—Yes, Thanhouser produced a version of "Carmen," quite awhile ago and the cast is interesting on account of the well known names contained in it. Marguerite Snow was *Carmen*, (played for Lasky by Farrar and for Fox by Bara); William Russell was *Escamillo*, the Toreador; William Garwood, was *Don Jose* (played by Wally Reid for Lasky); Jack Adolphi was *Morales*, an officer; and Peggy Reed was *Carmen's* adversary in the cigarette factory. *Pastia*, the tavern keeper, is not included, nor is *Don Jose's* sweetheart, *Michaëla*.

C. C., ROXBURY, MASS.—*Eleanor Ames*, the sister of the football hero, in "The Mating," is Margaret Thompson; the girl who dared fate itself and won a lover was Bessie Barriscale; and the girl who disliked her so was Enid Markey. Oh, yes, and the football hero who proved such a good conspirator was Lewis J. Cody. Conway Tearle has appeared in quite a number of the Famous Players' releases in the last few months and will undoubtedly appear in more. Typewritten? Always: to receive any consideration at all a manuscript simply must be typewritten.

J. S., KALAMAZOO, MICH.—Your information is correct, for neither Earle Williams nor Anita Stewart is married. *Young Stuyvesant*, in "Aristocracy" was William Roselle, and he played the part of *Ramon* in "The Million." He is with one of the Mutual companies and is appearing on their program. "The Key to Yesterday," featuring Carlyle Blackwell was released just a year ago. Regarding the stupendous task of securing a suitable vehicle for Mary Pickford each month, read the comment in "The Shadow Stage" on page 89 of the December issue. This is a comment that applies to many other stars as well but especially to her because of her preeminent position.

L. W. H., MONTGOMERY, ALA.—David Belasco is one of America's most noted playwrights and theatrical producers; his is the artistic genius which has planned and directed the production of some of the supreme dramatic conceptions of the American stage. Sir Arthur Wing Pinero is one of the leading, if not the foremost, English dramatist; one whose plays have been recognized masterpieces for many years. George M. Cohan is an American actor, dramatist and producer, noted for his musical comedy efforts. Eugene Walter is a modern American playwright whose efforts have been principally devoted to drama, in many cases dealing with domestic problems. These men whom you mention are four of the most prominent modern dramatists, and their efforts cover nearly all phases of dramatic effort—it is a very representative group.

QUALITY PICTURES CORPORATION is in the market for two and five reel feature plays to vehicle Francis X. Bushman. They want genuine interest first and foremost and desire completed scenarios with synopsis. Send manuscripts to the scenario department, 228 West 35th Street, New York City.

H. M. Y., ATLANTA, GA.—In "The Unafraid," the two brothers were House Peters and Page Peters. House Peters has appeared in numerous films, probably the most successful being "The Girl of the Golden West," "The Captive," and "The Warrens of Virginia." Page Peters is with Pallas pictures and will be seen on the same programme with Famous Players, Lasky and Morosco plays.

J. E., NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.—Neither the Answer Man nor Captain Peacocke can take the time to criticize manuscripts; it has been found absolutely out of the question to try to do so, and readers should not send plays to us, nor write letters of inquiry to us regarding photoplay matters. Keep right on studying Captain Peacocke's "Hints." Make a note book and jot down ideas that come to you in studying them. Analyze your own plays in the light of Captain Peacocke's articles: size up the films you see and determine wherein they are deficient, and wherein they are good. Ask yourself "Why was this play good or bad, and how could I have improved it?" And another thing, go to your public library and get the books which are available on the drama, and allied subjects; they are the very best sort of reading. Too many of the books offered the public run to mechanical forms and matters useless to a person who has the broader dramatic foundation to stand upon. There is no magic in the word "photo"—you are interested in "drama." Study it.

J. E. T. OGDEN, UTAH.—Helen Holmes of "Hazardous of Helen" fame, is now with Mutual; the Helen Holmes playing London in "Kick In" is another person, an actress of the "legitimate" stage. By an odd coincidence their names are identical. Helen-of-the-Films is a Chicagoan, the daughter of Otis E. Holmes, and was born June 19, 1893. She has had no stage experience whatever, going from Keystone to Kalem to Universal, and now to Signal of Mutual.

L. W. ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Carter De Haven and Flora Parker De Haven, who have been filmed by Universal recently, are husband and wife. They have been well known on the legitimate and vaudeville stage for many years.

E. B. VANCOUVER.—"Just a little letter from one who is very interested in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. It is only since becoming a reader that I have taken so much interest in the movies, and I want to drop you a line of appreciation tonight." This is the experience of thousands; their interest in moving pictures has gone hand in hand with their interest in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

M. K. SALEM, OREG.—We have noted all of your requests and we shall be glad to give you pictures and interviews through the magazine just as soon as possible. Tell "the bunch" they can count on it.

D. M. S. SANTA ANA, CALIF.—"Emmy of Stork's Nest" and "Barbara Fritchie" are Mary Miles Minter's two latest pictures. Carlyle Blackwell is with the World and has dark eyes and hair.

R. E. V. SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—In "The Cup of Life," the two sisters are Bessie Barriscale and Enid Markey, the former the blonde, the latter the brunette. Bessie Barriscale was the wife who came to realize money was but a small part of life, in "The Golden Claw," an Ince-Triangle; and Enid Markey was *Kalanineco*, the Princess of the South Sea Isle in "Aloha Oe," opposite Willard Mack.

G. M. W. GLEN RIDGE, N. J.—Instead of sending us clippings from pictures, mention the names of some plays in which this person appears and we shall gladly tell you who it is. Gladden James is the man, but we can not tell from the picture who is playing opposite. You will find the address you wish in the Directory. *Virian Gray* in "The Awakening" was Dorothy Leeds and *Jo* was Anita Stewart.

E. A. D. BUFFALO.—There is an interview with Theda Bara in the September issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, and we will gladly send you a copy on receipt of the usual 15c. Your information is very interesting and we are pleased to have it on file.

S. P. PUTNAM, CONN.—We have not interviewed Maurice Costello in quite awhile but undoubtedly shall before long. Why don't you write him at the Vitagraph office regarding the pictures?

W. H. B. NEW HAVEN, CONN.—Gladys Huette and Pat O'Malley took the leading roles in "What Happened on the Burbuda" (an Edison). "Rags," a Famous Players' with Mary Pickford, was filmed in and around Los Angeles. We do not have figures on the salaries of the Fairbanks Twins or Jimmie Cruze; salaries as a rule are matters between the parties only. "What They Really Get," by Karl K. Kitchen in October PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE gives more information regarding salaries than any other article ever written.

A. E. C. FLINT, MICH.—"The Flying Twins," and "The Patriot and the Spy" were both Than-houser productions released several months ago. In the former the twins were Madeline and Marion Fairbanks; their father was Harry La Pearl; and their aunt and their protector, Nellie Parker Spaulding and Boyd Marshall. In the latter, the patriot was Jimmie Cruze; the spy, Alphonse Ethier; and the patriot's wife, Marguerite Snow. This picture was filmed near Tuckahoe, N. Y.

P. I. WEST BEND, WIS.—The girl, the mysterious unknown, on page 83 of the September issue is Gertrude McCoy. This was answered on page 158 of the October number, but it seems to have escaped many of our readers. So once more, and for all, Gertrude McCoy.

EQUITABLE M. P. CORPORATION announces that it is in the market for stories, either in synopsis or scenario form, that will make five reel features. They say that they are willing to pay high prices for stuff that is really worth while. Send manuscripts to the scenario department, 130 West 46th St., New York City.

A. G. HOUSTON, TEXAS.—Unless you happen to be personally acquainted with the scenario editor, never address him by name. Just send your manuscripts to the scenario department of a company and they will receive full consideration, even better consideration, as this method is more business like.

E. I. H. GILROY, CALIF.—No, indeed, Mae Marsh was not killed during the filming of "The Birth of a Nation." She came through all the horrors of that film war unscathed and ready to die a thousand times for her admirers. In the earlier stages of the photoplays, dialogue was entirely impromptu if used at all, but, as pointed out in the September issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE (page 73) it has become an indispensable part of the production of every film at the present day. It is natural for people to talk as they go through their parts and it greatly adds to the ease and therefore the effectiveness of the presentation.

B. H. JORDAN, PENNA.—Refer to the Directory for Philadelphia film companies and look over the theatre advertisements in the Philadelphia newspapers for announcements regarding musical comedies in that city.

J. R. C. ELIZABETH, N. J.—Mary Miles Minter was born April 1, 1902, down at Shreveport, Louisiana. Her first appearance before the public was with Nat Goodwin in "Cameo Kirby," later in "A Fool There Was," and then "The Littlest Rebel," with Dustin and William Farnum but she has forsaken the stage and will next be seen in "Barbara Fritchie." She has a sister, Margaret Shelby, who is playing with the "War Brides" company on the road. *Isobel*, in Selig's "Coyote," is Norma Nichols.

G. G. B. ATTLEBORO, MASS.—"Where the Trail Divides" was a Lasky film and Robert Edeson and Winifred Kingston played the roles of "How" and *Bess Rowland*. Miss Kingston did not play in "The Rose of the Rancho," but she did play *Mollie Wood* opposite Dustin Farnum in "The Virginian." In Lubin's "Lion and the Mouse," the *Money King* is George Soule Spencer; his son, Gaston Bell; *Judge Rossmore's daughter*, Ethel Clayton; *Mrs. Gordon*, Lillie Leslie.

F. H. ANNISTON, ALA.—Marguerite Courtot, Kalem's petite ray of smiling sunshine, is unmarried. She may try matrimony some day but she shakes her head dubiously when it is mentioned. Dorothy Gish is at Triangle's Fine Arts studio.

A. G. JAMAICA, N. Y.—Jean Southern is with the Fox people and their address is in the Directory; she was *Louise* in "Two Orphans," and Theda Bara was the other sister. William Farnum was born in Boston.

J. R. SAVANNAH, GA.—"Joe Martin Turns 'Em Loose" was the name of a two reel Universal wild animal picture. *Joe Martin* is an orang-utang, and his mischievous nature causes all the trouble—he turns all the animals loose, after he escaped from the old maid.

R. D. NEW YORK CITY and E. R. PARKERSBURG, W. VA.—Edith Storey, of the Vitagraph, is five feet five and a brunette. The "Dust of Egypt" is one of her late plays. Why do you not write Clara Kimball Young at the World Film Company's office and see if you can get a photograph from her? She would probably be glad to answer your letter at least.

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D. B., KNOXVILLE, TENN., G. M. L., YONKERS, N. Y., and E. B., ST. PAUL.—The Capt. Ford mentioned in the November issue on page 73 in the article "Locations," is one of the Lasky staff in Hollywood, and not Francis Ford, who is with Universal. Henry B. Walthall is with Essanay's Chicago studio and should be addressed in care of the company.

H. J. S., CHICAGO.—Jewel Hunt is a recent (comparatively) addition to the Vitagraph stock company, coming to them without stage or screen experience, though long a dancer in New York City, where she maintained a studio having a rather extensive clientele.

F. W., DORMONT, PENNA., and A. B., MONTREAL.—Betty in "Her Choice," was Frances NeMoyer and Harry, her sweetheart, was Raymond McKee. You will undoubtedly find interviews with several of your dozen within the next few issues. Watch for them.

M. W., TULSA, OKLA.—Thelma Salter is the youngest who is kidnapped in "An Alien," the latest filming of George Seban's stage success, "The Sign of the Rose." She has appeared in several recent Triangle releases. Blanche Sweet was interviewed in the April issue where she was the "Girl on the Cover."

B. M., CALGARY, ALTA.—"Marrying Money," played by Clara Kimball Young and Chester Barnett, was filmed in New York state. W. W. Jefferson, son of the late Joe Jefferson (Rip Van Winkle), played the part of James Sweeney, in the supporting cast.

E. W. F., ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA.—Father Kelly in "The Rosary," was Frank Clark, who may be addressed in care of the Selig studio in Los Angeles.

M. M. M., KANSAS CITY.—Lou Tellegen, who took the principal role in "The Explorer," is now being seen in "The Unknown," another Lasky film. Elsie Janis is not doing pictures just at the present time, but probably will come back at the end of the New York season. House Peters is playing with Lubin at present and is to be seen a little later in "The Great Divide." Triangle has just released "Between Men," a William Hart-House Peters film. Beatrice Michelena has recently completed "The Unwritten Law," and is playing in "The Woman Who Dared," for future release.

L. L. L., NEW YORK CITY.—Henry B. Walthall plays the son, after reaching maturity, in "Temper." You have written Florence LaBadie twice and never received an answer? Funny world—but why worry!

E. P., NEW ORLEANS.—We are inclined to believe you have given us an incorrect name as we can find no trace of such a party. Kindly verify it. Max Figman and Lolita Robertson, however, are at present appearing in the Pathe "Wallingtonford series," in which Miss Robertson portrays Violet, Mr. Figman, Blackie Daw, and Burr McIntosh, J. Rufus Wallingtonford.

E. L. K., CINCINNATI, and D. McD. EUGENE, OREG.—Tom Forman is unmarried. Claire Whitney is still with the Fox films, with the company that is working on pictures down in Bermuda and no date has been set for their return. She is the American girl in the recent Fox "Galley Slave."

A. K., CHEVY CHASE, D. C.—Mary Pickford has no middle name, except Pickford now that her last name is Moore. The series of stories about her in the recent issues of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE have covered all your questions, we feel sure.

B. H., CHICAGO, B. B., ELKHART, IND., and B. K., ROXBURY, MASS.—We advise no one to submit mere synopses of plays to the film companies. In every case the complete scenario should be prepared, and of course, to this there should be attached a brief, snappy synopsis of the story. Complete your work; do not leave it half done. Bessie Eyton and not Edith Storey played the part of Helen Chester in "The Spoilers," and a very interesting story about her is to be found in this issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

K., CHICAGO.—Charlie Chaplin didn't "have a part" in "Tillie's Punctured Romance;" he was half the show! Marie Dressler was the other half. This was a six reel Keystone, the last one Chaplin played in for that company and is certainly a monumental piece of comedy work.

S. R., OVERBROOK, PA.—Both those plays are Powers productions on Universal programme, but the girls are different persons; in "The Amber Vase," Doris Pawn is the girl who escapes by posing as a model and in "The Toymaker of Leyden," Edith Roberts is the femme.

HELEN, EN ROUTE.—Correct. Florence LaBadie and Peggy Burke played in "When The Fleet Sailed," and Peggy Burke and Hattie Williams (her maid) in "Gloriana's Getaway."

A. R., MONTREAL, and E. W. M., NEW OXFORD, PA.—Universal City is very near Los Angeles and is reached by a comparatively short ride from that city. There is no truth in any of the rumors that Charlie Chaplin is dead, deaf, dumb, or anything else except, very very funny. Gertrude McCoy was the girl in "On The Stroke of Twelve," and Arthur was Richard Tucker; Gertrude McCoy wrote this play under the name of Gertrude Lyon.

R. R., DIXON, ILL., and M. H. M., LOS ANGELES.—Ralph Lewis, in "The Birth of a Nation," portrayed Hon. Austin Stoneman, the leader of the House, who was the man with the cane, the father of Elsie Stoneman (Lillian Gish). A. D. Sears has played in one or two recent Triangle plays.

THE MUSICAL score from "The Birth of a Nation," has never been published as a volume and we doubt if it is to be obtained. So much of it is not original, you know. The double photography as used in "Secret Sin," with Blanche Sweet is nothing new; it has been used many times in the past.

A. R. B., LOS ANGELES.—Pronounce "Michelena" as though it were spelled Mick-el-ain-ya, with the accent on the third syllable. She is still with the California M. P. Corp., which releases its films through the World programme.

C. M. C., BALTIMORE.—Yes, we are still able to supply the AUGUST, 1914, issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. That was the one that featured Florence LaBadie on the cover and there was an interview with numerous pictures. The cast of "Madame Butterfly," is given among the casts of stories herein.

N. D., TORONTO, and N. R., TROY, N. Y.—Thomas Chatterton is with Universal, Shorty Hamilton at Inceville and Thelma Salter also at Inceville. Yes, Helen Holmes was actually tied to the driving rod of a moving engine in one of the "Hazards of Helen," and was laid up in the hospital for a week as a result of it. However, she is just as reckless as ever in "The Girl and the Game," her new Mutual serial, which is to run through fifteen numbers. The telegraph office used in the Hazards is a portable duplicate of one of the offices in Los Angeles, and is carried to whatever point the company desires to use it.

J. A., LACROSSE, WIS.—Mary Pickford's eyes are brown, always have been and probably always will be. You refer to Marjorie Daw in "The Puppet Crown," in which Ina Claire and Carlyle Blackwell took the leading roles.

B. R., WILKES-BARRE, PA., and M. H., LOS ANGELES.—You may use the following addresses: Jack Richardson, American Film Mfg. Co., Santa Barbara; Marguerite Clark, Famous Players, New York; Pearl White, Pathe, New York; Edna Mayo, Essanay, Chicago, and you may write David Belasco in care of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Mary Pickford has never played "Helen of the North;" it's a Marguerite Clark.

L. C., JOHNSONBURG, PA.—Leila, the spy, in "When The Fleet Sailed," was Peggy Burke, and the other girl was Florence LaBadie. Charlie Chapin appeared in a great many Keystone films, and in many of them his make-up was quite different from that which he ordinarily uses at present.

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S. W. P., LOUISVILLE, KY.—Donald Brian, who took the leading role in Lasky's "Voice in the Fog," was born in St. John's, Newfoundland, Feb. 17, 1880. He received his education in Boston, and made his debut in 1896, at Lawrence, Mass., in "Shannon of the 6th." Following that he played leading juvenile parts in several productions, but is best known through the role of *Prince Danilo* in "The Merry Widow," which he played during the season of 1907-1908 and also 1909. Next following "The Merry Widow" he originated the part of *Freddy Smythe* in "The Dollar Princess," and this year has been playing in "The Girl From Utah."

J. G. B., TORONTO.—The Metro Pictures Corporation is a distributing company which supplies the films produced by several studios, as Popular Plays and Players, Rolfe Photoplays, Inc., Columbia Pictures Corporation and Quality Pictures Corporation. The old gentleman in "Esmeralda" is Fuller Mellich. Of Rider Haggard's works, at least two, "Jess" and "She," have been the subjects of photoplays, both by Thanhouser. Of Ibsen's, "The Lady From the Sea," "Ghosts," "The Pillars of Society" and "A Doll's House," have been filmed, the first and last by Thanhouser and the other two by Majestic.

L. G., CHICAGO.—Yes. In "A Night in the Show" Chaplin plays two roles. He is the disreputable individual in the gallery who displays such utter disregard for his safety—that is from everything except fire, playing the brave and befuddled fireman when the proper time arrives—and of course he is the force inside the mustache and dress suit that causes the dress suit to get into all the difficulties in the orchestra circle. Quite a novel combination to see the two roles which are so entirely different.

M. S., SAN DIEGO, and L. J. H., WINONA, MINN.—Marie Walcamp and Wellington Playter took the leads in "Coral," a September Universal, and the rest of the cast included Ruby Cox, Rex De Rosselli Titus, Sherman Bainbridge and Mrs. Playter. We have no record of such a player under either name and can therefore tell you nothing about him. Mary Miles Minter should be addressed in care of Metro's New York office.

B. A. D., MONTREAL, and B. B. P., FAYETTEVILLE, N. Y.—Wally Reid is very nearly, if not quite, six feet, and in a dramatic way his height has been increasing very rapidly in the last couple of months. Jack Pickford is five feet seven. Helen Gardner is playing in Universal programme films.

J. M. C., CLEVELAND.—Very sorry, indeed, but the "Doubles Contest" has closed, as it was conducted for the one number of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE only. The picture you offer as a double of Enid Markey is very striking in its resemblance.

A RECENT BOOK that has come to the Editor's Desk is "The Art of the Moving Picture," by Vachel Lindsay, a review and appreciation of the photoplays, with numerous comments. It is a Macmillan publication.

L. L., CUMBERLAND, MD.—"Graustark" was produced by Essanay and was a Bushman-Bayne vehicle. Dustin Farnum has recently played with both Triangle and Morosco companies, for the latter in "The Gentleman from Indiana," a Donald Hall interview? Well, and then too, the magazines must be extra big to fill these winter evenings!

E. J., TURNER'S FALLS, MASS. Nearly the whole "Diamond from the Sky" cast is seen in "Curley," a recent Mutual release, and we understand that this company of players is to be kept together for the filming of the sequel to the "Diamond." William Russell, Lottie Pickford, Charlotte Burton, George Periolat, and Eugenie Forde are all seen, the missing one being Irving Cummings.

F. L. M., ATLANTA. Marguerite Clark was born in 1887 and is unmarried. Address them as follows: Marguerite Clark, Famous Players, New York City; Anita Stewart, Vitagraph, Brooklyn; Florence La Badie, Thanhouser, New Rochelle; Enid Markey, Inceville. See the Directory.

STOWAWAYS WORKING THEIR PASSAGE. "I am tired of seeing men in plays—heroes, villains or whoever they may be—stow away flowers, parcels, money, notes, letters (even certain kinds of automobiles) in their shirt bosoms. No man ever did such a thing. Can't they be prevailed upon to use their coat and (ahem) pants pockets for that purpose, as men do, and have done since they abandoned Edenistic costume?" Thus A. V. P., of Atchison, Kansas, expresses his feelings. At this point we suggest that perhaps the Kansas Board of Censors have ordered pockets cut out, thus widening the scope of censorship to include men's fashions. You never can tell what action their righteous conception of themselves may prompt.

G. M. W., GLEN RIDGE, N. J. Robert Wainwright in "Sold," was Julian L'Estrange and Bryant was Thomas Holding. You are thinking of Julian Eltinge, who is noted for his portrayal of feminine roles on the "legitimate" stage.

F. M., BALTIMORE, and A. T., SANTA CRUZ, CALIF. "The Secretary of Frivolous Affairs," was an American film, a Mutual Masterpiece, May Allison being the *Secretary*. Her sister Josephine was Blanche Light; Mrs. Hazard, her son Hap, and her daughter were Lillian Gonzalez, Harold Lockwood and Carol Halloway. There will be a William Shay interview in one of the next few issues and we know you will like it very much.

R. L. J., RICHMOND, VA., and A. J., OMAHA. Pearl White comes from Missouri; Cleo Madison from Bloomington, Illinois. Miss Madison, we understand, will be glad to send you a photograph if you write her, but we hope that you will not feel she should do so free of charge. It is a small item but it amounts to many hundreds of dollars in the course of a year and players find it a real burden. Yes, Marguerite Snow will send you a photograph, but she, too, is a friend of yours, whom you should not impose upon. You may purchase the "Trey o' Hearts," from your book store.

G. C., KINGSTON, N. Y., and T. M. C. M., NEW YORK CITY. Write Anita Stewart in Vitagraph's care, and Miss Farrar in care of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. The other addresses are given under various initials in this issue. PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE has no individual pictures or photographs of players for sale.

F. M., MALVERN, AUSTRALIA. That Keystone with Fatty and Mable, entitled "Sea Nymphs," was filmed at Balboa Beach, near Los Angeles. You have heard of the Great Seal? Well, that is the one that plays in this picture—his playing is notorious. He has been tamed and trained to do most anything except tensely dramatic roles. "When Ambrose Dared Walrus," is a Swain-Conklin Keystone and the girl was Minta Durfee. We arise to remark who wouldn't have started a rumpus!

G. C., MINNEAPOLIS, and L. S., BATON ROUGE, LA. "A Romance of the Navy," was a Lubin film in which Ormi Hawley took the leading role. *Rose, Reggie and Jack* were roles played by Louise Huff, Earl Metcalfe and Edgar Jones. In "Friend Wilson's Daughter," an Edison, Gertrude McCoy and Robert Brower were the daughter and her father, *Friend Wilson*. In "Gladiola," Viola Dana and Pat O'Malley take the leads.

R. C. N., COVINA, CALIF. Henry B. Walthall has appeared in several recent Essanay films, the most recent being "The Raven," and "Blind Justice." Mae Marsh is unmarried and so is Dorothy Gish. Mary Pickford has played under no name except her own in this country.

K. S., MONTREAL, and H. B., TYRONE, PA. All your questions are answered under other initials, except the query regarding Vera Sisson: she is with the Biograph Company. Julia Sanderson has never played for the camera. Yes, there is a film company, the National of Baltimore, in that city which has started operations. House Peters is married, but we are pretty confident that his wife would scarcely object to your request for a photograph—every wife likes her husband to be popular, even though the admission of the fact is usually hard to obtain.

(Continued on page 158)

"The haunting
vision of the giant
hand on her white
shoulder!"



The Strange Case of MARY PAGE

By Frederick Lewis
author of
"What Happened to Mary"

MARY PAGE is on trial for murder. Dave Pollock, a millionaire man-about-town, is dead. The State says Mary Page killed him. Philip Langdon, Mary's lover and attorney, declares she is blameless.

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C. H., KALAMAZOO.—In the following productions, these players played "opposite" or took the leading roles: "Goose Girl," Marguerite Clark and Monroe Salisbury; "Little Miss Brown," Vivian Martin and Chester Barnett; "Snobs," Anita King and Victor Moore; "Pretty Sister of Jose," Marguerite Clark and Jack Pickford; "Rags," Mary Pickford and Marsha Nellan; and in "Hypocrites," Gabriel, the ascetic and minister, was Courtenay Foote, the abbot, Herbert Standing, the nun, Myrtle Stedman and Truth, Margaret Edwards. In "Seven Sisters," the eldest sister was Katinka (Lola Barclay); Sari (Miss Feder) married Sandorff (Sydney Nathan); Mici (Marguerite Clark) married Count Horkoy (Conway Tearle); Arthur Hoops is not of the cast.

J. E., BLOOMFIELD, N. J., E. N., UPPER MONTCLAIR, N. J., and E. A. L., MONTREAL.—Margery Daw, of the Lasky studios, Hollywood, Calif., is fourteen years old. Mary Pickford is Mrs. Owen Moore, but Marguerite Clark is unmarried. In "Esmeralda" Charles Waldron plays the part of Mary Pickford's lover.

E. M. S., FREDERICK, MD.—PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE has never published the story of "The Arab," a Lasky film from the play by Edgar Selwyn, in which Selwyn plays Jamil the young chief, and Gertrude Robinson the little American girl. Yes, Theodore Roberts plays the part of the Turkish Governor.

L. H., NORRISTOWN, PA.—The persons you refer to in "The Call of the Dance," featuring Yanci Dolly, were cast in minor roles and the film company has no record of their names. They were unknown to us also.

D. A. B., DETROIT, takes the Answer Man right into confidence. "You are running a serial story in your magazine and similar stories have appeared before. I would like to say it seems to me it detracts from your magazine; we buy it because it is all about pictures and players and we are not interested in imaginary film folk." But then, others have written us—!

A. I. W., ST. LOUIS.—There is a most interesting Dustin Farnum interview in the July issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. In "Temper" the father whose weakness is the basis of the play, is Ernest Maupain, recently seen in "A Daughter of the City," with Marguerite Clayton.

F. P. D., ROCKFORD, ILL.—Tom Moore is to be seen on the screen again very soon. He is now playing opposite Ethel Clayton down at Lubin's in a production called "Dollars and Cents." Joseph Kaufman is directing.

M. McC., JACKSON, MICH.—You can procure an 8x10 photograph (not a print) of Donald Brian from the Moffett studio, 57 East Congress, Chicago, for about a dollar.

V. F., OAKLAND, CALIF.—In "The Chalice of Courage" (Vitagraph), Louise Rosser, Neuhold's first wife, whom he killed when she was hopelessly injured on the mountain, was Natalie de Lontan, while Enid Maitland, his second love, was Myrtle Gonzales.

M. C. C. K., MINNEAPOLIS, wants to know whether a girl of seventeen who is the double of a well-known actress, would be of use to that actress's company or to any other company? She wonders if she might not play the part of this actress when younger or as her double even. Quite an idea and it should be put up to the proper film company.

C. N. T., BUTLER, MO.—Lillian Gish was born in Springfield, Ohio, not Missouri, in 1896; it is Dorothy who was born in 1898. Helen Leslie was born in Indianapolis in 1897, and Ella Hall in the same year. Gertrude Robinson has been playing regularly with a number of companies in the last year or so; it has not happened that you have seen her for some reason or other at your theatre. Dorothy Davenport is playing with Lasky, her latest appearance being in "Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo," with Theodore Roberts and Blackwell.

M. W., DULUTH, E. M. B., ASHBORNE, PA., and L. D., BATESVILLE, MISS.—Neither Anita Stewart nor Florence LaBadie is married. *Little Beata* in the "Devil's Daughter," with Theda Bara, is Jane Lee; she plays in several Fox pictures. Gertrude McCoy and Bessie McCoy, the latter of the "legitimate" stage, are not related.

M. F. G., AUGUSTA, GA.—Richard Travers lives in Chicago, near the Essanay studio. Rockcliffe Fellowes, who leads in Fox's "Regeneration," was well known on the stage before his advent in films, playing leading roles in "Under Cover," and "Within the Law," in the "legitimate." He is a Canadian. Marguerite Clark lives in New York City, and is unmarried.

M. C. C., LOS ANGELES.—We are unable to tell you with whom Mr. Dumont danced last season, but he was very successful in "The House of A Thousand Scandals," as the American film was called when first released. He was engaged by the film company to dance in that particular picture and is not now with them.

E. L. W., GRASS VALLEY, CALIF., and G. M. B., FT. DODGE, IA.—"Cabiria" was filmed entirely in Italy by the Itala company; there are no American settings in it. Grace Cunard and Francis Ford are both married to non-professionals. The leading woman, character in Essanay's "Lady of the Snows," was Edna Mayo, in the roles of both Patricia Sutherland and Gloria Templeton.

I. S., BROOKLYN, N. Y., M. D., FRESNO, CALIF.—Of course the interiors of "Wildflower," were studio productions but the outdoor views were taken at Lake Mahopac, N. Y. The automobile is a Pierce-Arrow. You may address Mary Miles Minter in care of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE; her work in the films is even more pleasing than it was in the "Littlest Rebel," when she played that on the stage.

F. G. W., DALLAS, TEX.—Frederick Church is with Universal, having joined their forces last July. He was born in Grand Rapids, Mich., in 1890, and played on the stage for some little time prior to his initial film engagement with Selig. He was one of the company to go west with Boggs when the first studio was opened up on the Pacific Coast. He has also played at both the eastern and western Essanay studios and with the St. Louis M. P. Co.

A. TILKUM, SEATTLE.—House Peters and Page Peters are brothers, the former with Lubin, the latter with Morosco. Dustin Farnum married a non-professional. You should like Blanche Sweet, for everybody else does and it isn't right to be an odd number. You are right in your approval of Pauline Frederick, however, so we have high hopes for you.

A. E. S., WILKES-BARRE, PA.—Rosetta Brice took the part of Alice in "The Phantom Happiness," a Lubin film. The film-mother of Freddie the Ferret in "The Goddess," off the screen is Mrs. Nellie Anderson, the mother of Mary Anderson. In this picture a mother and daughter actually played those two roles, as you remember Mary Anderson and Wm. Dangman were cast as the children of the kind hearted lady, who was Mrs. Anderson.

F. A. D., BUFFALO, MINN.—Storm scenes are studio effects which are, in reality, not especially difficult to secure, the lightning flashes being made by the cooper-hewitt lights and the rain by the nearest hose. Was Rosa in "The Alien," knocked down by the automobile? Probably not any more than the villain is actually killed in any of his villainous films. The youngster who was kidnapped in "The Alien" was Thelma Salter; she is appearing in the current Triangles. The villain in "The Heart of Jennifer," was Harry Brown; this is a Hazel Dawn-James Kirkwood picture and one of Kirkwood's few recent appearances on the screen.

M. L., BROOKLYN.—Benton Cabot in "Emmy of Stork's Nest," a Mary Miles Minter Metro, is Niles Welch. The part of the villainous villain was played by the doleful Mister Ursus Americanus—the gentlemen who sat down in the pail and made such a fuss over himself—Mr. Bear.

(Continued on page 161)

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 107)

faults which are vast militations against it. In the first place, why select Dustin Farnum to play a hero who looks like Tully Marshall? In the second place, the cutter's hand in the main office has wreaked terrific havoc with the thread of the story.

There are many things about this Pallas picture which excite admiration for a new producing organization, and hold out great promise of future fine work.

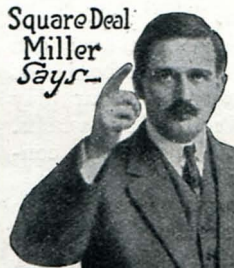
"THE CAVE MAN" (Vitagraph) started this way: Madeleine Mischief got disgusted with the society boys who didn't have the necessary animation to appreciate her, and said to her friend she could pick a man off the street who would put them all in the shade as social lions. Robert Edeson was driving his coal wagon past the window when she dropped one half of the \$100 bill, and he was the future lion who called to get the other half.

Then it's all about his adventures in fitting into a place for which he is qualified by physique only. Edeson is the entire show. Fay Wallace, the heroine, merely does "the partner" stuff of laughing at all Edeson's brightnesses. The new twist, and the one that belies the name, is the fact the cave-man got sore, said he was being made a fool of, and quit the whole show. He goes back to the steel mills, becomes a war-baby, and is just learning to talk with the directors when Madeleine comes to visit the place. Then, of course—but why say more? She puts a ring in his nose and away they go.

"THE PERILS OF A NATION" (Lubin) are just about up to the lay idea of war, which is expressed in hand to hand fighting and ancient field artillery. It is extremely hard to tell what it is all about but the manufacturers are to be commended. They have tried hard to provide a big patriotic play, and Ormi Hawley nearly put it over!

It's all Ormi. Even the actors seem to understand that, for everybody that gets a chance kisses her rapturously just before the curtain. For the first half of the play, one wants to spank her for her silly pacifist ideas, and in the second half, to love her to death for her human patriotism.

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(Continued from Page 39)

phase of our lives in which we can afford to turn our backs on the bogies of consistency and continuity. In our play it is right that we indulge in whims. Watch children at play. They are as constant as a weather vane."

"And your present forms of play?"

"I have four, and tomorrow I may have eight. You look hopeful. You think I am going to say I take long walks every day in the pure air of out-of-doors? I do nothing of the sort, and I have very good authority for not walking. Bernhardt never walks. While she was playing in Chicago she never stepped out of doors. She went from the hotel to the theatre. You know that underground passage connecting the parts of the Auditorium? She followed that without variation.

"And I have the support of Mary Garden, who said, 'I never walk.' And of John Mason, who says, 'An actor need not walk. He gets enough walking at rehearsals and in eight performances a week.' I enjoy out of door life, but always on wheels. I hate cities. I loathe New York. I am happiest when I am in semitropical countries. In Bermuda and in Hawaii I took all the drives known and repeated them again and again. In California, which I adore, I used to drive out into the hills alone and not speak a word for six hours at a stretch.

"It is play to me to keep my simple little housekeeping apartment with the things I love about me. That, like my drives, must be quiet. I keep a maid who speaks but seldom. I can't cook. The other morning I got breakfast."

"Eggs, I suppose, and coffee?"

"I don't drink coffee," she returned in a detached tone. "No one should. And I don't care for eggs. I got force out of a box and poured cream over it."

"But I don't understand how a woman who is womanly can get on without her own home, be it ever so small, and her own things about her."

"Two forms of relaxation," I reminded. "Now the third." "Oriental clothes for home wear," she responded. "I like the feeling of relaxation their looseness gives. Besides I know that I am not the fluffy kind of woman and I never wear frilly things at home.

"My fourth plaything? My herd of toy elephants. I have two hundred of them. I began to collect them ten years ago when I dropped into a tea shop to buy a consignment of Orange Pekoe for my mother. I saw two ebony elephants on the counter. I was attracted by their white hoofs. I bought them. The herd grew. I picked them up wherever I saw any that interested me. My friends contributed. My aunt brought me that fine fellow with the gold trappings from Benares. A friend brought me this from Dublin." She showed me a porker carved from black wood, with a green ribbon bow jauntily challenging vagrant vision to his porcine tale. "He said it was an Irish elephant."

"They interest me," was her conclusion, which is the beginning and the end of the reason for play.

Julia Dean is one of the best-known stage stars who have come to the screen. Her name went into electric lights for the first time when she played "The Lily," in 1909. September 26, 1911, she created her most notable role: Virginia Blaine, in "Bought and Paid For." "Her Own Money," and "The Law of the Land" followed in order, in succeeding years, as stellar vehicles. Her most remarkable photoplays are "Judge Not," a Universal melodrama, and her most recent picture, "Matrimony," produced and directed by Thomas H. Ince.

Hopper in Movies

De Wolf Hopper, filming at the Fine Arts Studio, in Hollywood, California, says you can't always believe what you see. The other day he was wearing his "Don Quixote" make-up, went out on "the lot," and encountered a man in peddler garb.

Mr. Hopper enquired what set the other was working in.

"Set?" asked the man. "Why, I ain't no common motion picture actor, I ain't. I'm a respectable peddler."

K. J. C.—You know, there's a story about the Irishman who said he'd risk one eye anyway! That explains the method of taking those double exposure pictures where one person plays two parts at once—they only risk one side of the film at a time. (Even non-inflammable film.) No, that was not William Farnum's home in "A Wonderful Adventure."

E. F. J., CHICAGO.—"I notice that the director's name very seldom, if ever, appears on the screen." That is true of some pictures but there are times when a director probably prefers to be unknown. However, on the more pretentious productions you will usually find credit given to the director who has guided the play to completion. The director should be given the fullest sort of credit, because it is his skill or lack of it that makes the difference between an actor's successful appearance with one company and his failure with another. It's not the actor, it is the director.

S. J. W., HARTFORD, CONN.—You may address Elsie Janis in care of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, and Mary Pickford in care of Famous Players' New York office. PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is glad to forward letters to players at any time, and in case you do not wish to await an answer in the magazine, just write your favorite at this office. Try to leave enough space on the envelop for the forwarding address, and we will gladly do the rest.

E. C., TUXEDO PARK, N. Y.—"Who Pays?" was a Balboa film released through Pathe, the principal players being Ruth Roland and Henry King, Daniel Giffether, Edward Brody, and Mollie McConnell. The character names changed with each instalment, but the above players took part throughout. In "The Black Box," Sanford Quest and Lenora MacDougal are Herbert Rawlinson and Anna Little; Professor and Lord Ashleigh are both roles played by William Worthington and Lady Ashleigh is Helen Wright. Craig is Frank MacQuarrie, Quest's assistant is Laura Oakley and Mrs. Rheinholdt is Hylda Sloman. In Selig's "Ebb Tide," the principal players were Harry Lonsdale, Martha Boucher, Wheeler Oakman and Kathryn Williams.

F. T., CANTON, O.—Russell in Vitagraph's "Mortmain," is Donald Hall; Robert Edson has the lead. Creighton Hale was well known on the stage before playing in Pathe's "Exploits of Elaine," and this fall took the part of Basil, the brother, in "Moloch" with Holbrook Blinn's company at the New Amsterdam, in New York. He was born in Cork, Ireland, May 24th, 1892.

D. M. G., NEW YORK CITY.—You should refer to the list of studios in the Directory, and take your little girl to the ones nearest you. It is barely possible that one of the studios might have use for her, though she is probably rather young to start her career.

G. P. G., DENVER, COLO.—Old or waste film is never sold by the companies, but goes into the scrap-heap. Otherwise unauthorized films of noted players would be appearing every now and then, which would be of no value and very injurious to the player's reputation. Andrew, not Roscoe, is Maclyn Arbuckle's brother. Pathe does not state where the volcano scenes in "Neal of the Navy" were taken, except that they were taken awhile ago at an actual and very destructive eruption. In "Help Wanted," Owen Moore and Lois Meredith took the principal roles.

B. C., ST. JOSEPH, MO.—"The Shooting of Dan McGrew," is taken largely from the poem of that name by Robert W. Service, to be found in his book, "The Spell of the Yukon." We think a great deal of his poetry.

Z. S., PORTLAND, OREG.—"The Lamb," is a recent offering of the Fine Arts Studio on Triangle programme, Douglas Fairbanks playing the title role and Seena Owen his sweetheart. (Seena Owen used to spell it "Signe Auen," you know.) Phillip Hardin in the "Juggernaut" was William Dunn, the hero and heroine being Earle Williams and Anita Stewart.

(Continued on page 163)



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The Camera Capital

(Continued from page 99)

and are generally more physically fit for their duties than they would be were they pursuing the same calling in the East.

We claim that our scenario writers concentrate better, our directors work longer and harder, and our actors look finer, as a result of the environment and conditions of living out here as compared with those who do the same work in New York and vicinity. Our director general, Cecil B. De Mille, is often at the studio eighteen hours a day and keeps this up for weeks at a time without affecting his health or general condition. He claims that this is due entirely to the climate and to the fact that he lives in the open air the year 'round. While these points may seem trivial, nevertheless, they are most important, as I have learned, to my great satisfaction, in the last few months which I have spent at our own studios in Hollywood.

As a result of the numerous studios being in proximity to each other and giving plenty of work to a large group of "extra"

people, there has sprung up a colony of lesser actors who devote their entire time to working as "extras" in the various companies. This pays them well and at the same time insures the director a plentiful supply of what on the legitimate stage we called "supers." Foreign types are also easily obtainable—Chinese, Japanese, Hindus, a few Arabs, Russians and Italians.

On the other hand, the advantages of the East are—first of all—New York City itself, which cannot always be duplicated; also the tenements with their squalor and poverty, are not to be found in California cities. It is often necessary for a Western producer to build whole streets to obtain what, in the East, he could get by simply sending a company into the slums.

As a last word, there can be no question of the desirability of the West as a motion picture producing center, just as there can be no question that New York will always be the distributing center. Each is naturally adapted to these functions.



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W. E. F., JACKSON, MICH.—W. J. Ferguson, whom you have seen in numerous World Films and who is *Lincoln* in "The Battle Cry of Peace," played as *Lieut. Vernon, R. N.*, in "Our American Cousin," at Ford's Theatre the night Lincoln was assassinated. He is said to be the only living member of that cast.

D. A. L., MILWAUKEE.—Edna and Frank in "Love, Mumps and Bumps," were Neva Gerber and Webster Campbell. "Eddie Polo, Universal City, Calif.," is quite sufficient direction to the postal people. Edwin Arden, formerly of Pathe, is now with the World.

U. W. W. F., RICHMOND, MICH.—Kleine's "Julius Caesar," was staged in Italy by their foreign company, the same that produced "Quo Vadis," "Last Days of Pompeii" and "Cleopatra." "Let's see some actors' doubles as well as actresses." Not a bad idea; we'll see. Write Kerrigan at Universal City, Calif. The Terence O'Rourke films are just about completed, Carmen Phillips playing *Princess Constantine*.

J. C., AYLMEY, QUE.—Harry Benham of the Thanhouser films was born in Valparaiso, Ind., Feb. 26, 1884, and was on the stage for several years before joining Thanhouser in August of 1911. On the stage he played in "Madame Sherry," "Sultan of Sulu," and the "Merry Widow." He is married to Ethel Cook Benham, also of Thanhouser.

F. H., LETHBRIDGE, ALTA.—Harold Lockwood was born in Brooklyn; Florence LaBadie in New York City and not Montreal, as is sometimes stated (she was educated in Montreal); Marguerite Clark in Cincinnati; Jack and Lottie Pickford both in Montreal.

(Continued on page 165)



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Investing in the Movies

(Continued from page 73)

low as \$65.00. The company paid 8% dividends from September, 1909, to December, 1910. From February, 1911, to February, 1913, they paid 1% a month; from March, 1913, to January, 1915, 1/2% a month. On February 1, 1915, a 50% script dividend was declared, which dividend is convertible into cash at par on or before December 31, 1916. At this time it was announced that the dividend for the ensuing year would be 1% quarterly.

The World Film Corporation, which is a large feature film company, both exchange and producer, has a capital of \$2,000,000, par value of \$5.00 a share, of which about \$1,500,000 is outstanding. On its public statement for the year ending June 27, 1915, this concern showed a net profit for the year of \$329,000 or a little over 20% earned on the stock outstanding, but as yet it has paid no dividends. The stock of this concern has been active on the New York Curb Market at prices both below and above its par value.

The concerns mentioned above are often quoted in the circulars of new companies and are used as specific examples of the enormous profit to be made in the motion picture business. It appears, however, that while these companies have for the most part held their own, that there has not been any enormous increase in value in the securities, nor does it appear that these concerns have paid what might be considered enormous dividends. There have, of course, been one or two concerns not mentioned above which have paid enormous dividends. These have, however, for the most part been organized for a specific purpose, such as that of distributing a serial film, and may have struck a peculiar situation that cannot be found every day.

What I desire to emphasize is that the past experience of the established motion picture companies points to the fact that reasonable returns may be expected from an investment in the business, but that the average investor does not get a chance to make more than a reasonable return.

When a promoter tells you to invest in a company, promising dividends ranging from 50 to 100% a year, ask him why some of these above mentioned companies have not paid dividends equal to those he is working out on paper.

(To be continued)

L. K. G., PADUCAH, KY.—Geraldine Farrar's name is pronounced with the accent on the last syllable, and the first "r" is rather slurred—Fa-rar'.

I. M. R., PITTSBURGH.—Norma Talmadge completed her contract with National and is now with the Triangle forces, Constance also being with them. Some of the players answer letters from admirers and others do not and unless we have informed you that you may expect an answer, it is a matter of experimenting. The Photoplayers studio (photographers) is in Los Angeles.

M. R., WINCHESTER, MASS.—After Owen Moore left Bosworth, Inc., where he played opposite Fritz Scheff and Elsie Janis, he played with Keystone for a time and then with Griffith's Fine Arts company. With the later company he played in the screen dramatization of Sir Gilbert Parker's novel "Jordan is a Hard Road," assuming the role of the young Englishman who came to Askatoon and fell in love with the daughter (Dorothy Gish) of *Minden* (Frank Campeau). We understand that he has gone east and joined his wife, Mary Pickford, in New York City, but we do not know his plans.

E. A., QUINCY, MASS.—If you know better, why ask us! However, the information we gave you was absolutely correct.

G. L., SEATTLE, says "Your fashion articles are great and your snapshots of actors in personal surroundings are very enjoyable. Please don't discontinue 'Mollie of the Movies'—she was so funny. The fiction is just right now." Trouble of it is, G. L., that Mollie went and got married and quit her career for the simple life, so that we are unable to get her to play for us in any more stories. However, just about the time she left, Pete appeared on the cinematic horizon and he is looming bigger every day. He is going to have a mighty funny time of it at the studio and you will be just as interested in him as you were in Mollie. Poor Mollie! Mollie was a scream. And Pete!

S. E. P., KANSAS CITY, MO.—Mary Pickford has appeared in the following pictures produced by Famous Players: "In The Bishop's Carriage," "Caprice," "Hearts Afloat," "A Good Little Devil," "Tess of the Storm Country," "The Eagle's Mate," "Such a Little Queen," "Behind the Scenes," "Cinderella," "Mistress Nell," "Fanchon the Cricketer," "Little Pal," "Rags," "The Foundling," "Esmeralda," "The Girl of Yesterday," "The Dawn of a Tomorrow," and "Madame Butterfly." Marguerite Clark has played for them in "Wildflower," "The Crucible," "Greta Green," "Goose Girl," "Pretty Sister of Jose," "Seven Sisters," "Still Waters," and "Prince and Pauper."

P. N., FT. WORTH, TEX.—In Lasky's "Fighting Hope," Burton Temple was impersonated by Thomas Meighan; this play featured Laura Hope Crews. You may address Earle Williams at the Vitagraph's Brooklyn office, and Carlyle Blackwell in care of the World Film Corporation.

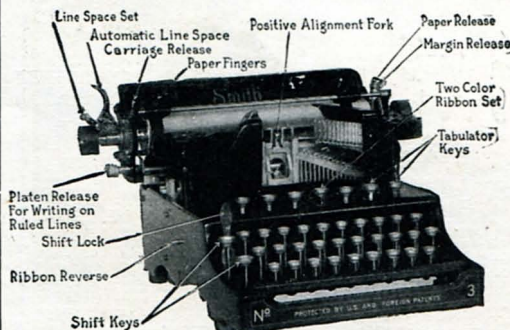
J. H. H., BARTLESVILLE, OKLA.—Marie Dressler is not under a long time contract with any film company and never has been. She was with Keystone for the filming of "Tillie's Punctured Romance," playing opposite Charlie Chaplin in those six reels of rapid fire laughter and received, besides a stipulated sum for her playing, a share in the proceeds of the film when exhibit d. Since then she has played with Lubin in "Tillie's Tomato Surprise," and doubtless this picture was made on the same basis. You therefore realize she has no weekly salary, as she has done her two pictures on a contract basis. Marguerite Clark is unmarried.

M. E. C., ROFF, OKLA.—In private life Cleo Madison is Miss Bailey but she has never played under any name except Madison. Jimmie Cruze is being seen again in "Armstrong's Wife," opposite Edna Goodrich, but we do not know how permanent his Lasky affiliation may be. Marguerite Snow is in New York with Quality Pictures' eastern company, her leading man being Paul Gilmore, at least for "Rosemary," the first release.

(Continued on page 167)

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For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal ones below. The first is the business office; (*) indicates proper office to send manuscripts; (s) indicates a studio; at times all three may be at one address.

AMERICAN FILM MFG. Co., 6227 Broadway, Chicago (s); Santa Barbara, Calif. (*) (s).

BALBOA AMUSEMENT PROD. Co., Long Beach, Calif. (*) (s).

BIOGRAPH COMPANY, 807 East 175th St., New York City, (*) (s); Georgia and Girard, Los Angeles (s); players are cast June to December.

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CALIFORNIA M. P. Co., San Rafael, Calif. (*) (s).

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FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM Co., 507 Fifth Ave., New York City (*) (s); Bronson and Melrose, Hollywood, Calif. (s).

FOX FILM CORPORATION, 130 West 46th St., New York City (*) (s).

GAUMONT COMPANY, 110 West 40th St., New York City (*) (s); Flushing, N. Y. (s).

DAVID HORSLEY STUDIO, Main and Washington, Los Angeles (*) (s).

KALEM COMPANY, 235 West 23d St., New York City (*) (s); 251 W. 19th St., New York City (s); 708 Palisade Ave., Cliffside, N. J. (s); 1425 Fleming St., Hollywood, Calif. (s); Tallyrand Ave., Jacksonville, Fla. (s); Glendale, Calif. (s).

GEORGE KLEINE, 805 East 175th St., New York City (*) (s).

LASKY FEATURE PLAY Co., 120 West 41st St., New York City; 6284 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Calif. (*) (s).

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OLIVER MOROSCO PHOTOPLAY Co., 222 West 42d St., New York City; 201 N. Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles. (*) (s).

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V-L-S-E, Inc., 1600 Broadway, New York City.

WHARTON, INC., Ithaca, N. Y. (*) (s).

WORLD FILM CORP., 130 West 46th St., New York City (*) (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

Casts of Stories from Photoplays in This Issue

MADAME BUTTERFLY

(Scenario from book by John Luther Long)

Famous Players

Cho-Cho-San (Madame Butterfly)	Mary Pickford
Lieutenant Pinkerton	Marshall Neilan
Suzuki	Olive West
Adelaide	Jane Hall
Cho-Cho-San's father	Lawrence Wood
Cho-Cho-San's mother	Caroline Harris
Nakodo	M. W. Rale
The American Consul	W. T. Carleton
The Prince	David Burton
Naval Officer	Frank Dekum
The soothsayer	Caesare Gravina

MY LADY'S SLIPPER

(Play written for screen by Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady)

Vitagraph

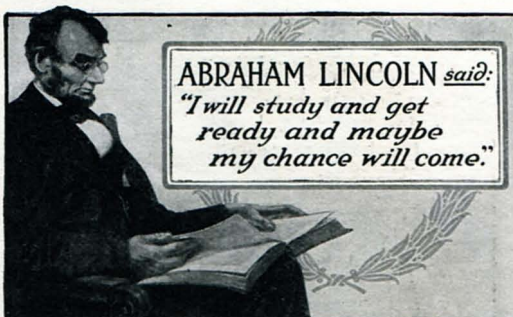
Francis Burnham	Earle Williams
Countess De Villars	Anita Stewart
Duc de Rivau-Huet	G. O'Donnell
Bucknall	William Shea
Marquis de Tremigon	Harry Northrup
Espeau	George Stevens
Marie Antoinette	Julia Swayne Gordon
King Louis XVI	Joseph Kilgour
Benjamin Franklin	C. Chapman

F. A., ALBANY, N. Y.; C. R., GREENVILLE, TEX., and M. Z., LOS ANGELES.—Jean Southern, who plays in "Two Orphans," is not related to E. H. Sothern, the well-known Shakespearean actor. She may be addressed in care of Fox and Ruth Roland, in care of Balboa; D. W. Griffith, at the Fine Arts studio, Hollywood; Jack Pickford, at Selig's Los Angeles studio; Conway Tearle, at Famous Players' New York office; Norma Talmadge and Lucille Young, at Fire Arts studio.

F. M. S.—James Morrison and Earle Williams are playing regularly with Vitagraph, and plays in which they appear are being offered the public every little while. Perhaps your house is using other films. Vitagraph has made no announcement regarding a future serial.

E. B. C., OGDEN, UTAH, and H. P., TUCKAHOE, N. Y.—Joseph Singleton is the husband in "The Miracle of Life," playing opposite Marguerita Fischer. This was filmed almost entirely at the studio of the American Film Mfg. Co. in Santa Barbara. Yes, indeed, that is a picture of Mary Pickford on page 34 of December Photoplay Magazine, from a film which has never been shown the public and which probably never will be. Mary Miles Minter was born in 1902 in Shreveport, La., and she has one sister who is also on the stage. Alice Dovey, Donald Crisp, Douglas Gerrard, Marshall Neilan, Ethel Phillips, Jack Pickford and Olive Johnson and Francis Carpenter (the youngsters) made up the cast of "The Commanding Officer," a Famous Players' film directed by Allan Dwan. Donald Crisp is directing a Clune film in Los Angeles.

D. B., CHICAGO.—When you ask who played "opposite" Clara Kimball Young in "Trilby," you probably are referring to Chester Barnett, in the role of the young artist. However, if "opposite" has reference to *Svengali*, then it is Wilton Lackaye. In "Secret Orchard" the Lieutenant was Carlyle Blackwell and the Duke, Edward Mackaye; Blanche Sweet was the girl.



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E. K., CINCINNATI.—Florence Reed has appeared in only "The Dancing Girl" for the Famous Players, but a Pathe feature, "At Bay," is being shown in which she plays the principal role. Miss Reed was married to Malcolm Williams several years ago. Wally Reid will be seen in future Lasky films and also Triangle pictures; Marie Doro may be addressed at the Fine Arts studio. William Elliot is playing on the stage, having appeared with the "Just Boys" company in Chicago last September and October.

P. A. B., JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—The submarine pictures are taken by means of a specially constructed diving bell, which is lowered, with a light attached, to the spot desired. Annette Keller-mann's struggle in "Neptune's Daughters," however, was filmed through the sides of a huge glass tank, which in one of the preliminary rehearsals burst and hurled her through a jagged opening in the side, very severely lacerating her. Turn to the Mary Pickford story itself for answers to your questions regarding her: the story is very complete.

F. B., FRANKFORT, KY., and P. A., CHARLESTON, S. C.—Since Francis X. Bushman has been appearing on the Metro programme he has played in "The Second in Command," "The Silent Voice" and "Pennington's Choice," in the latter with Beverly Bayne. Write to him at Metro's New York office. "The Cup of Life" was an Ince play in which Bessie Barriscale and Enid Markey took the parts of the two sisters whose lives lead them so far apart. Charles Ray, Frank Borzage, Arthur Maude, Howard Hickman and Louise Glaum were also in the cast. The story has never appeared in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and it probably never will, inasmuch as it is a past release.

J. F. T., COLUMBUS, O., and C. S. H., NEWARK, N. J.—There is no way in which you can obtain stories of plays which have been produced for the screen, unless they have appeared in PHOTOPLAY or some other magazine. No book of such plays has ever been published and there is no way you will be able to get those you mention. Helen Dunbar is not related to Francis Bushman.

R. S., DODGEVILLE, WIS.—In "The Shadowgraph Message," released last February, Jean was Howard Hickman, and the rest of the cast were Walter Edwards, Arthur Maude, Margaret Thompson and Thelma Salter. That was Howard Ward, not Ward Howard, the role played by Arthur Maude. "The Ruse" was also an Ince play, which featured William S. Hart as the gun man, and the promoter and his stenographer were Jack Davidson and Clara Williams. The other play to which you refer is "The Avenging Conscience," a Griffith production, in which the girl was Blanche Sweet, the Uncle, as you say, Spottiswood Aitken, and Henry Walthall the nephew.

K. H., MCFREESBORO, TENN.—Here they are: Bryant Washburn, at Essanay's Chicago office; Tom Forman, Lasky; and Hazel Dawn, Famous Players' New York office. Yes, you refer to Mabel Normand in the "Mabel" films. *Chuck Hemmingway* in "The Iron Strain" was Dustin Farnum; his wife, Enid Markey, and her rival, Louise Glaum.

PEDRO DE CORDOBA was the subject of an inquiry received this month, but the letter has disappeared. (One of those mysteries of this life which probably never will be cleared up!) We are going to play this blind and tell about him in the hope that the special question may be answered. Cordoba is the Toreador in the Farrar "Carmen" (Lasky), whose sharp Spanish features, spare and wiry, suggest all the fire and jealousy that Farrar as "Carmen" is capable of arousing. Even Toreadors, however, may have ridiculous birth-places, and Cordoba was born in New York City, September 28, 1881, totally unmindful of the impending fame. He made his debut in Utica, N. Y., with E. H. Sothern in "If I Were King" in 1902, and for several years played in a multitude of Shakespearean roles. At present he is playing *Prince Luigi* in the Morosco production of "Sadie Love" at the Gaiety Theatre, New York City.

N. H., MONTREAL.—Now about that book of one hundred pictures. The Answer Man tipped it off to you before the rest of the staff was ready for the order "Shoot!" and this is responsible for a great deal of anxiety among our readers. This book will be ready before another issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is off the press, even if the Answer Man has to get it out himself, and further there will be one hundred and four pictures instead of one hundred. (We suggest the thought that perhaps the "four" is interest, which has accrued during your wait.)

W. C. I., NEWBURYPORT, MASS.—For information regarding "The Diamond From the Sky" contest you should write to the North American Film Corporation, 222 South State Street, Chicago. It is a special company organized to handle the distribution of this particular film, just as the Syndicate Film Corporation was organized to handle the "Million Dollar Mystery," and does not produce films nor rent any others.

G. B., NEW HAVEN.—Harold Lockwood does not appear in "Still Waters," with Marguerite Clark, the man you have in mind probably being Robert Vaughn, who was the doctor, *John Ramsay*. Lockwood is with an entirely different company and has been for some time.

J. R. I., SMITHFIELD, N. C.—"The Black Box" has been published in book form and may be obtained from Grosset & Dunlap, New York City, for 50 cents. This story has never appeared in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

B. O., CHICAGO.—Darwin Karr, of the Essanay Company, was born in Almond, N. Y., July 25, 1885. He began his theatrical career in a small road show called "The Missouri Girl," and has been climbing ever since, on the road, in stock and now in films. He stands five feet eleven, weighs 180, has blue eyes and brown hair and is a Scotch-Irishman. He played a long time with Vitagraph.

F. S. K., FARMINGTON, MINN.—Since you put it that way, we shall answer your query right here, even though it is answered elsewhere this month. Dorothy Davenport is playing with Lasky, and you will see her in "Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo," that Theodore Roberts picture. Lottie Briscoe is not married, and has not returned to the screen.

T. V., ALLIANCE, NEB.—Gene Gautier was the *Mad Maid* and the two men were Jack Clark and Van Dyke Sheldon in "Mad Maid of the Forest," a Universal. In "The Play of the Season," an Ince play, the actor is Howard Hickman, the girl, Estelle Allen, her father and mother, Walter Whitman and Gertrude Claire, and the fellow she was engaged to, George Fisher. In "A Maid and a Man," the sister who was the maid was Billie Rhodes; the other sister, Jane Waller, and Jack Dillon the man who couldn't resist the maid. In "From the Valley of the Missing," Fox film, Harry Spinger and Jane Miller were the young lawyer and his sister, *Scrappy* was Arleen Hackett, the convict was William Riley Hatch, and the barge-man, Robert Cummings.

W. L. W., HOUSTON, TEX.—The Lasky "Carmen" was filmed in California, the Fox "Carmen" in New York, the fatal leap of *Don José* in the latter being taken up-state. The reason that there is a difference in the two films is purely artistic. No two persons tell a story alike; each gives it a characteristic aspect. The opera "Carmen," by Bizet, is very much different in the telling from the book "Carmen" by Merimee. However, in the book, the opera and the films there is the basic story of the gypsy girl who was loved by two men, one of whom, *Escamillo*, wins her, only to lose her through *Don José's* jealous fury when *Don José* finds she spurns the sacrifices he has made for her and cares nothing for him. The message is always the same, though it may vary in the recital or depiction.

A LIST OF CAPTAIN PEACOCKE'S OWN PLAYS has been asked by several of our readers, who have been following "Hints on Photoplay Writing."

As a free lance writer in Los Angeles Captain Peacocke wrote a large number of one and two reel plays, a few of which are given herewith:

Biograph: "The Wonderful Eye," and "You, I and It."

Essanay: "The Honeymoon Suite" series and about twenty-five other one reelers.

Selig: "The Other Fellow," and several other one reel plays.

Lubin: "Married by Telephone," a comedy and several one reel dramas.

Vitagraph: "His Sister," a military drama and several comedies.

Melies: "The Deserter," and about ten other one reel dramas.

Imp: "The Boomerang," "A Happy Family," "Careful Nursing," and about twenty slap-stick comedies.

Nestor: "The Simple Life."

Champion: "Shaved and Trimmed," "Mr. Rockmorgan," "The Bachelor Maids' Club," and about a dozen other comedies.

Powers: "The Surf Maidens," "Rolling Stones," "Hooking the Hookworm," and five other comedies.

Reliance: "Against the Grain."

Majestic: "Deserted."

For two years Captain Peacocke was staff writer with Universal and wrote the majority of the two and three reel plays in which Florence Lawrence appeared, as well as several hundred one and two reel dramas and comedies for that company. He is the author of "Neptune's Daughter," and "Lulu's Elopement," original plays, in which Universal featured Annette Kellermann and Lulu Glaser. For the World Film Corporation the Captain adapted "As Ye Sow," (Alice Brady); "What Happened to Jones," (Fred Mace); "Little Miss Brown," (Vivian Martin); "Old Dutch," (Weber and Fields); and "The Flash of An Emerald," (Robert Warwick); and for the California Motion Picture Corporation, "Salvation Nell," "The Unwritten Law," and "The Woman Who Dared," all featuring Beatriz Michelena. "Tables Turned," featuring Emmy Wehlen, a Metro, is an original play Captain Peacocke wrote very recently.

J. R., ST. JOSEPH, MO.—Both Harold Lockwood and Conway Tearle played for several years on the stage before going into film work, though we can not give the precise years either entered theatrical work.

M. L. B., WALLINGFORD, CONN., and L. M., OUTREMONT, CAN.—If you wish to write Grace Cunard or Francis Ford, address them at Universal City, Calif., and Pearl White at Pathe's New York office. Perhaps you might be able to get an Eddie Polo picture from Universal's New York office, or write him personally at Universal City. Beverly Bayne receives her mail in care of Metro in New York City.

(Continued on page 172)

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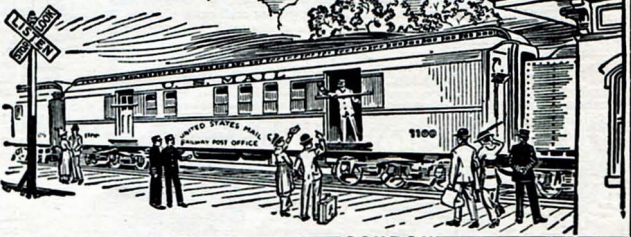
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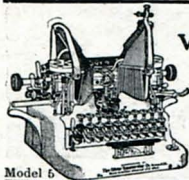
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M. B., BUFFALO.—"The Battle Cry of Peace" is now being released to the smaller theatres with the other Vitagraph plays and probably has been in your city before this date. "The Birth of a Nation," can hardly skip Buffalo, as it is playing now in practically every section of the country, being handled in the cities of moderate size by regular "road companies," which include every one necessary to the proper presentation of the play, manager, orchestra, operator, etc. The cast of "The Battle Cry of Peace," is too long to print in full, but Norma Talmadge is the heroine, Roger Lytton, the foreign spy, and Charles Richman, the hero. Practically all of Vitagraph's well known stock company is included.

A. S., CHICAGO.—Grace and Mina Cunard are sisters; Ford Sterling is married to Teddy Sampson. "The Price of Her Silence," vehicles both Florence LaBadie and Mignon Anderson and with them appear Arthur Bauer, Harris Goodwin and Thomas Curran.

B. W., CHICAGO, and R. E., LOS ANGELES.—Vivian Martin answers her mail personally just as fast as she is able. Of course, there are times during the production of pictures when it is out of the question for her to even think of it, but as a rule she replies promptly. We are not at liberty to give you players' private addresses, but only the studio or other office number where they receive mail.

M. B. H., GRAND FORKS, N. DAK.—Hobart Bosworth is one of the leading actor-directors of the present day, and is with the Universal. Mr. Bosworth's wife, Adele Farrington, is playing in the new Mutual "Buck Parvin" films in which Art Accord plays the title role. Hobart Henley first filtered through the camera-lens in 1913 and remained a year with Reliance, from which company he journeyed to Universal, where he has remained.

M. R., HUDSON, MASS.—William Russell, who played in "The Diamond From the Sky," is with the American films and was seen recently in "Curley," playing with Lottie Pickford in this production. He's unmarried.

H. A. D., MORRIS, ILL.—There is no way in which you can obtain a copyright on a scenario until it is printed in book form or produced as a film. The Act of Congress covering copyrights does not provide for the protection of manuscripts. However, a person is not left unprotected, as there are the usual remedies at common law and in chancery for infringement.

H. S., JERSEY CITY.—The person you refer to in "The Destroyer" is Nell Craig, who played the part of Frances Burnham. The other two players, the doctor and the man who left the country, were John Lorenz and Edmund Cobb. This was an Essanay picture.

R. H. M., SOUTH BEND, IND., and S. D. S., NEW YORK CITY.—Nell Craig should be addressed in care of the Essanay studio in Chicago; William Russell, American Film Co., Santa Barbara; and Francis X. Bushman, Metro's New York office. See the Directory.

C. D., ST. LOUIS.—No; and further, there are no companies that will teach you how to act and pay you for your work at the same time. There are too many people of ability and experience available. There are numerous well-known and well-established dramatic schools which give thorough courses in dramatic art, and as is usually the case, their courses are proportionately expensive.

E. H., ST. LOUIS.—Herbert Rawlinson was born in Brighton, England, and Anna Little near Mt. Shasta, in northern California. They are no longer playing in the same company, Miss Little having gone to the Mustang films with Jack Richardson.

J. S., KALAMAZOO.—In "An Enemy of Society," Lois Meredith was Decima and Hamilton Revelle was the modern Robin Hood. Sebastiano, in "Pretty Sister of José," was Rupert Julian, and José was Jack Pickford, Marguerite Clark playing the title role. Yes, Marshall Neilan played in "Rags."

(Continued on page 175)

Doro, the Wood Nymph

(Continued from page 43.)

Much has been written about Miss Doro's remarkable career on the stage. Of good American stock, despite the alien suggestion of the surname, Miss Doro made her entry via musical comedy and reached the highest pinnacle of stage fame under the direction of the late Mr. Frohman. She made her first London appearance with William Collier in "The Dictator" and later won highest honors accorded players in Britain when she appeared before the present king at Windsor Castle in "Diplomacy," by royal invitation, the only American actress thus honored so far. Some of her other notable parts were "Adelina" in "The Climax" and "Peggy" in "The Butterfly on the Wheel" and "Oliver Twist" in the famous Dickens story.

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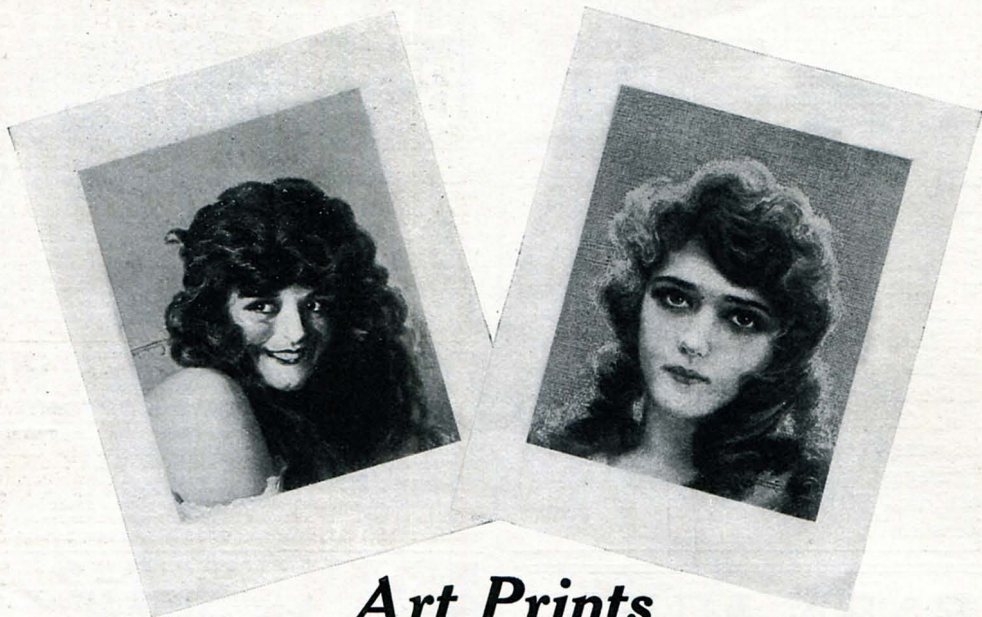
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Photoplay Magazine

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Chicago, Illinois

I. B., TERRE HAUTE, IND., and R. W., SAN BERNARDINO, CALIF. No, Harold Lockwood is not married. In "Neal of the Navy," the warships were those of the American Navy; we have enough battleships for taking moving pictures at least, so in this case there was no need to call upon South America to help us out. Constance Talmadge is unmarried, and she too, like Norma, is with Griffith.

B. W., and B. C., OKMULGEE, OKLA. Grace Cunard and Francis Ford both send photographs to friends who write for them. Either may be addressed at Universal City, and we trust that playgoers will not take advantage of their kindness to ask for pictures entirely free of charge. A quarter will usually cover the expense involved.

C. W. H., EMPORIA, KAN., and H. P., HOUSTON, TEX. Forest Stanley, Owen Moore and Louis Benson are the three *Mr. Smiths* in the Bosworth production of "Pretty Mrs. Smith." We have never seen a copy of a life of Kerrigan, and doubt if he has been done in book form. The present story of the life of Mary Pickford, which began in the November issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, covers your questions much more fully than a brief answer would. For that reason we want to refer you to this story, as we know it will be of great interest to you.

E. N. W., HOBOKEN, N. J. Lottie Pickford is not in "A Girl of Yesterday," but both Mary Pickford and Jack Pickford take prominent roles in it. There are four instalments in the Mary Pickford story, which concludes in this issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE—November, December, January and February.

P. E. R., E. ORANGE, N. J. Mahlon Hamilton, with Olga Petrova, played the leading role in "The Heart of a Painted Woman." You might write Miss Petrova, in care of Metro, and ask her about a photograph. Jack Pickford is with Selig.

RANDOLPH, MARTEN, TENN.—You refer to Henry Bergman in "Kreutzer Sonata," the other three being Nance O'Neil, Theda Bara and William E. Shay. The American heiress in "The Voice in the Fog" (with Donald Brian) is Adda Gleason, and Helen in "The Woman Who Lied," was Edna Hunter; the other woman, Mary Fuller.

R. B. J., SPRINGFIELD, MASS. Where is House Peters? He is with Lubin, but you will probably have an opportunity to see him in Triangle's "Between Men," before there is a Lubin release. In "Between Men," House Peters and William Hart are the two giants who struggle both for business mastery and for (God bless 'em) Enid Markey. The finish of their fight is magnificent. No servile yielding marks Peters' defeat; with his last ounce of strength he swings at his adversary. Nor does William Hart take a mean advantage of his beaten rival; he ducks the blow but does not strike, and catches Peters in his arms as he faints from sheer exhaustion. William Hart directed this play and "Great" is the only word to describe it.

A. G., ST. LOUIS. She certainly does look like Mae Marsh, but the fact of the matter is, that the role of *Flora Cameron* as a youngster in "The Birth of a Nation," is played by Violet Wilkey and not by Miss Marsh. It is just another illustration of the Griffith care regarding details.

J. A. P., UPPER MONTCLAIR, N. J. Mae Marsh is one of those players who came under the direction and tutelage of D. W. Griffith at the old Biograph studio, and this accounts, probably more than anything else, for her ability to carry the stellar role in "The Birth of a Nation." Although only nineteen years of age, she has received a thorough dramatic education in the multitude of plays she has appeared in, and her success as *Flora Cameron* was entirely to be expected. She is with the Fine Arts Studios of Triangle, but so far has not played in any of the Triangle releases, probably because of the production of another big Griffith play. Miss Marsh was the "Girl on the Cover," in July. Henry Walthall was the subject of "The Little Colonel" interview in August, and there have been innumerable references to "The Birth of a Nation," in this department.



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Z. S., PORTLAND, ORE.—Accent the last syllable of Valeska Suratt's name. The Lasky "Carmen" was filmed in and around Hollywood, California, while the Fox picturization is of New York origin, both studio and outdoor scenes. Lolita Robertson, Mrs. Max Figman, is *Violet* in the "J. Rufus Wallingford" series that Pathe is presenting. She is a California girl.

M. J., NEW YORK CITY, and P. C., LA HARPE, KAN.—You may address Willard Mack in care of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE if you wish. The requests for interviews and pictures have been duly noted—watch for them. Teddy Sampson and Dorothy Kelly are each twenty-one and Hazel Dawn is twenty-four. Teddy is very attractive in "Crossed Currents," a Triangle featuring Helen Ware. Those Triangle offerings are great plays.

E. D., BUFFALO, and A. W., NEW DECATUR, ALA.—Florence Lawrence is not playing; Barbara Tennant is with the World Films, and O. A. C. Lund is with the Pluragraph Company in the East. Vivian Rich is unmarried. In "The Jilt," Lizette Thorne played the part of Allan Boyd's wife, Boyd being Edward Coxen. Julia Swayne Gordon and Anita Stewart are the two women in "A Million Bid."

L. M., NEW ORLEANS.—Theda Bara named her big Russian wolf-hound "Romanoff," not because of any such habit on his part, but because she received him as a present just about the time the Fox play of that name was being completed. He lies at her feet in the picture on page 26 of the December issue.

V. W., BELLINGHAM, WASH.—Claire Whitney plays opposite William Farnum in "The Nigger," or the "New Governor," as it is also called. Farnum was the governor and Claire Whitney was his sweetheart. In "The Wonderful Adventure," also a Fox film, the wife was Mary G. Martin, and Dorothy Green the home wrecking-crew who was finally killed by lightning. We are able to supply October numbers containing the William Farnum interview.

A. G., LIMA, O.—E. K. Lincoln has recently joined the Lubin staff of players, and may be addressed at that company's office. He will be remembered for his part in "A Million Bid" and other Vitagraph plays in which he appeared prior to his recent affiliation with the E. K. Lincoln films.

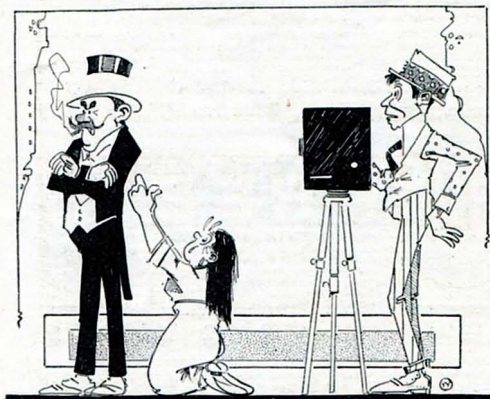
J. B., TORONTO.—Winnie, in the "Adventures of Kathlyn," was Gordon Sackville. Mina Cunard may be addressed at Universal City; Lottie Pickford at the western American studio.

M. L. F., ROANOKE, VA.—Harold Lockwood is with the American company in Santa Barbara, and he was born in 1880, so you may figure it out for yourself. The "X." in Bushman's name is for Xavier.

T. V., ALLIANCE, NEB.—"The Last Days of Pompeii" was produced by the Kleine foreign company, the members of which are unfamiliar to the American public. We certainly can not understand why you have heard nothing about Charlie Chaplin in the last few months, as the rest of the country seems to be spending its time in debating whether he is funny or whether he just makes the audience laugh anyway! The Chaplin boosters seem to have the better of the argument so far.

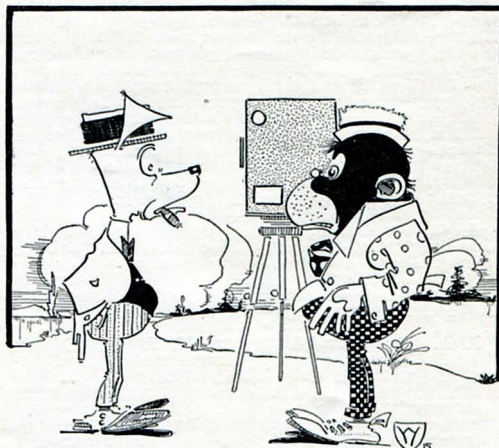
M. S., INDIANAPOLIS.—But you spent all your energy telling your appreciation of "The Birth of a Nation," and Mae Marsh and Henry Walthall, so there are no questions to answer. We are very glad that you had the opportunity to see this play, even though it had to be in Milwaukee instead of your home city.

K. J. W., DORCHESTER, MASS., and B. T., ALTON, ILL.—Pearl White's birthday is March 4th; Creighton Hale's, May 24th: she was born in Missouri and he in Ireland. Miss White has no brothers or sisters, and says her eyes are green. Velma Whitman is no longer with the western Lubin company, having recently completed her contract with them, and is taking a vacation. In private life Miss Whitman is the wife of Jack Roseleigh, an actor of the legitimate stage.



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to register fear he draws his head into his
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E. A. B., SILVER PLUME, COLO.—We explained sometime ago, that Marguerite Snow is to head her own company, now that Francis X. Bushman is playing opposite Beverly Bayne, and you will continue to see her on the Metro programmes. We sent a biography blank out to Julie Cruze a little while ago to be filled in with information about herself and it came back today complete. She says her name is "Julie Cruze," that she was born October 24th, 1913, and has played with Thanhouser and Quality companies, in "The Million Dollar Mystery," "Zudora" and "Rosemary." She didn't say whether she was married—she left that space blank! Oh, yes, and she says she has light brown hair and brown eyes. Glad you liked the Marguerite Snow interview in the October number—we'll get around to Jimmie Cruze directly, and Florence LaBadie, too.

E. B., NEW YORK CITY.—"The first thing I am going to do is kick." Go ahead, we've got a front row seat! We don't run "Who's Married to Who" any more, because our readers were getting so like a flock of owls that would stay up nights just to "Who, who!" to us. The family bible has been transferred to the Answer Department, to be kept among the archives of the order! Helen Gardner has recently appeared on the Universal programme but Alice Joyce is still absent from our little theatre parties. We all miss her too. Seems to us that there was an Earle Williams interview in the January issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE—you might look.

M. F. W., WICHITA, KAN.—Surely, address Crane Wilbur at the Horsley studios in Los Angeles. About Earle Williams and Anita Stewart, we have his word, as we quoted him last month, that they are not engaged.

F. M., LEXINGTON, KY.—Carter in Essanay's "Dignified Family," was Grant Foreman and his wife was Marion Skinner. Anita Stewart in her electric and Ruth Stonehouse in her big racer? Don't be impatient, you can't have all the good things at once, you know.

A. P., ATLANTA.—No, you refer to different persons. In "Curing Father," the girl is Nan Christy, and in "Pardoned," the girl is May Allison. Both are with the American Films at Santa Barbara. You are welcome—mighty welcome, at any time, and we do not wish fees of any sort.

R. C., CHICAGO.—Beverly Bayne made her dramatic debut as an extra at the Chicago Essanay studio, never having had any experience previously. She was just a school girl at the time. When in Chicago she lives on Lawrence Avenue, up on the North side.

G. H. L., POWER, MONT.—Mary Pickford's hair is golden. You must understand that with the use of makeup it is possible for one to have any sort of hair desired (beauty hint—no charge!) and that, of course, accounts for the "new kind" of hair she has in some of her late pictures.

M. V. D., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—"Damon and Pythias" was a Universal photoplay in six parts. Damon was William Worthington; Hermion, Cleo Madison; Pythias, Herbert Rawlinson, and Calanthe, Anna Little.

E. F., KANSAS CITY.—Margaret Edwards was Truth in "Hypocrites," that much argued-about classic by Lois Weber (Mrs. Phillips Smalley). Again it is merely a matter of make-up, in answer to your question "How she does it!" (That is, "we understand!" Being a mere man, of course!)

E. S. B., EAST RUTHERFORD, N. J.—Betty Hart is with the American films and is to be seen in the last Lockwood-Allison picture, "The Buzzard's Shadow." Your other questions are answered under other initials. We are certainly glad that you were able to see "The Birth of a Nation," as it is undoubtedly the biggest dramatic success of years. Its New York run has been continued indefinitely; there is no indication of waning interest in Chicago, and in San Francisco it just closed an unusually successful thirty weeks.

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Interviews

and personality-stories of next month will be headed by an irresistible interview with Marguerite Clarke. There is a splendid story about the artistic and private lives of Grace Cunard and Francis Ford; an interview with Fine Arts' newest wonderful child, Seena Owen; a story about that dramatic splash of saffron on our white screens—Sessue Hayakawa; another about that person who is all personality, Valeska Surratt—many other interviews.

Fiction

First among the short stories for March will be "Maria Rosa," a thrilling tale of Spanish plot and amour, played for the screen by Geraldine Farrar. Many months may elapse before you will see these wonderful Farrar pictures *anywhere* except as illustrations for this brilliant romance in Photoplay Magazine. "Star of the North," the greatest movie novel yet written, draws toward its powerful and compelling close. Illustrated by Raeburn Van Buren's remarkable pictures.

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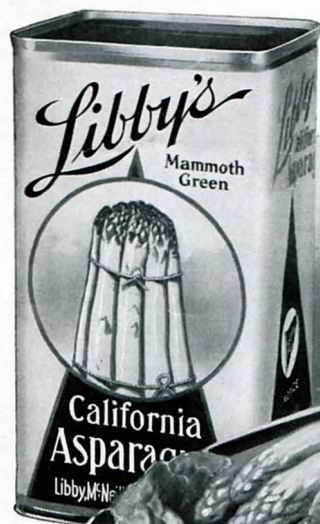
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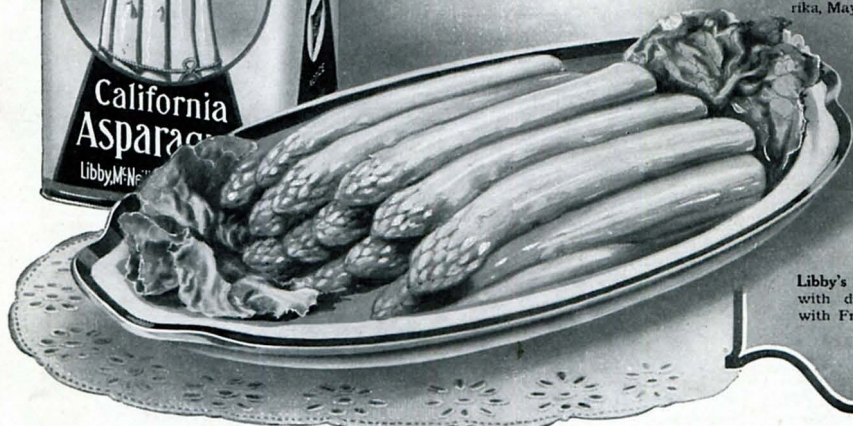
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